

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

FOR
SUBSCRIBERS
ONLY

FEBRUARY 1987

**DEATH ROW:
A SHOCKING PICTORIAL**

**DELICIOUS SEX:
69 WAYS TO
PLEASE YOUR LOVER**



BLACK LABEL
E D I T I O N

BUNDERA GOES TURBO

Now the sporty Bundera offers you more sports performance with Bundera Turbo Diesel. Turbo power with Toyota reliability.

LANDCRUISER'S SPORTY SHORTY

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The power keeps coming, sweet and smooth thanks to many technological improvements. The 2.4 litre 2L-T engine includes a swirl-type

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But for turbo power with Toyota reliability you need Bundera Turbo. See your Toyota dealer and take a test drive soon.

* Push button option only available in Hard Top Model.

TOYOTA

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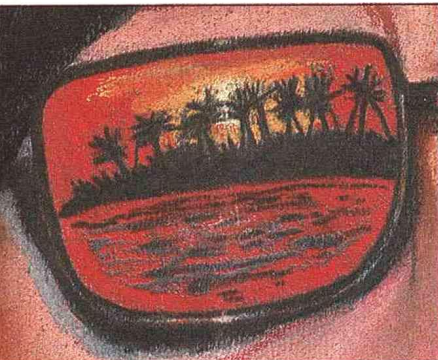


Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 8 No 2/February 1987



Delicious Sex



Gaddafi's Folly



Pet Of The Month



The Devil's Disco

REGULARS

Table with 3 columns: CONTENTS, By (author), and PAGE. Includes sections like COVER, HOUSECALL, FEEDBACK, FORUM, ANGER, LUST, AVARICE, VANITY, ENVY, GLUTTONY, SLOTH, CALL ME MADAM, LOOSE ENDS, SOUNDS, and FILM.

FEATURES

Table with 3 columns: GADDAFI'S FOLLY, DR WHO?, THE ARTIST AND HIS MODEL, DELICIOUS SEX, THE PROPHETS OF PROFIT, DEATH ROW, THE DEVIL'S DISCO, FAST FORWARD, and DIRTY TALK.

PICTORIALS

Table with 3 columns: HOME BODY/LINDA, HIT AND GIGGLE/DEBORAH, SOFT SPOKEN/NIKKI, SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH/JILL, and NEIGHBORS.

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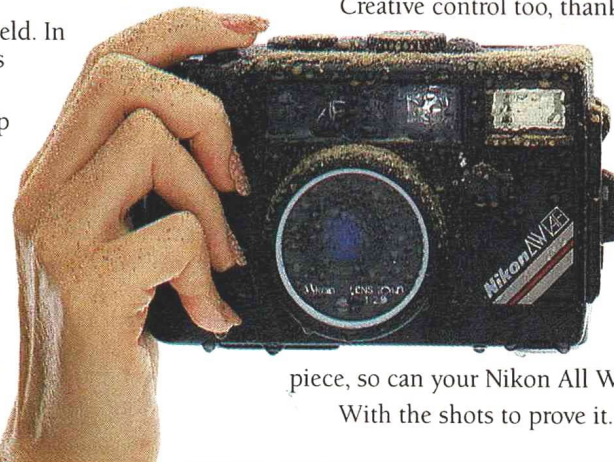
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Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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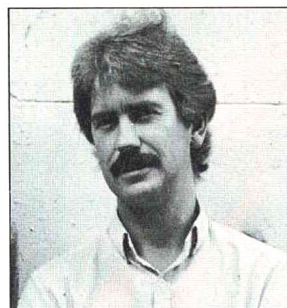
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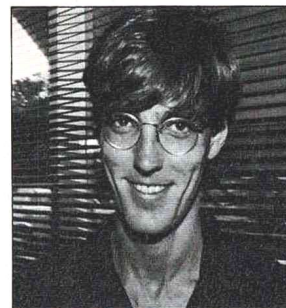
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FEBRUARY



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NICK BROKENSHA

HOUSECALL

GADDAFI'S FOLLY

Colonel Gaddafi had big plans for the South Pacific. He armed two specially trained agents with millions of dollars, promised aid and military hardware, and supplied three Australian passports. One of those agents, now fearing for his life, was tracked down by an expert on international terrorism, James Crown, who filed for *Penthouse* an exclusive story on Australia's involvement in the Libyans' Pacific escapades. Turn to Rosanne Hyndman's illustration on page 32.

DOCTOR WHO?

Many writers have struggled to imitate him, but there is only one Dr Hunter S. Thompson. The celebrated author of *Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas* is still the weirdest political commentator in the world, as Phil Jarratt discovered when he tried to keep up with Thompson on a rampage through the bars of San Francisco. Jarratt's entertaining profile starts on page 50 with an illustration by Robert Pearce.

DELICIOUS SEX

Ever wondered what turns women on? Is the Pope Polish? Well, you needn't wonder anymore. On page 58, renowned food critic Gael Greene delivers 69 easy-to-follow recipes guaranteed to spice up your sex life. Follow Greene's advice and you'll soon have women eating out of your hands. Chris Payne supplied the accompanying artwork.

THE PROPHETS OF PROFIT

If you thought Ronald Reagan was a joke, what about Pat Robertson — TV evangelist, faith healer, and possibly the next President

of the United States? Millions of Americans and Australians have been taken for a ride by Robertson and his ilk. James Randi's in-depth investigation of the disgraceful deceptions perpetrated by the God Squad will get your blood boiling. Turn to Ronnie Cutrone's illustration on page 74.

DEATH ROW

Capital punishment is once again bidding for a spot on the Australian political agenda. Is there a man among us who has not wondered how he would cope with such an ordeal? On page 78 Patrick Carr presents an extraordinary insight into the business of state-sponsored death, examining in minute detail the methods by which a man is persuaded to sit calmly in the electric chair. The photos were shot by Christopher Wright.

THE DEVIL'S DISCO

"If a disco-head or some normal person throws up in a train, that would be stupid; if he was a metalhead then it would be heavy." That's one of a string of outlandish quotes assembled by Tony Maguire, who set out to discover what makes the aptly-named metalheads tick. He found the lights were on in the house of heavy metal, but no-one was home. Nick Brokensha's photography introduces that story on page 94.

DIRTY TALK

Who said: "I'm never through with a girl until I've had her three ways"? Bob Hawke, Ernest Hemingway, Errol Flynn or John F. Kennedy? The answer, along with a great many others in this quiz on dirty talk through the ages, will surprise the pants off you. Turn to page 126. 



Penthouse readers have always enjoyed life at the top.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Reefer madness

Thank you for presenting the cool and logical solutions to the marijuana prohibition problem in your article Reefer Madness in November *Australian Penthouse*.

The new conservatives still quote dusty *Readers' Digest* "facts" to justify the persecution of anyone who attempts to break out of their restrictive mores.

Imagine if all drugs had 15-year jail terms for supply! What would *Penthouse* do for advertisers? — Nick Brash, Wollongong, NSW

Congratulations to Greg Hunter for having the guts and intelligence needed to produce the article Reefer Madness. Thank you for letting me know that I wasn't the only person who questioned the sanity of our present cannabis laws.

For those who like myself read the article and wondered how to contact NORML, the address is Box 91, GPO Sydney. — Scott Ferguson, Sydney

I applaud the article Reefer Madness for exposing the absurdity of Australia's marijuana laws. The arguments for change are overwhelming. What I find odd is that nowhere in the media is the truth about marijuana ever stated: that is, marijuana is used at all levels of society, but particularly by high achievers in all sorts of creative occupations. It's not simply a less harmful drug than the legal ones; it has positive benefits such as increased creativity, awareness and understanding. I realise that this kind of proposition is not easy to prove; it's a matter of observation. The fact is that most intelligent and open-minded people smoke grass or have smoked grass. You don't need to be involved in the "drug culture" to realise this — you just have to open your eyes. That's why I object to the idea, commonly perpetrated in the media (*Penthouse* is an exception), that marijuana is just one of a vast array of mind-altering substances circulating in this strange, savage, underground milieu which is called the "drug culture." Marijuana smokers are not desperadoes; they're people like you and me. — James Cross, Balmain, NSW

Holocaust twins

The unfortunate treatment and consequences suffered by twins who survived



Jennine Caiphness

Joseph Mengele's brutal experiments at the Auschwitz, Birkenau concentration camps have been sadly neglected by Holocaust writers.

I therefore applaud the efforts of Lucette Lagnado and *Penthouse* magazine for publishing the story Mengele's Children (September) and thus fostering public awareness of the tragic life histories of these twin children. — Name and address withheld

Tactical response

I would like to say thanks to Greg Hunter for his excellent article on the Tactical Response Group. It's not easy being the girlfriend (wife, I hope) of one of these guys. I find it hard sometimes to explain to my girlfriends the pressures I face and the reasons I give this man all my support even though I never know if he'll arrive home in one piece. Their job is hell. At least in future I'll be able to refer people to this article to give them some idea of what really happens. — Name and address withheld

Model Pet

Your 1986 November Pet Of The Month

Jennine Caiphness asked for feedback with regard to her future in modelling. Well I'd like to express my opinion about her potential. As soon as I set eyes on Jennine's absolutely stunning face and figure I fell in love.

She certainly gets my vote as *Penthouse* Pet Of The year. So Jennine, go for it! I just hope I get to see you getting the chance to show your talents again very soon. — D. Gordon, Toongabbie, NSW

Where do you get 'em? Girls of the exquisite calibre of November centrefold Jennine Caiphness, that is. To me, Miss Caiphness projected from your pages an alluring combination of innocence and arrogance. You called her pictures Forte, and my pulse rate took the instruction. May I request a further appearance of this beautiful brunette? Why not continue the musical theme and call the next photos Encore? I, for one, will be on my feet applauding. — James Goodman, Perth, WA

Funny you should mention it

I'm writing to tell you that I can't look at your magazine without laughing. And I don't think I'm the only one. I admit, too, that I only buy *Australian Penthouse* for the pictures, or more particularly, the picture cartoons. The consistently amusing cartoons you print each month, and the fact that you give your readers lots and lots of them, make *Penthouse* the funniest magazine available in Australia. And that's no joke. — Campbell Grey, Glen Iris, Vic

Father for fairness

Many thanks to Frank Robson for his article on Fathers Against Discrimination In Childcare called Terms Of Embitterment (November). It's refreshing to know such an organisation exists to help men these days. Unfortunately, it won't help me. It's 11 years since I last saw my wife and two kids.

That's why I could scream at the feminist offensive these days. They see an historical bias against their performing in what they see as the "men's" domain. It's only been very recently that any attention at all has been focused on the bias against men functioning in the women's domain, ie raising children. When will people realise that true feminism will liberate both sexes? — S. Hall, St Ives, NSW

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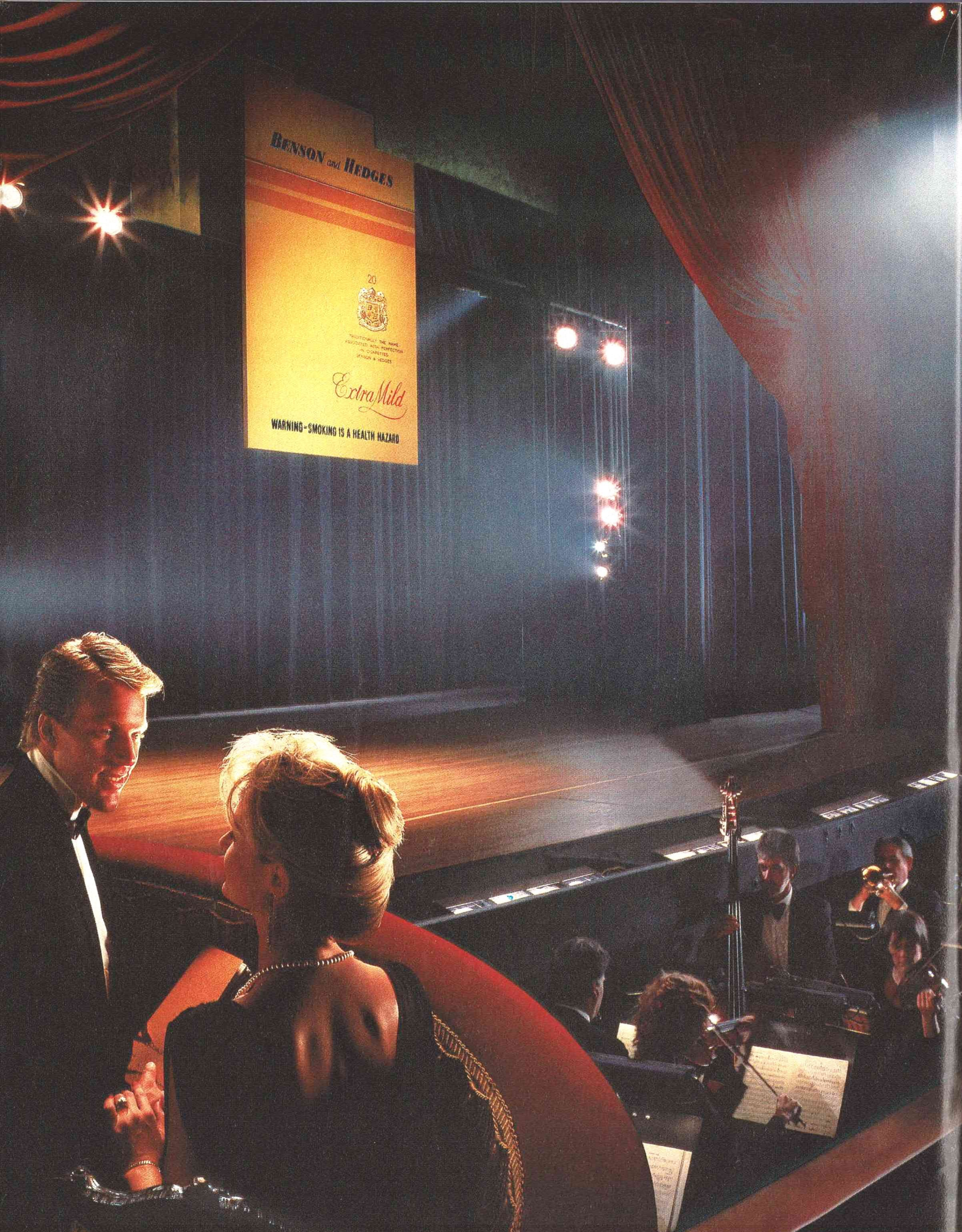
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Waking dream

I had gone to bed early and went to sleep as soon as my head touched the pillow. I always sleep naked. Some time later I woke up, but it was as if I was dreaming. I was laying on my side with my knees drawn up. I could feel my husband stretched out behind me, his cock up my pussy. One hand was reaching over me, gently caressing my tits.

He was just holding still in me. It was really beautiful feeling him inside of me and feeling his fingertips gently flicking over my hard nipples. I lay there for several minutes, before I realised something was wrong. That cock was sticking in me far deeper than my husband has ever been, and then I remembered he was out of town for a few days.

I had no idea who was fucking me, and then I realised I simply didn't care! In a way I was being raped. I thought of that old saying, "if rape is inevitable, lay back and enjoy it." Well, I was certainly enjoying it! I pressed back against him until he was all the way in me, and I knew I could not have taken another inch.

He eased his other arm beneath me and cupped my tit in his hand. The other glided down between my legs to finger my clitoris. When I started to hump at him he stopped me. I was so hot I couldn't stand it. I was moaning and begging him to go on and fuck me.

Then I felt his cock slip out of my pussy. He gently turned me on to my back and straddled my face. I never suck my husband, but I didn't hesitate to take his prick in my mouth. He was gently working his cock in and out between my lips while I licked and sucked it. After a few seconds I realised it was turning me on even more than having him in my pussy.

After a few minutes he eased his prick out of my mouth and moved down to stroke it all over my tits. I loved the feeling of the head of his cock raking across my hard nipples. The man rolled on to his back and drew me over him, not to fuck but to have me suck his cock again. As much as I wanted him to fuck me, I needed him to come in my mouth even more. He was guiding my head in a bobbing motion, slid-

ing his prick in and out of my mouth. When I picked up the movement his hands moved to my tits. I took his cock as deep in my mouth as I could, but couldn't even take half of it.

Then I started coming just from the excitement of having his cock in my mouth. My orgasm was so sweet and soothing, and so very long, but instead of being satisfying, it left me hotter than before. I could hear him starting to grunt. His cock jerked and a long stream of cream spurted into my sucking mouth. He really gave me a heavy load, and I drank every drop! I loved the taste and wanted more.

He pulled his cock out of my mouth, lay me on my back and spread my legs, then he went down on me. I lay there playing with my own tits while he licked my pussy. He slipped a couple of fingers in me and felt me up, then I felt him reaching for something. Something touched my rear, and then I felt a cool, oily substance squirting up my arse.

He rolled me on to my side again and stretched out behind me. This time I felt the head of his cock press gently against my arse. I didn't care, I just wanted him in me. The man drew one of my hands between my legs and urged me to feel myself up. By pressing my fingers back I could feel the head of his cock through the thin tissue.

It hurt a little when he pushed his cock up my arse. Even then he was gentle with

me, giving me just a little at a time until he was all the way in me. I stroked his cock inside me with my fingertips. He reached around me again to play with my tits — then he started fucking me in my arse.

Minutes later I started to come. I really don't know whether it was from the fucking, or from feeling myself up, but it was wild! My arse was so well lubricated he was slipping in and out of me easily. It was a long and beautiful fucking. I was almost ready to make it again when he started coming in my arse.

He lay still in me and let me bring myself off with my fingers. When he pulled it out of me he left me for a minute. I could hear him in the bathroom washing off, then he came back to bed. He sucked my tits and felt me

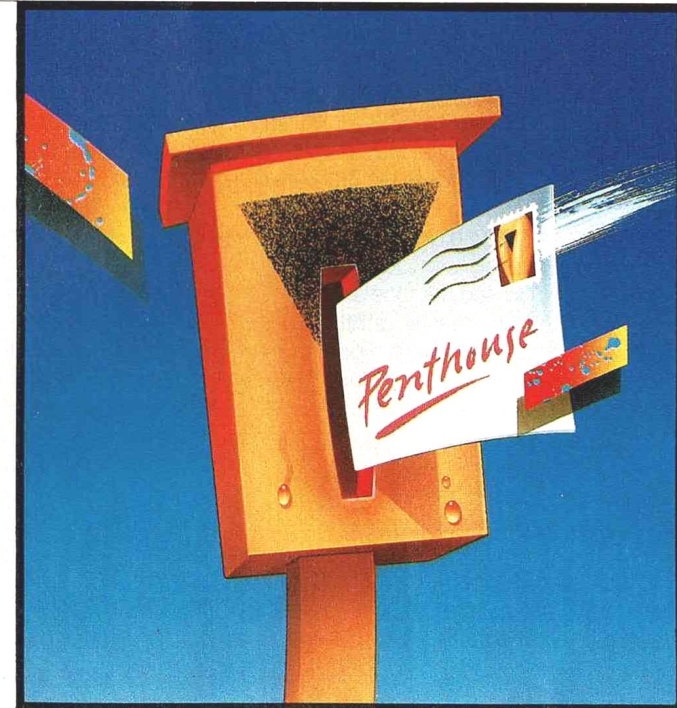
up while I played with his cock, then I sucked him off until he got another hard-on in my mouth.

This time I took him between my legs. He shoved his cock up my pussy and fucked me in long, hard thrusts. I put my legs around him, my pussy coming up to meet every stroke. With his face so close to mine, even in the dark I was able to make out his features well enough to know who was putting it to me. I guess I went a little wild. My naked body was twisting and writhing beneath him. When I started coming it was so intense I almost fainted.

When my orgasm passed he rolled me over on top of him and let me fuck myself on his cock until I made it again, then he rolled back on top of me and fucked me as hard and fast as he could. After only a few strokes I started coming again, and this time I couldn't stop. When he made it he really filled my pussy.

I was exhausted, but I didn't want him to ever take it out of me. When he did he let me suck his cock clean. Before he left I reminded him that my husband would be gone for two more nights and told him I wanted him to screw me each night. After he left I felt myself up, then licked his juices from my fingers.

I was tremendously impressed, and complimented, with the risk he had taken. The man is divorced and lives near us. My husband and I know him well. This hap-



FORUM

pened almost a year ago. I have been putting out to him at least a couple of times a week since then. Whenever my husband is out of town overnight we sleep together. I love to wake him up the next morning by sucking his cock! He has taught me to suck his cock "deep throat", but I still haven't been able to take it quite all the way in my mouth. — Ann H., Kogarah, NSW

Pleasure before business

I'd like to share a recent experience I had while hunting for my first "real" job. I was on an interview that was not going well, but my libido, on the other hand, was taking off. I wasn't used to being interviewed by a woman. However, I didn't mind. Her nonsense manner made my meat turn to stone. Each question she asked made my cock twitch and swell.

She wore large tortoise-shell glasses, and her strawberry-blonde hair was in a simple bun, but I was no fool to the deception. Behind the yuppie exterior lay a woman who desperately needed to get fucked. I had the raw resources the position required. I wanted to see her glasses fog up under the influence of a well-trained tool.

I conjured these images as she spoke, hoping my bulge wasn't obvious. She led me to a room where I was to take a short test. The test was a breeze, and I found my-

self with time to kill. I noticed a bathroom off the office and decided to relieve my anxiety.

Once inside, I immediately threw down my trousers and started to jerk off. Just as I was about to come, I heard my interviewer enter the outer room. Before I could even stuff my dick away, she had unlocked the bathroom door with a key. There I was, pants at my knees, literally half-cocked, stuttering and white as a sheet.

"If you're going to take up my time, this better be good," she said. She then told me to take off my clothes, and I did. She did the same. She had a firm and shapely body. Her breasts were upright and cone-shaped, with dark, hardened nipples that I could already feel between my lips. What was most appealing, however, was her beautiful blonde crotch. It was golden and drizzling with dew.

I kissed her face and neck, moving down to her breasts, gently sucking and biting those dark, hard nipples. She stifled a long horny moan, and dug her nails into my butt cheeks as she drew me closer. I shoved three fingers into her snatch and she whimpered.

Soon I slithered to my knees, our sweating bodies serving as good lubrication, and plunged my face into her crotch. My probing tongue quickly found her clit, and I applied suction to it gently but continuously. I channelled my tongue deep into her crack and got a throbbing head rush ev-

ery time she let out a cry.

She pulled herself away from my tongue and pushed me down flat as she lowered herself alongside me. Quickly, she grabbed me by the cock and sucked hard. She rhythmically jerked it up and down and around as I came in a shuddering orgasm. She directed my spray of hot cream over her chest and stomach.

"Now it's my turn," I said as I slowly stood us both up. I bent her over the long, waist-level counter, entering her from behind. I moved my torso around, thrusting forward gently every once in a while. Then, taking my tool firmly in my right hand, I withdrew and rubbed her pussy lips with my crown, poking it in just a little to tease her once in a while. Her moans were now uncontrollable.

Once I re-entered, I began to move faster. She was out of control. With every thrust, I plunged a little harder. Her passionate moans grew louder and moved around wildly. I could have come right there but instead I tensed up and pulled out.

Almost instantly she spread her legs wider, facing me and leaning on the counter. I slid her the snake right away. Within a minute, we came simultaneously in one sticky, sopping orgasm. Without a word, we both washed up and dressed.

"Leave the outer room five minutes after me," she said. "You'll be hearing from us."

I did, but it was only a polite rejection letter. It didn't matter. My interview skills have greatly improved since that day. —Name and address withheld

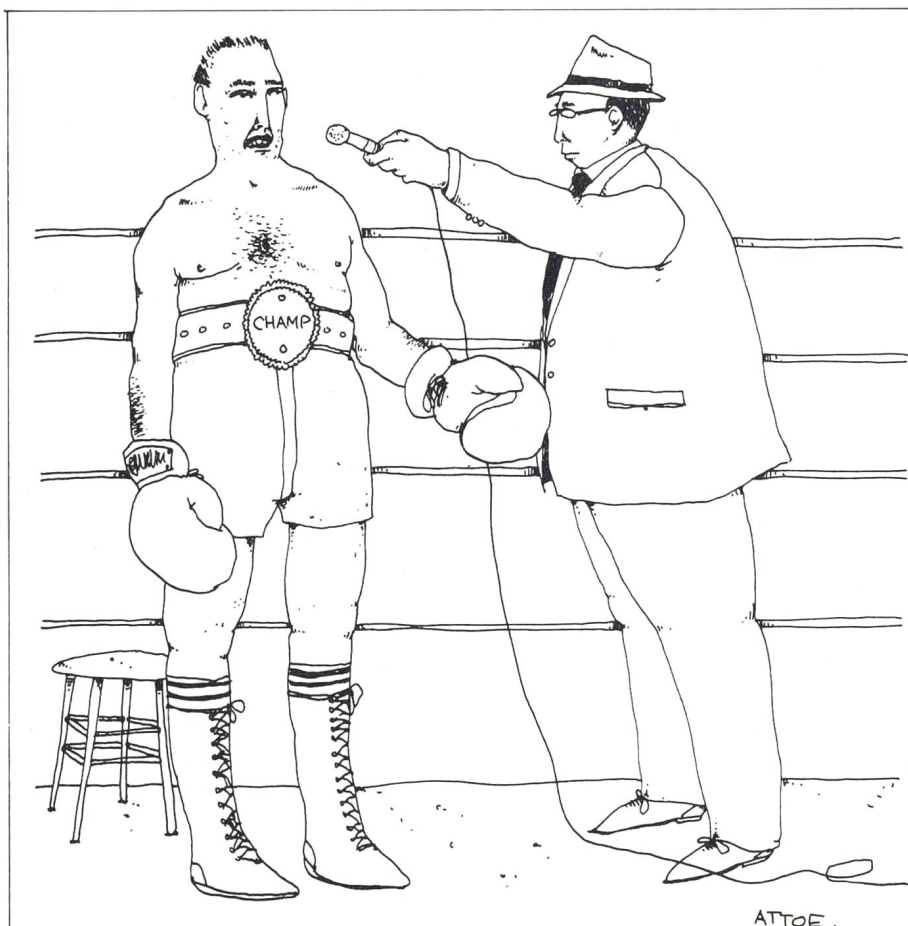
Warm reception

Mid-afternoon, the call came through from reception. It was my wife Catherine. She was ringing to tell me to be home early that evening as she had prepared a special dinner and would like to eat, have a few drinks and relax in front of the fire — just the two of us. When I arrived home I was not to speak a word until the fire was roaring and I was given permission to do so.

The thought of what she may have in store had my cock hard in seconds. This she would have known ... My wife has a beautiful slim body, cute breasts and the sweetest little pussy you could imagine. Her delightfully fleshy mons veneris leads me inevitably to the largest and juiciest labia I have lapped.

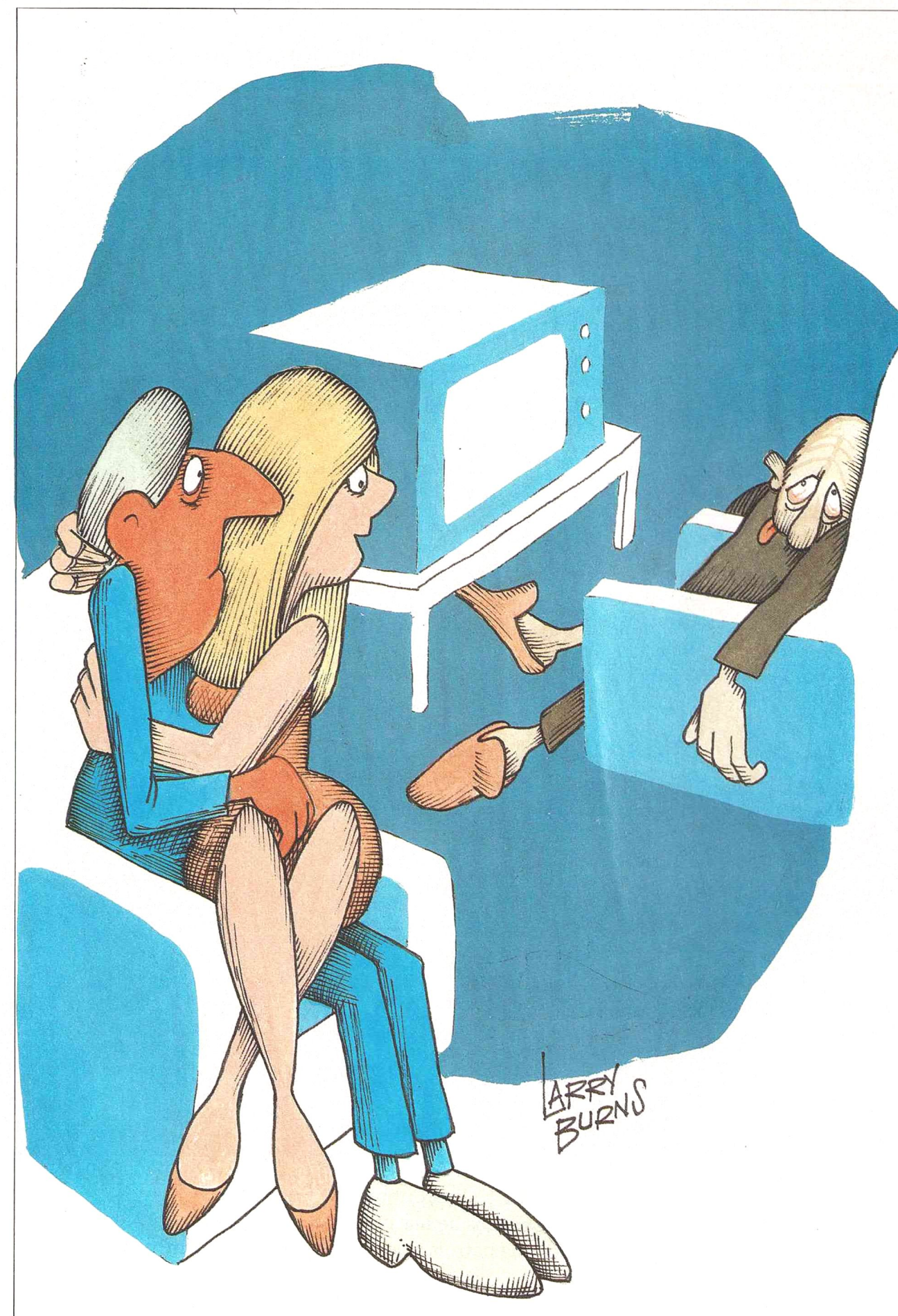
At 5pm sharp my gear was packed and I was headed off home. When I arrived the dinner table was already set for two. As I passed her in the kitchen I could tell she had quite an evening in store for both of us. I got the fire roaring first thing, the children were put to bed, and Catherine came down the stairs into the living room dressed only in a very sexy little teddy I had given her just weeks before. She knows the effect of this sort of gear on me.

She always says champagne puts her in



ATTOE.

"If it weren't for boxing, I'd still be playing with myself."



LARRY BURNS

"Take no notice of Grandpa ... he's dead."

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*Combat or combat related, hence men only.

FORUM

just the right mood. The way she gulped down two glasses to my one led me to know exactly what was in store.

Slowly she unbuttoned my shirt and began to kiss and feel around my chest — probing my mouth deeply with her tongue. I was still bound to silence and chose to let things take their course. I felt the urge to touch her, but as I made advances towards her cunt she reprimanded me and reminded me who was in charge.

By this time my cock was straining in my pants. She told me to kneel and put more wood on the fire, and as I did as I was told she slipped my pants down to my knees, moved around in front of me and began to caress and kiss my balls and shaft. Needless to say it was hard to keep quiet as she took my cock deeply into her deliciously moist mouth. She nibbled, sucked and pumped my cock until I felt I would blow down her throat right then — but suddenly she stopped and took a sip of champagne, before going back to work. To my amazement, I realised she had slipped and ice cube into her mouth while she sucked my pole.

That was about as much as I could stand and I managed to manoeuvre myself into a position with my head between her legs, and began to lick at her juiced flaps. Catherine loves me to suck them with

(almost) as much force as I can muster.

It was then my turn — and with that I gulped down a mouthful of champers and retained an ice cube. I made her lie back on the corner of the lounge with her legs spread wide while I poured the champagne down her pubes and into her gaping pussy. Then I began to lap up those juices with my ice-numbed tongue. Before I knew it, she was forcing me into position and guiding my throbbing cock into her from behind while she rested poised on all fours. It was all I could do to stop from blowing deep within her as she pounded back and forth on my cock, urging me to fuck her harder. I was kissing her neck and pulling her breasts as she reached down and began to frantically rub on her engorged clitoris. I reached around to follow her lead and blew my load as deep inside her as I possibly could. She continued to rub her clit for a few more seconds until she too was coming in deep-rooted orgasm, delighting in my shrinking cock.

This was the night that began a whole new chapter in our sexual appreciation of each other. Up until that moment, our sex life had been completely spontaneous. Now we've discovered the delights of meticulous planning — *F.P., Brisbane, Qld*

Cabin fever

Recently, my wife and I had an exciting experience that added zest to our already terrific sex life. Several months ago, a friend

of mine moved into the town where Rene and I live, and naturally we invited him over for drinks and reminiscences. Rene and Phil had never met before, but they got on like old friends from the start. Rene obviously found Phil's rugged good looks very attractive. Phil couldn't take his eyes off her long legs and firm arse. On the first night they flirted shamelessly, and Phil paid more attention to my wife than to me. I was very turned on by their flirtations and often suggestive conversation.

One Friday after work, the three of us piled into Phil's old van and headed for his weekend. Rene sat up front with Phil while I slouched in an old beanbag chair in the back. I couldn't hear their conversation, but I could certainly read their expressions, and I knew this would be quite a weekend.

Throughout the next day, the sexual tension built as I watched Phil and Rene seduce each other. After breakfast, Rene changed into a new French-cut bikini which she bought for the weekend. We all went to the beach. For hours Rene teased us both, lying in the sun, occasionally stretching sensuously, frequently spreading her legs to give Phil a view of her crotch.

Later that night, Phil started a roaring fire and put on some jazz music. The three of us adjourned to some cushions in front of the fire. Rene lay back against me and closed her eyes. She raised her legs and tucked her feet under her, knowing what a splendid view this gave Phil.

After several minutes, I asked Rene if she would like to dance, and we stood up and began swaying together to the music, our bodies pressed together. When the song was over, we kissed again, and Rene asked Phil in a husky voice if he would like to dance. Without a word, he stood up and pulled her into his arms. Phil began kissing her slowly and sensuously. I knew Rene was completely taken by the moment, by the weekend. She responded fully to his every move. I watched Phil's darkly tanned hands move softly over her body. Stark against her white dress, his hand cupped her breast, gently squeezing her nipples before moving down over her stomach and hips. As they swayed to the music, Rene's legs parted and Phil's thighs pressed against her pubic area. He cupped and squeezed her arse, pulling her hot pussy against his thighs. Soon his hands slipped up under her dress, and I could see them stroking her arse through her silk panties.

When the song was over, Rene breathlessly pushed Phil away and told him to sit. She then proceeded to remove her dress, dancing to the music, until she stood before us wearing only panties. She turned back to us and ran her hands down her legs to her ankles, leaning over and showing us her dark pussy area through the tight wet silk of her panties. Then she slid her hands back up her legs and over her arse, pulling her panties tighter against her

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FORUM

pussy. I could clearly see her pink labia pressed against the fabric. She was moaning softly as she ran her hand under her panties from the front and spread her pussy lips for us to see through the panties. While running her middle finger slowly down her slit, Rene arched her back and asked us if we liked what we saw. Phil whispered, "You're beautiful," and stood up, his dick straining against his shorts.

Rene smiled seductively and walked up to him, helping him pull his shirt over his head. Looking him in the eyes, she began running her hands over his chest. She slowly and provocatively licked her lips before pulling him against her nearly naked body. They were all over each other, kissing and stroking in wild abandon. I watched as Rene arched her back and leaned backward, grinding her pussy against Phil, while Phil kissed her neck and shoulders. He then lay her down in front of the fire. She lifted her arse and allowed him to slide her panties off, then spread her legs with a hand on each knee, showing him everything. Her pussy was swollen and wet. It glistened a dark pink in the firelight and the lips parted, revealing her distended clit and pussy hole.

"I want you to lick me," she moaned and moved her pussy toward him. Phil needed no further prompting and he gently ran

his tongue up the length of her slit, flicking her clit before burying his face between her legs. Rene screamed with her first mind-blowing orgasm and gripped his head between her thighs, her hands running through his curly hair. After several minutes, Rene was back at the brink, but this time she wanted Phil inside her. Phil knelt between her legs, looking at her glistening pussy as he removed his shorts. Breathing deeply, Rene looked at his long, thick dick and begged him to fuck her. Phil leaned down and touched his penis to her pussy, gently rubbing it up and down her slit to cover it with her juices. I watched as he positioned the head of his penis at her pussy opening and slowly pressed it into her. Rene was coming wildly and moaning loudly as he fucked her deeply. With her legs gripping his waist, they moved as one, with long deep strokes that I could clearly see. It was incredible to see my wife giving herself to Phil in pure lust, his penis slipping in and out of her hot pussy. Phil came with his face buried in a swirl of Rene's long dark hair.

They lay together exhausted for a moment, then Phil tenderly kissed Rene's lips. Her hands were slowly exploring his back. Still inside her, Phil kissed down her neck and over the soft mound of her breasts. He began sucking gently on her nipples while his left hand slid down over her hip.

Phil was instantly hard again. Rene was also ready for more. This time she raised

her legs over his shoulders and Phil began long slow strokes. The look on Rene's face was driving me wild. They continued, gradually picking up speed before sharing an even greater orgasm than before. After lying together for several minutes, Phil slowly pulled out of her and kissed her on the belly. Later, while Phil watched, Rene and I made love, and she came yet again, taking me over the edge on the swell of her passion.

The rest of the night, and the entire weekend, the three of us made incredible love. On Sunday morning, Phil and Rene went skinny-dipping and came in glowing from another devastating fuck.

Rene and I have never had better sex, and since that weekend Phil is a frequent participant. Rene has found a new part of herself and is sharing with me the discovery of her full sexuality. Last week, she met a sexy new guy at a party and we're having him over for dinner this Friday. I'm looking forward to that — anything can happen. — *Name and address withheld*

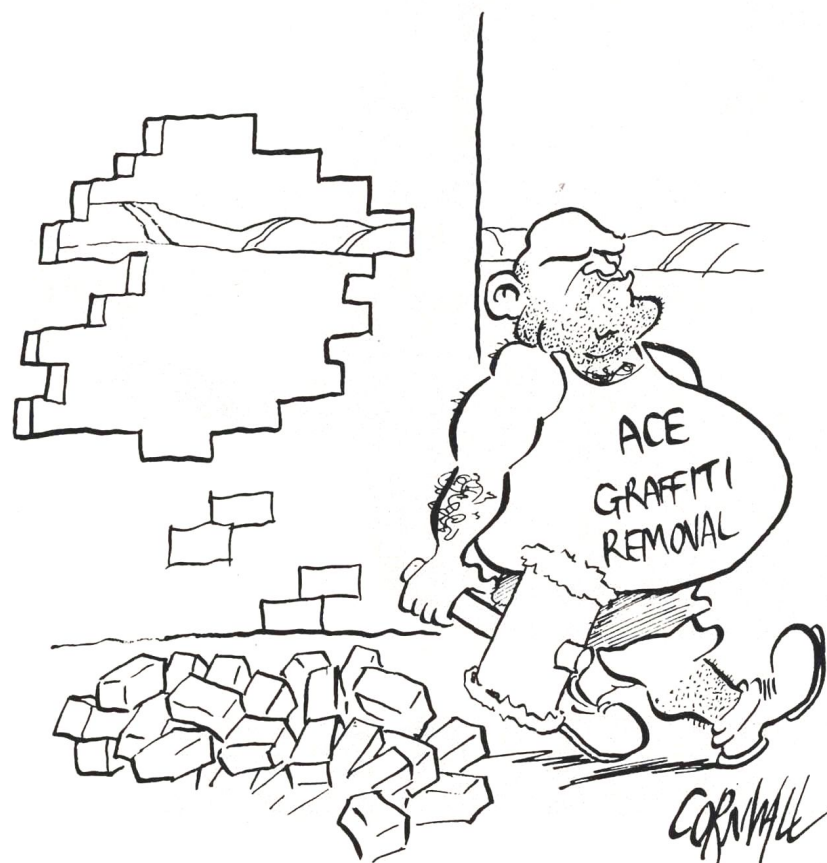
Double trouble

My friend Steve and I recently scored bigger than we could ever have expected. We went to a dance and left with two girls. Their names were Alice and Denise, and they were the most beautiful and luscious girls imaginable.

We decided to take them to Steve's house, where we proceeded to wine and dine them. After a few glasses of wine, they started to get aroused. Alice struck up a conversation about having sex. After hearing this, we knew it was time to make our moves and we took them to Steve's bedroom. Steve was surprised when Alice went right for his cock. I knew it was my turn to make my move with Denise. These girls were in for the time for their lives.

Denise and Alice lay back on the water bed as Steve and I started to lick up their thighs toward their beautiful blonde bushes. As I was licking away, I slid one finger into Denise's soaking-wet pussy, while Steve did the same to Alice. This went on for several minutes, and each girl had one orgasm after another.

Denise and Alice grabbed our cocks simultaneously between their legs and started to slowly jerk us off, while we squeezed their arse cheeks and caressed their tender breasts. We were in total heaven with these two babes. We thought we would be in control, but their passion made them bold and we melted in their hands. They guided our tools slowly between their pussies. They both screamed in ecstasy while we moved in and out. I noticed Alice's groans becoming increasingly louder and I found it hard to keep myself from exploding in a frenzy. Alice was much louder than Denise, and for a while I wished I was in Steve's place, but the sounds from Alice made me fantasize that



THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

SPEAKING OF SEX

The battle of the sexes has deteriorated into a word war, with feminists brandishing the sword and threatening to hack away all references to the masculine and feminine in the English language. Men have responded to the battle cry and launched a counter-attack in defence of their image as reflected in current word usage. But when the smoke has cleared and gender usage has been laid to rest, both sides may discover that the hard-won victory contains nothing more than a heap of empty verbiage.

Characteristically, women's campaign to to eradicate gender-biased terminology extends only as far as their own self-interest. Word usage that places men in a less than flattering light is conveniently overlooked. Thus, these word slayers rail against the use of "chairman" and "spokesman" as implying male exclusivity while finding no fault with "doorman", "garbageman" and "gunman." Similarly, while feminists bristle at the utterance of "baby", "doll" or "gal", they think nothing of referring to men who eat quiche as "wimps" or smugly dubbing men who overtly admire the female form as "macho."

Happily, men have entered the fray and exposed the double standard implicit in the feminist assault on gender-biased phraseology. Charging that men have been equally maligned by much current word usage, it's been pointed out that designations such as "doorman" and "garbageman" spread the idea that only men are appropriate for these lowly jobs. The frequent use of "gunman" even when the sex of the gun brandisher is unknown subtly suggests that men are solely responsible for violence and aggression.

Likewise, in response to women's hue and cry that God is always referred to as a man, it's rightly noted that men should be equally distressed that nobody ever calls the devil "she."

While I applaud the efforts of men's groups to counteract women's self-serving crusade against sexist terminology, I question whether the guns are really aimed at the right targets. It is my belief that this undertaking may be seriously misdirected. Purging the English language of sexist terminology will do nothing.

The best evidence that language does not necessarily

reflect social behavior, nor cause it, can be derived by examining diverse language usage. The Turkish language is one that lacks much of the sexism of the English language. It has a personal pronoun, "o," that can mean either "he" or "she", and it uses a single word for "siblings" — *kardes* — regardless of sex. Yet I don't think anyone would argue that the status of women in Turkey is higher than that of women in any English-speaking nation.

Similarly, in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, USA a dialect has developed that has seemingly solved the problem of sexist pronouns by overriding the rule that the pronoun must agree in number with its antecedent. Thus it is acceptable to state: "The child fell out of the tree and hurt himself [in place of himself or herself]." I dare say, however that the status of women in the Ozark Mountains is not particularly elevated.

From my point of view, the effort to remove gender presents a frightening proposition. It has been suggested abandoning the "offensive" forms of "he", "she", "him", "his", and "hers" in favor of "it" and "its" to refer indiscriminately to both sexes. This solution would drastically revise English grammar, which makes important distinctions between the human (he, she) and the nonhuman (it). We would end up with something like this: "It is the mother of my children". Personally, I love my wife and prefer that "she" always remain the mother of my children.

Above all I object to the attempt of these misguided women to rob the English language of its very spirit and soul. Imagine the immortal words of Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address stripped of gender identification: "Fourscore and seven years ago, our [parents] brought forth a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all [people] are created equal." This is a lame substitute for one of that nation's most notable public addresses.

Do we really want to create a unisex vocabulary denuding literature of its flavor and color simply to prove a moot point? I think it is time to lay the gender-in-language subject to rest and attack issues that can truly initiate equality.

— *Sidney Siller*



Continued on page 120

LUST



A GUIDE TO SANDGROPING

Sex is big business in Perth — and even bigger lately. The capital that once proudly wore the tag "City of Light", when American astronaut John Glenn sailed over the vast continent and noticed a pinprick glow on the west coast, has changed. In those days the light that winked up at the soaring spacecraft was bright and white. Now it's garish and red.

The police say there are 13 brothels employing about 150 girls in Perth, along with three escort agencies with another 50. The girls say twice that number is more correct. There's nothing furtive about the business — all newspapers, even the most respectable, carry columns of explicit advertisements.

In Perth the system is tightly controlled by the police, who find the brothels a useful way to keep tabs on who is doing what and, of course, who's up whom. New girls have to report to the Vice Squad, who take their particulars and explain the rules: no drugs, they must be over 21, a VD check every week and no drinking on the job. The logic in this latter law is that if both parties to a sexual transaction are affected by alcohol then violence may follow. If it's only the bloke who's drunk, that's okay — or so the thinking goes.

If the client turns nasty, the madam or sitter — the woman who controls the phone and the door — calls the police. Men are not allowed to be involved in the management of brothels.

The police call their policy "containment and control" and they operate without legislative backing. Because the politicians won't make the rules the police have moved to fill the vacuum. In the West prostitution by itself — or rather herself — is not illegal, so the one-woman show is apparently okay. But employing others is against the law. On conviction a brothel owner in WA is liable to imprisonment for three years with hard labor. In researching this article assistance was provided by the Police. Introductions were ar-

anged courtesy of the Vice Squad.

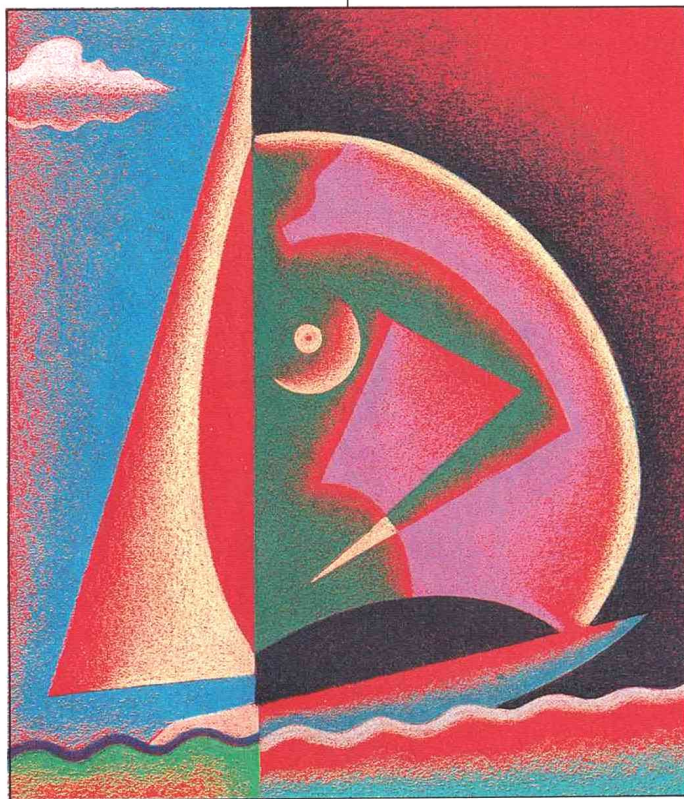
For those waiting for the inspiration so they can rise to the occasion, there are strip shows in almost every suburban hotel. Strippers were banned by the Licensing Court some years ago, so the resourceful local ladies resorted to becoming topless barmaids. When union pressure halted this, see-throughs, lingerie parades and "exotic dancers" were introduced. Eventually the authorities gave up trying to keep pace with the fertile imaginations of publicans who know that the way to a man's wallet is through his lust as well as his thirst.

Of course no-one will talk specific figures. The Taxation Department strips prostitutes of 20 percent of their earnings every week, netting \$3500 a month from one small, up-market brothel. This

writer saw escort agency books which list earnings of up to \$3000 a day with regular takings of above \$1000. (Escort rates are around \$120 an hour plus cab fares and hotel room costs.) Sex is clearly a multi-million dollar operation — all quite open, all quite illegal.

The arrival of sailors represents the traditional boom time — and the Twelve Metre yachties are simply the ones who don't wear uniforms. Things regularly start simmering when the US Navy sails into Fremantle, as it does quite often to the delight of shopkeepers and the dismay of the anti-nuclear lobby.

It's the influence of these men, plus the promise of riches from the America's Cup crowds, that has done so much to help upgrade the service of some brothels. Not all customers are content with the down-market knocking-shops.



Yet some survive. Typical is Bernadette's in Newcastle Street, an old iron and asbestos house without windows where clients have to walk through the kitchen to get to the bedrooms. Showers — for clients and girls — do not exist. Condoms are optional, whereas in houses like Aphrodites and La Cherie condoms are compulsory.

Massage parlor operators from the east are said to have recently offered \$300,000 for this brothel. The offer was rejected, and in any case could not have succeeded without Vice Squad approval. The police fear the introduction of Sydney and Melbourne vice kings and prefer to see brothels sold to local sitters or girls who have got too old for the daily grind and want to swap bed for desk.

Closer to the city is January's Pretty Maidens, a group of ladies whose maidenhood is but a memory and whose prettiness is difficult to assess in the gloom which helps to disguise the surroundings. Access to this establishment is down a long dark alley where the fear of muggers tends to dampen any ardor which might be aroused by the advertising.

Whores who have worked in some of these brothels describe them as "butcher's shops" where working conditions would cause an instant walk-out in any other trade. But the only union the girls have is carnal — despite the efforts of some who are trying to improve the image and deal for all parties in the transaction.

The lack of hygiene and the AIDS scare is concerning the girls and the clients, who are now voting with their feet and moving to houses where conditions are improving rapidly. This is not because the madams are responding to the demands of their workers or the health authorities. It's because all that overseas and interstate money following the America's Cup is currently closeted in the leather wallets of men with Diners Club cards who are seeking quality in brothel as well as hotel and restaurant. — Duncan Graham

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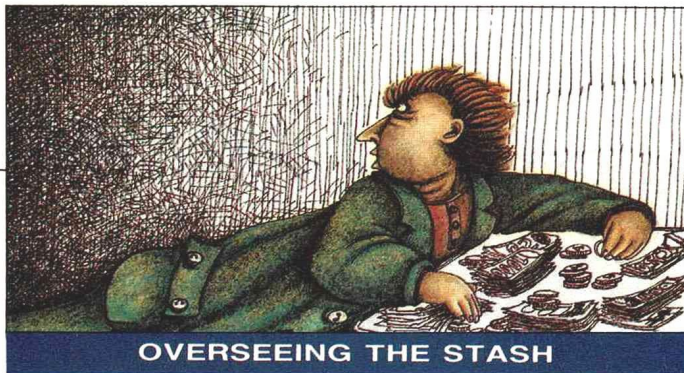
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AVARICE



OVERSEEING THE STASH

Been overseas lately? Well forget it. You can't afford it. Our dollar — the South Pacific peso, as those juvenile delinquents of the forex markets call it — makes living overseas well nigh impossible.

Two years ago you could get one Yankee dollar and then some for one of our little "gold" coins. These days you need one "gold" coin and a five bob bit and a deaner and/or a zac to get one Yankee. What that means out on the streets of New York or LA is that everything will cost you almost twice as much.

It's the same, or worse, in Europe. And Japan is just ridiculous. An orange will cost you ten bucks. It'll cost you \$500 a day for a very ordinary holiday.

Okay, but what if you *do* want to travel overseas nevertheless? If so, you probably deserve to be ripped off — but I'll proffer some advice on how to handle the currency hassles.

For starters, the travellers' cheque is old-fashioned. Unless you're going to the Upper Volta you can usually plastic your way through. And I don't mean Amex.

What I'm talking about is minimising the exchange risk.

You see, once you buy your \$5000 worth of travellers' cheques you're set. You've established your rate, then and there. (I'm assuming of course you buy foreign currency TCs — if you take Aussie dollar TCs you'll spend a lot of time looking for someone to take them.)

Having established your \$US rate — or Sterling or DM or Yen, depending on where you're going — you are totally locked in. If the \$A turns around and starts to appreciate you'll curse yourself for having bought your TCs today. If the dollar falls further then you'll be happy because you got more \$US today than you would have got tomorrow. But the point is you've taken a position on the currency — and you've got to hold to it. (Of course if you're going to Europe but decide to take \$US TCs, then not only have you locked in

a position vis a vis the \$A, you have also exposed yourself to another currency — and another currency is another risk. Not to mention the transaction costs of changing from one currency to another and then into yet another currency — that can take five or six percent of your holiday money.)

Now I've got some idea about international currency movements but I'm rarely so sure I know which way they're going to move that I am willing to take a firm position one way or another. Yes, I know if I convert today and the rate goes in my favor I could be adding 10 percent or so to my total holiday funds. But gee, the currency is so volatile it could go either way . . . and over a period of three or four months it *will* go both ways.

Besides, I don't like paying the one percent or so they charge to

issue travellers' cheques and I don't like locking my money away for long periods in non-interest bearing cash.

Why should I take all my savings out of the bank and carry them around with me for three months until I spend them? With the wonders of plastic and electronic funds transfer I can keep the money in a credit union, earning 10-12 percent, and whenever I need some cash, I wander into a corresponding bank, present my Visacard and in less than 30 seconds have my account back in Wagga checked and debitted with the \$500 or so that I want.

Most credit unions will give you the Visacard free — and you can arrange a line of credit so that when you finally exhaust your savings in your account you can go into overdraft. Since you go into

overdraft at the end of the trip the interest bill is not as big as if you borrowed from the word go.)

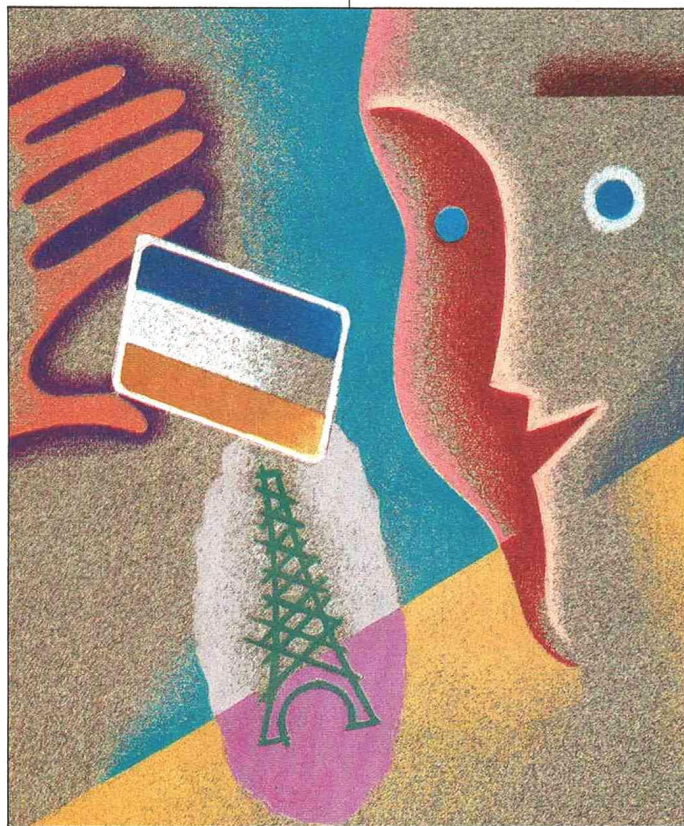
Now, because you're keeping most of your funds in Australian dollars, and simply withdrawing and converting, as and when you need more money, you are totally exposed to the vagaries of the market. You are liable, every time you hit the credit union, to the exchange rate of the day. But the way the rates have been moving that rate could be good this week, rotten next week, really rotten the week after, and then, the week after that, what do you know? It's back to 70 cents.

The thing is, you retain a freedom to set your exchange rate when you want — you don't have to be stuck with the rate as prevails at the start of the trip. If halfway through your holiday you reckon the dollar has topped and will probably start falling again then you can *whack* — hit the Visacard for a couple of grand for the rest of the holiday.

The same sort of open exposure operates with the ordinary credit cards (note: credit union Visacards are debit cards — they operate directly on your savings account) — the bank-issued Visa and Mastercards, Diner's and Amex. The exchange rate used is the rate the day the bill was incurred — or, for some, the day the bill hits head office. The trouble with Mastercard and so on is the bill will often be in your letterbox months before you get back. If so, with the bank-cards you can be up for hefty interest charges.

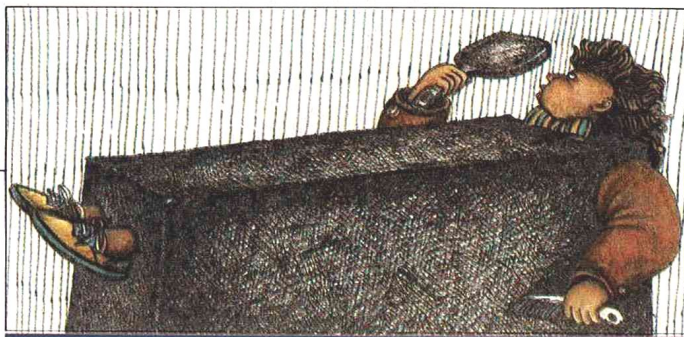
Now, having dumped travellers' cheques, we cannot do without them completely. For even though the process of checking your account is supposed to take less than 30 seconds, glitches can and do happen. Then the friendly teller will say sorry, no deal. If you haven't got an Amex, which can come up with emergency money, then you've got to dig deep for that emergency travellers' cheque.

Just don't stick all your money in travellers' cheques, that's all. — David Quicksilver



Almost as smooth and full-bodied as this month's centrefold.

VANITY



POWER PEOPLE

If you're going to embrace vanity, you'd better be sure you've got something to be vain about. The most surefire asset affording vanity is power.

I've had the opportunity to deal with a great many powerful men (and women) over the years, and while I'm not sure I could chart with 100 percent accuracy the Power Personality, at the same time there are recognisable "power characteristics."

I'm not saying that if you do everything powerful people do you'll necessarily become powerful, but you might as well examine characteristics of winners before you sit down at the table to play for stakes.

Do, then, the powerful have anything in common? Well, by and large (and allowing always for the odd exception), I think so. Here are a few examples to give you something to aim for, each of them aligned to a power figure I've known, or at least met.

1. *A deep voice.* Henry Kissinger epitomises the value of a bottom-of-the-sea-type basso profundo voice — the heavy, guttural growl that is the vocal equivalent of a sumo wrestler, a voice that commands instant respect and attention even when its owner is whispering. Very few powerful men have high-pitched voices, and Kissinger's has to rank as one of the lowest-pitched on record. Powerful people don't squeak.

2. *Energy.* Powerful people snap, crackle and pop with visible energy. If they get tired, they don't show it. When everybody else is exhausted, they are just getting ready to start.

The late Charles G. Bluhdorn, founder and CEO of Gulf & Western Industries, had enough energy to light an entire city, if you could have plugged him into its electricity supply. I once flew the Atlantic with him, and the entire flight he talked business and made telephone calls in half a dozen languages while the rest of us gradually slipped into exhaustion in the seats of the corporate jet. After dinner, he decided to fly back to New

York. "Why miss a day?" he said. Powerful people don't look forward to going to bed. They look forward to getting up!

3. *Isolation.* Powerful people learn early on to make themselves hard to get to. They don't waste time themselves, and they're determined not to let you waste theirs. Charles de Gaulle had no telephone in his office and none at all in his country home. Nobody powerful is easy to see or talk to.

4. *Not taking fools gladly.* Powerful people husband their time and their energy, and don't waste it on fools. I once had lunch with the late Mike Todd, American theatrical producer-impresario par excellence, when a guy came across to the table to speak to Todd. Todd, an affable man, I thought, listened for maybe 30 seconds, then rudely waved the man away with his cigar. I asked why.

"Never waste time on idiots," Todd said. Later in life, I've discovered he was right.

5. *Never dismiss an idea out of hand.* A lot of people aren't worth listening to, but an idea, however bizarre, is always worth hearing. Richard E. Snyder, the US book publisher, was once standing at a book fair when a stranger came up to him to say that he had an idea for a book. At book fairs there are hundreds of such people with ideas, and everybody tries to hide from them, but Snyder listened — and ended up buying Robert Allen's *Nothing Down*, a number one best-seller on real estate. No powerful person is ever too busy or tired to listen to an idea.

6. *Wearing the other guy's (or gal's) shoes.* Powerful people are always willing to put themselves in the other person's place. They may be tough negotiators, but they

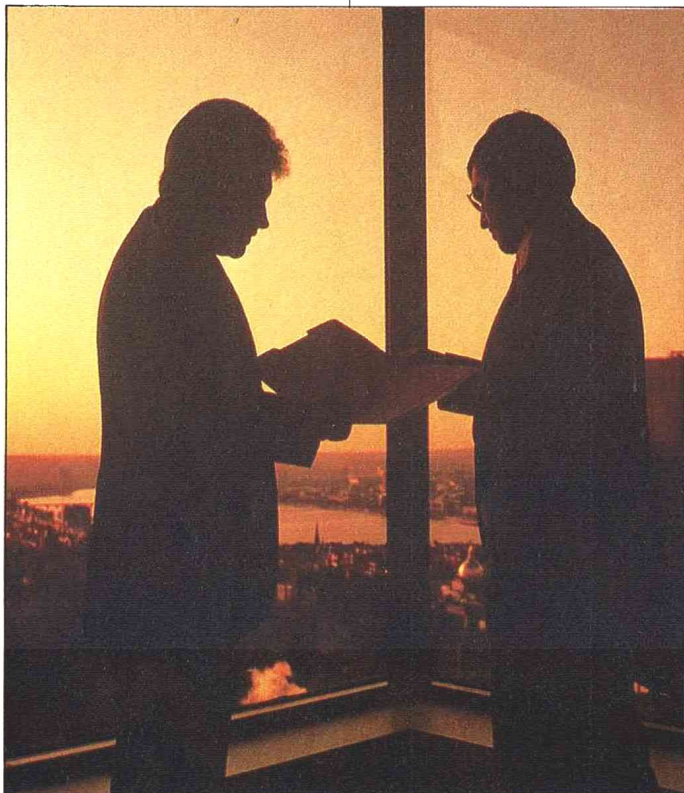
don't take inflexible stands. Powerful people are capable of seeing the world from someone else's point of view.

7. *Don't let ego get in the way.* Nobody likes to be humiliated or lose face, but really powerful people are secure. They can stand being humiliated if they have to, knowing that tomorrow is another day. When Winston Churchill was ousted from government between wars, in circumstances of humiliation that would have crushed a normal politician, he took up painting, wrote books, and waited for the right moment to resume politics. De Gaulle did the same. Powerful people don't lose heart.

8. *Optimism.* Powerful people are optimistic by nature. They believe they can make things better. For example, David Mahoney, a former head of Norton Simon and a hugely successful US business executive, is the most cheerful person I know. Even when my day is going badly — even when his day is — he makes me feel that it's a great day. He once expressed his attitude very well, when he said, "Every day I get up in the morning and tell myself something great is going to happen, and if it hasn't by lunchtime, I make it happen."

9. *Loyalty.* Forget all the stuff about corporate back-stabbing. Sure it goes on, but really powerful people are usually people you can count on. Every good executive knows that loyalty goes to people, not to institutions or companies.

10. *Keeping your eye on the ball.* Powerful people know what their goals are. They don't sleepwalk their way through the day; they work hard to a purpose, and when they've achieved one goal, they go on to the next. Take Rupert Murdoch, for example. He didn't take on the entire United States in order to become a newspaper tycoon over there. He set his goal at one paper, then moved on to the next. Powerful people know where they want to be, what they want out of a situation, and go for it. — Michael Korda



Fresh is Alpine



ENVY



THE SEXUALLY CIVILISED MAN

can remember when envy was one emotion that dared not speak its name. It was okay to be angry or sad or frustrated or bemused, but to be *envious* — well, that was a sign of rampant insecurity, sexual inadequacy, emotional immaturity . . . pimples on the landscape of personality that had to be expunged (painful, to be sure) in order to promote a flawless complexion to complement the studied insouciance of the Sexually Civilised Man.

Are you with me? I'm talking about having to cop it sweet when your girl announced she'd been messing with another "guy" (or "dude" or even "cat" if you're over 40), but it was cool because it was only a sexual thing, a bit of casual fun that had nothing to do with the higher headspace in which your relationship floated. It was just a little . . . *experiment*, she decided, while you secretly fantasised about conducting your own little experiment on the same arsehole with the aid of a lump of four-by-two. But that would have been so uncool.

The good thing about this sexual liberation business was that it cut both ways. What was good for the goose was even better for the gander. But now, with the new romanticism in full swing, envy has made a comeback. For reasons that are as clear in my mind as the message in a bowl of alphabet soup, it has suddenly become cool to be uncool and vice versa. In fact, it's not only okay to fly off the handle over your partner's sexual indiscretions, it's mandatory. Fail to do so and you're branded a cold fish, incapable of passion. Women are playing those old, old games again — and they want you and me to come off the bench and join them.

The extent of this transformation in sexual mores was rammed home to me when I heard Sting interviewed on the success of his single "Every Breath You Take", a dark, brooding masterpiece on sexual possessiveness ("Every breath you take, every move you make, I'll be watching you"). Sting

received masses of fan mail from people who said the song "perfectly expressed our love for each other" or words to that effect. Horrified by the gross misinterpretation of his lyrics, he went straight back to the drawing board and penned "If You Love Somebody (Set Them Free)" in an attempt to undo the damage he thought he'd done.

Envy is a powerful and destructive emotion. I've seen it turn otherwise rational people into dangerous lunatics. A recent classic case was that of Valmaila Loisi, a 32-year-old mother of two who in July 1985 cut off her de facto husband's penis with a six-inch butcher's knife after he told her he was

leaving her for another woman. Valmaila had apparently resolved that if she couldn't have the victim, no-one else would. That was just one of a series of bizarre mutilations that cropped up in the daily news in the latter half of 1985, all of which echoed the scene in John Irving's *The World According To Garp*, in which the youthful, amoral lover of Garp's faithless wife gets his penis bitten off in the most explosive account of oral sex in literature.

Crime and punishment, sin and redemption: the fundamental motifs that bind the religions of the world and spawn an incredible array of adaptations designed to limit the breaking of the rules. Of all the

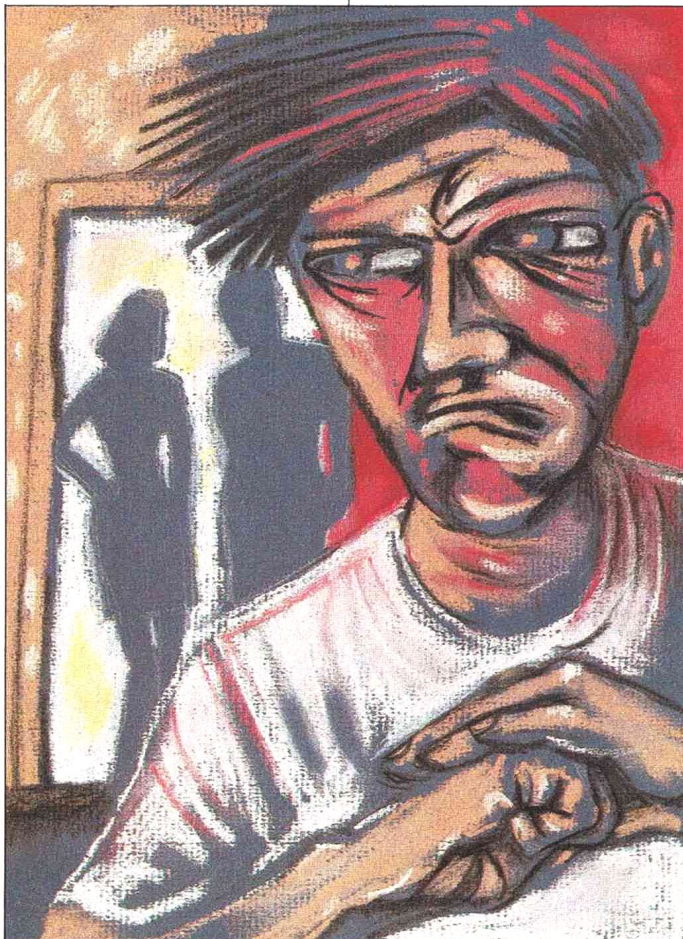
sins to which mortal flesh is heir, envy has produced the most extraordinary quirks of culture, ranging from Islam's attempt to head off sexual jealousy at the pass by covering women from head to toe to the various hierarchical marriage arrangements of the East and on to the surrealistic tenets of Olde Worlde Catholicism. In every case, female virginity is the ideal; it seems that men must have their goods unsullied. In every case, violence and strife are the inevitable result of this masculine obsession.

In the Sixties and Seventies the atheists of the Western world tried to find another way. Motivated by an unlikely combination of idealism and pure lust, they fucked and sucked and groped and grovelled toward an unattainable goal — the exorcism of sexual jealousy. Of course, they failed. Yesterday's Sexually Civilised Man is today's middle manager, wallowing in the dubious fruits of his labor and in the perpetual fear of his wife's adultery. If there are still pockets of resistance — swingers' clubs and other assorted anachronisms — they don't amount to much.

Envy has had its way with us. The best we can do is try to find a remedy less destructive than the lump of four-by-two. Believe it or not, the following treatment for the old broken heart syndrome was recommended to me by an Indian mystic I once met in Paddington:

Crack an egg and open it into a glass jar. Then sit on the jar and fart in it. Seal the heady mixture with a lid. Keep the jar handy at all times. When your former lover floats into your thoughts, remove the lid and inhale the contents deeply. Each time you apply this remedy its potency will (for obvious reasons) increase. Ultimately you will come to identify the woman and the contents of that jar as one and the same — and unless you are a very weird person indeed, your troubles will be over.

Personally I've always relied on massive doses of alcohol, but this one sounds marginally healthier. I'm going to try it next time. — Peter McDonald



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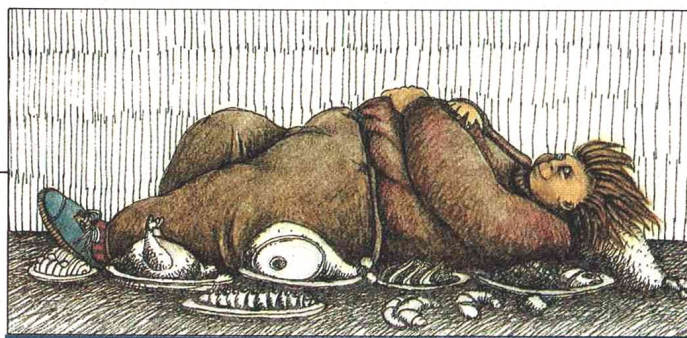
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GLUTTONY



THE ORIENT EXCESS

As I eyed the 400-metre length of the Prussian blue Orient Express in Venice, there were no hordes of well-wishers and no Russian grand dukes. On the other hand, the world's ritziest train is still the most glamorous way of getting from Venice to London, or vice versa. For the next day or so it was to be a dream of good food, superb service, and supreme happiness.

Food and drink don't have the patent on the sin of gluttony. They are a big part, sure, but true sensualists should never restrict themselves so. A trip on the Orient Express is for gorging all the senses — sight, smell, taste, touch, hearing and fantasy.

Inside, the scene is much the same as the one that greeted the eyes of American cattle barons, English dukes and *Reilly, Ace Of Spies* types. Everything in the cabin has been restored to 19th Century Victorian chintz excess, including lace antimacassars and the original wash basins. Toilets and showers are too 20th Century, darling, so its down the corridor for ablutions.

The carriages were refurbished in a multi-million dollar three-year restoration program for the inaugural run on May 25, 1982. Each carriage has a liveried steward. "Our Man", Joel, had an accent that made Inspector Clouseau's sound restrained, but fortunately his actions were more clear and appreciated than his words. In winter, the carriages are heated each morning by the original charcoal and wood fire system. The smell evokes instant nostalgia for times, people and places you have never known.

Room service food is available in your cabin at all hours, but only someone air-freighted in from a famine-stricken desert needs any sustenance above and beyond the regular Orient Express eats. Sliding unsteadily past the boutique, rippling with such souvenirs of the journey as glassware, silver, china, cards, lamps, posters and model trains, I staggered into the bar-car, replete with grand piano.

The youngest of the carriages, a mere 55 years old, the bar-car is Art Nouveau in full flower. Aubrey Beardsley-decadent, it stays open until the last passenger turns in, dispensing champagne for the genuinely and nouveau riche and cocktails and mixed drinks for the less ostentatious and limited expenditure crowd.

Lunch is served at one. The visual impact of the restaurant cars threatens to relegate the food to second banana. Fresh flowers with no sign of wilt, Limoges porcelain, silver cutlery and serving dishes based on the original 19th Century wagon-lit designs compete with Lalique glass panels, Marie Laurencin carpets and elegant wood marquetry for a slice of your attention.

Clacking through northern Italy, the first course of the meal — prepared by Venice's legendary Hotel

Cipriani — is served. The fixed menu is included in the standard ticket price, while wild and crazy spenders can fork out more for the a la carte dishes, which include Beluga caviar and foie gras at costly to outrageous prices. In classic food-as-art fashion, a still-life of ratatouille topped with thin strips of sole steamed with saffron sets the table and the tone.

The time-on-your-hands meal continues through tender veal fillets with fresh mangoes and ginger, bouquets of green beans, French wines (the train has little time for Germany, let alone California or Australia) and a very alcoholic ice-cream concoction of chocolate, vanilla and creme de menthe. We sobered up with a Colombian coffee as the deep valleys of the Dolomites blurred past.

Pondering the notion that the important thing is that food remain

in your memory — not in your stomach or on your breath — it's time to dress for dinner. No mean feat this, as the cabins are rather smaller and athletic dressers brush up best. Pre-dinner drinks are a haze of dry martinis, diamonds and a split between Twenties flapper and Eighties *Dynasty* dressing for ladies. Similarly, men are divided 50/50 between tuxedos and polished lounge suits.

Quite frankly, the dinner leaves lunch at the starting post. The elegantly laid, flower-decorated table has never been so special with fresh salmon baked in rock salt, roast duckling breast and duck liver sauteed in muscat, a cornucopia of French cheeses and a platter of desserts that range through five fruit bavarois and creams. After a couple of hours of suitable and salacious gossip, and so to bed, or rather double-bunk.

I don't know what it is, but the urge to indulge in personal shunting on such an extraordinary train is totally irresistible. Totally. My theory is that it's half the constant movement and rhythm and half the theatrical net that the Orient Express casts over all activities.

My partner in passion had an injured leg on our trip, so I thought that the only bang I was going to get was the one I received to my nose when the train took an unexpected lurch. Happily, the lad managed to rise to the occasion, but not to the athleticism of the legendary couple who got their feet stuck in the communication cord. Obviously the first duo to ask: "Did the Earth stop for you, darling?"

The continental breakfast of fat croissants and brioche comes early, an hour and a half before we slide into Paris. This is the end of the line for us — the remaining indulgent band speed off to London as "le brunch" is brought to the restaurant cars.

For anyone who can afford the time, money and imagination, the Orient Express represents one of the last, total instant gratification experiences on the planet. — Elisabeth King



Overkill on the Orient Express?

Of course they're easy to make. It's just that they taste complicated!"

It was no idle boast. A Bacardi rum daiquiri is simplicity itself. The tricky part is in getting the correct balance of flamboyance and showmanship into the mixing performance.

"So watch closely." My guests, gathered in the kitchen, moved a step forward. "To 45 ml of light, dry Bacardi rum we add a dash of lemon juice, a teaspoon of sugar, ice... er, crushed usually... and strawberries. Into the blender." And then I said, pitching my voice above the whirr of the mixer as smiles broke out all around, "Hey Presto! The 18 second, Bacardi rum, strawberry daiquiri."

I took a sip of the foaming, pink, magical daiquiri. Flushed with pride, I saluted the gathering with raised glass as, in unison, they cried, "Encore!"

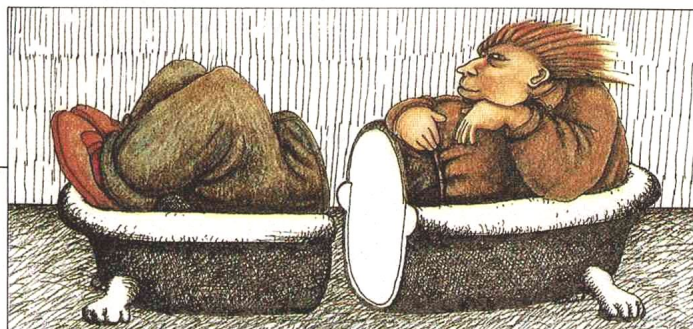
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SLOTH



FIJI: AN AFFORDABLE DAWDLE

Sex is not the only good three-letter word. Us lotus-eaters, who fancy a bit each way, also like the sound of "sun", and if there's a chance to sin in the sun it's a bonus.

If you want to just sit in the sun, and convince yourself it's the best sin of all, there are worse places to do it than Fiji, the getaway islands where it's still possible to top up your tan without draining your wallet. You can have a fortnight in Fiji for the price of a week on one of Australia's \$3-a-beer Barrier Reef islands. The real bonus is that you come home feeling like you've been away a month.

Fiji, unlike our ritzier resorts, is the real tropics — a yawn of 300-odd islands only a two-and-a-half-hour Jumbo ride from Sydney or Brisbane.

Yawn is the operative word. It's amazing how quickly you turn off your own mental clock once you step off the plane on Viti Levu, the main island, and dawdle through customs.

It's not a big island and you can see most of it in a week, using a hire car or bus. You'll see more from a bus. There's no glass in the windows — Fiji's do-it-yourself air conditioning.

Bumping around on a bus is also a good way to meet the people. They know how to smile and mean it, the Fijians.

Buses are fairly cheap and — wonder of wonders — run on time. Cabs charge a 40 cent flag fall, then 50 cents a kilometre. You negotiate prices for out-of-town runs.

Package tours aren't everyone's bag. This, however, is still the best way to buy Fiji holidays. Some of them, even counting the Aussie dollar's drop against the Fijian dollar, are as cheap as chips.

There's one, for instance, that gives you nine days, including three on one of the tiny islands just off Lautoka, on Viti Levu's west

coast, and three more cruising on a big three-masted motor-sailor.

This package cost us less than \$700, including all meals. And we got change from a \$50 bill for our total bar bill. The kava, a strong local home brew, is on the house. Treat it with respect. It sneaks up.

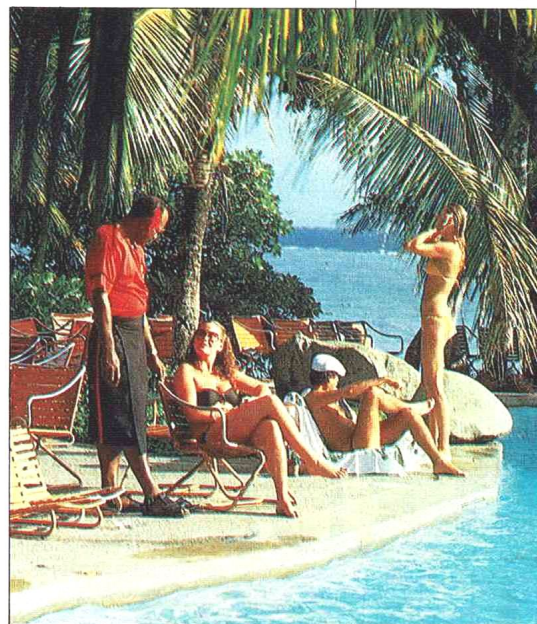
You'll be safer hitting the real drink — the shark-free lagoons or deep water diving holes of Fiji's reefs. The whole place is a paradise for flipper freaks, fishermen and sailboarders.

The water is never cold — it hovers around 23 degrees inshore, even in the Australian winter — and it is amazingly clear and clean, giving you more than just goggle glimpses of the teeming sea life.

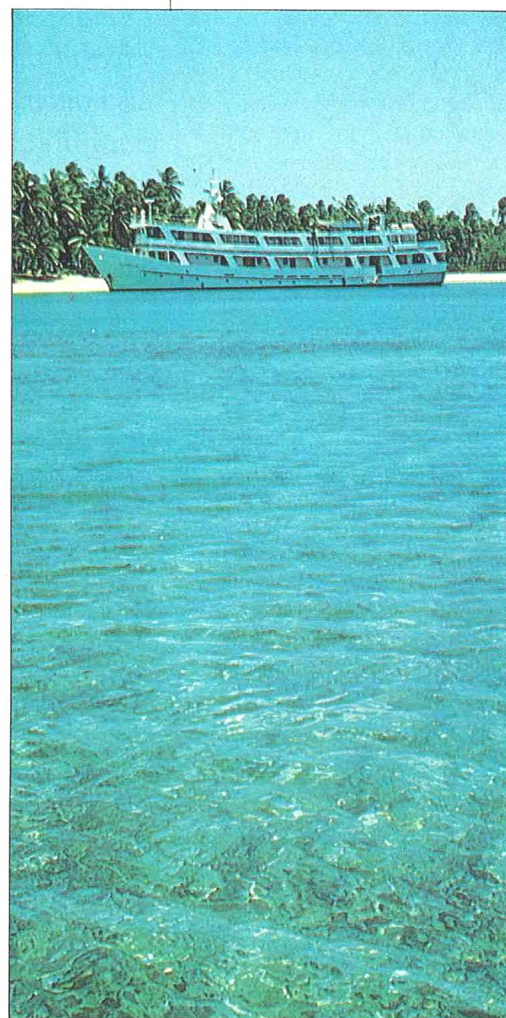
It's just as comfortable on land if you're feeling too laid back to stir from your beach towel. In the cooler months of May to November temperatures still hover around 24 degrees.

Fiji doesn't encourage you to jump up and go looking for a bit of action. It's all there, glistening with sun tan oil, a short stroll away. You just have to wake her up. Most of the young Aussie holiday makers head for Viti Levu's west coast, well away from the madding family crowd on the other side of the island. It's where you'll meet a better class of ocker.

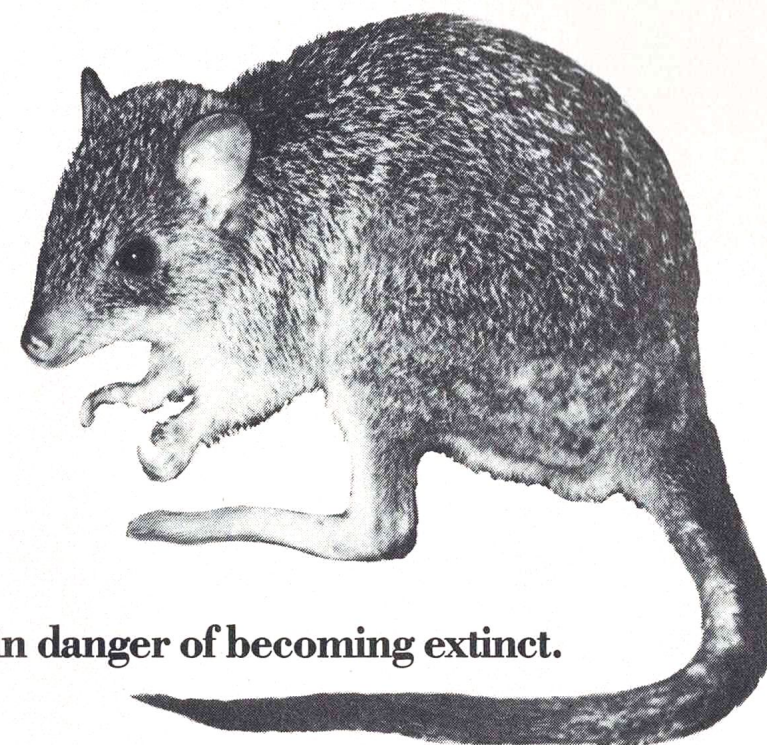
Lautoka, the west coast's main town, is nothing to write home about unless you like counting pubs. For the record, there are six. There's also a bustling market place — not a bad spot to haggle with Indian pedlars over silver souvenirs. Use Lautoka as a springboard to the two main island resorts of Beachcomber and Treasure. You can whip out there on the *Tui Tai* as a daytripper, or buy a package that includes longer stayovers. Both are for the bone lazy. You can just lie around in the sun getting brown, which is what it's about anyway, or limber up at one of the thatched-roof bars. At night, if you're not burnt out by all this lotus-eating, you can dance under a tropical moon. There's always the beach and tomorrow to recover. — Rob Dingle



Fiji holidays: yawn is the operative word.



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This Brush-tailed Bettong is in danger of becoming extinct.

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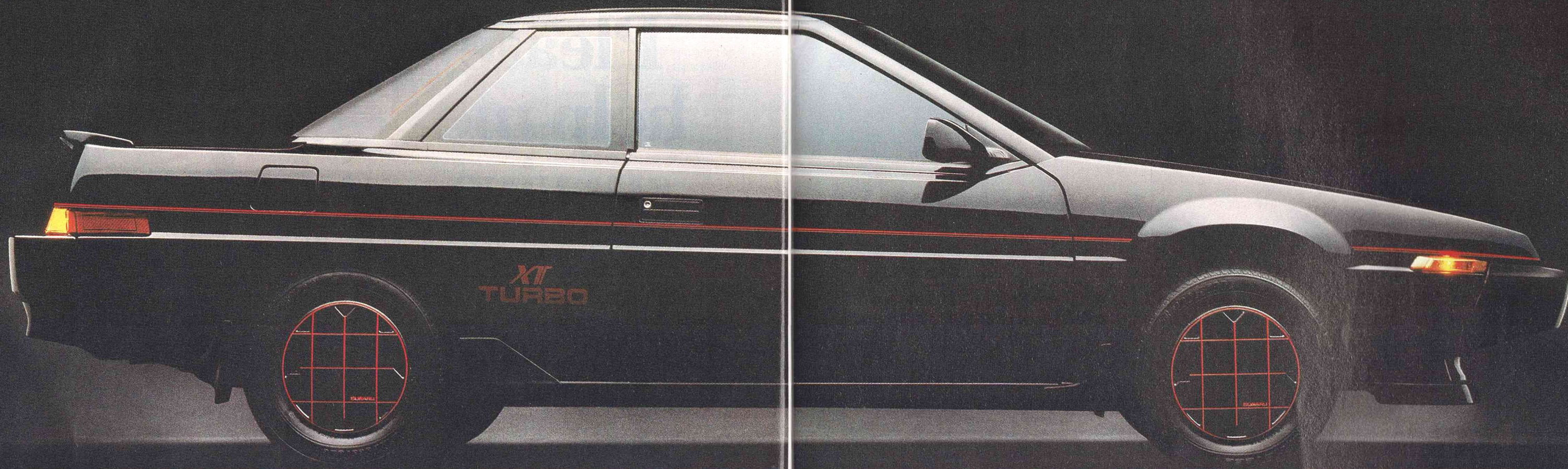
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SUBARU
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The Libyan colonel's attempts to export terror to the South Pacific turned into an expensive exercise in futility

GADDAFI'S FOLLY

BY JAMES CROWN

The plan was like Gaddafi himself — deceptively simple and deviously brilliant. The man who has been described as the madman of the desert, a schizoid personality with both sides evil, and the financier of some of the most odious acts of terrorism the world has seen, planned to deliver the American-dominated South Pacific — a vast net of small, generally impoverished island nations — into the hands of the Russians, a gift to ingratiate himself with the Kremlin.

Colonel Muammar Gaddafi chose two men to execute his plan, and armed them with millions of dollars, promises of aid and military hardware and at least three Australian passports.

One of the men was recalled to Libya and executed for failing to influence the election of one nation. The second fled after another failure, and the attendant publicity, doomed him.

I met this second man on two occasions in Singapore, where he now hides after drastic surgery to change his appearance and where he lives frugally on money he was given to buy influence for Gaddafi. He plans to leave Singapore soon for a more secure sanctuary.

The Russians apparently knew nothing of Gaddafi's early plans, and when they did find out they warned the Colonel off. They were already gaining their own strategic successes in the South Pacific and the last thing they wanted was Gaddafi or his agents stirring up the islanders or the Americans.

Gaddafi had already made an overture to the island kingdom of Tonga. In 1978 he offered \$3 million for renovations to the island's airfield. When Canberra heard of the offer, Australia quickly stepped in with the money.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROSANNE HYNDMAN



GADDAFI'S FOLLY

I first met the former Libyan agent on Sentosa Island, a tourist playground off the southern coast of Singapore. Our first meeting was pure cloak and dagger — almost more than my nerves could take. It involved a cable-car ride from Mount Faber high across the harbor to Sentosa, and the tourist monorail to Station 5 at the western end of the island where Fort Siloso stands silent sentinel.

At the tower were four young Japanese, obviously tourists with cameras and a noisy portable radio. There was also an Asian man with binoculars who glanced at me with studied indifference. The Japanese were taking pictures of everything and even asked me to take a picture of the four of them. Then they left and I waited, sitting down on the hard concrete shell which had once housed an 8-inch gun. The man with the binoculars was looking out to sea and then he, too, left. I waited a few minutes and then he came back, walking right up to me. He asked where I was from and what I did for a living.

Then it was my turn. I had been told to use my wife's name. "Norma would like it here," I told him.

He nodded and pointed at a metal ladder that led down the steep cliff to three large concrete searchlight bunkers at the water's edge. A chain across the top of the

ladder blocked it to tourists. "Go down, stay out of sight and wait," he told me.

Perched on the bunker I spent half an hour waiting, keeping well back so the bushes shielded me from anyone above. It was hot and humid in the morning sun and I was wet with sweat. A small work boat, the kind that run back and forth all day long in the busy harbor, had been off-shore for some time. Finally, it turned and headed toward me. There was little swell and the boatman expertly swung the craft close by and beckoned me aboard.

Inside the canopy that covered the centre of the boat was the man I will call only Farhat, for obvious reasons. He waved me to a seat beside him and we grinned at each other, the sound of the engine too loud to make conversation possible. We crossed the narrow and busy waterway and tied up to some other workboats at an old pier on the main island side of the harbor.

Pleasantries out of the way, Farhat told me what he wanted: my help getting him sanctuary in exchange for his story. I agreed to do whatever I could to help him.

Farhat told me his story was not unique, that there were other Libyan agents "in many countries" who were doing what he and his partner had been sent to the Pacific to do.

"We were sent out to buy friendship for Libya, to bribe those we felt necessary in order to get that friendship and to lay the

foundations for the revolution, for Gaddafi's revolution, and for Gaddafi's friends in Moscow," Farhat said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because Gaddafi was having trouble with the Russians and he wanted to give them a present and make a trade. We would see that Libya got diplomatic presence in Asia and the Pacific — then, at the least, Libya could act on behalf of the Russians. Gaddafi also hoped we could buy enough influence for some of those nations to throw out the United States and invite in the Russians.

"And when the Russians were installed, Gaddafi was hoping they would support his Islamic crusade in Southeast Asia. He desperately wanted to be seen as a hero to the Muslim separatists in the south of the Philippines and he believed he would be able to purify Malaysia. It was all very grand. Looking back, it was quite futile, but not when it was just starting," Farhat said.

"What did the Russians think of all this?" I asked.

"I don't think they knew much about it in the beginning. It was one of Gaddafi's grand schemes. Then, if they learned about it, they probably didn't take it seriously until the Fijian elections of 1982. Some of our plans went bad there and the Russians ordered Gaddafi to stop. We just moved to another place for a while. You see, by then the Russians were making their own progress in the Pacific without us. Perhaps Moscow was afraid we would botch it up real bad for them."

"What about your partner?"

"Gaddafi had him executed. He was called back to Libya after the publicity about the Russians trying to buy a result in the Fijian elections — we ended up trying to buy the same people as the Russians — and Gaddafi, or someone, had him killed for making Gaddafi look like a fool with Moscow."

"Didn't that worry you? Weren't you concerned then for your own safety?"

"I believed in what we were doing. Fiji was my partner's responsibility and he failed. I didn't get worried until there was too much publicity about what we were doing in New Caledonia. Too much was getting out and Tripoli was starting to get nervous. I was told to come home. That's when I got out."

"How did it all start?" I asked.

He settled back against the old wood of the boat. The waves rocked us back and forth. He was 39 years old now and could remember when Gaddafi seized power in 1969. He was 22 then, a soldier with an interest in intelligence. It was all very exciting, Farhat recalled. His uncle was close to one of Gaddafi's advisers and the young man was seconded to an agency which quickly became the state's dirty tricks brigade.

In 1971 he was sent with five other Libyans on Russian-funded scholarships to the KGB-run Patrice Lumumba Friendship

University in Moscow to study under Gaddafi's new-found allies. The university, founded by Krushchev in 1960 to train "intelligence cadres" from Africa, Asia and Latin America, was not the university foreign students would normally attend. With his comrades he studied the KGB syllabus of subversion, the tactics of terrorism and a range of support subjects, and later returned with them to form the cadres in the many terrorist training camps — which Western intelligence agencies number at more than 20, capable of training as many as 7000 recruits at a time.

Farhat was good at what he did. He laughed as he explained: "My job was most unromantic. I was what you might call an egghead, an intellectual in a place where there were few intellectuals. I taught English, which I learned at Lumumba, and I taught about England because we were told that some day our recruits might operate there. Most of those doing the training were specialists but we all had to be able to do everything. I learned about weapons and explosives but mostly I was supposed to show certain recruits how to operate in English-speaking countries."

This took Farhat through the Seventies. In 1978 and 1979 he was assigned to the Libyan diplomatic corps in London.

"I perfected my training in bribery in Britain. Mostly I bought people who could inform on Libyans living in Britain and put together dossiers on prominent Jews. The dossiers were filed away and I had no accurate idea of what they were used for, although I can guess they formed the basis for Gaddafi's later extensive British target file."

By 1980 he was well regarded in the circle of operatives Libya had who could mix in any Western country without drawing undue attention to themselves. He had never met Gaddafi personally and had never met the colonel's notorious master terrorist, Carlos the Jackal, although it was common knowledge that Carlos often stayed at a heavily guarded villa in the seaside Tripoli suburb of Hensheer.

"In June 1980 I was interviewed by an officer on the staff of Ahmed Shuhati. It was a very formal affair. He wanted to know what I knew about Australia, the Philippines, New Caledonia and Fiji. I said I knew very little and he gave me a suitcase full of papers, atlases and reports and told me to go away, say nothing to anyone, read everything in the suitcase and come back the next afternoon. I did as I was told. I was used to instructions like that."

Soon afterwards, Farhat was ushered into the presence of Shuhati and introduced to another man who was to become his partner. A year later the two men were in Australia, with lots of money and access to more as it was needed as well as promises that anything needed for their mission — equipment or military hardware for new allies — would be promptly provided.

"We were wished well by Gaddafi himself. It was an emotional meeting. He talked for more than three hours about how important our job was, how we could be so valuable to our comrades in Moscow, how our actions would make us heroes of the revolution. We nodded a lot and probably said no more than a hundred words the whole time. Gaddafi was very pleased with himself."

At this point Farhat grew quiet. A large freighter was making its way out of the harbor. His eyes followed it. He had left a wife and young daughter behind in Libya. He knows now — though he didn't know then — that he will never see them again. Abruptly he got up, bracing himself against the swell from the freighter, and told me he would see me again. I was to wait for his call.

Cautiously, I asked him what proof he might be able to offer me about his story. He was not worried by the question.

"How about three Australian passports, all of which I have used, all of which are stamped with my comings and goings?"

I nodded.

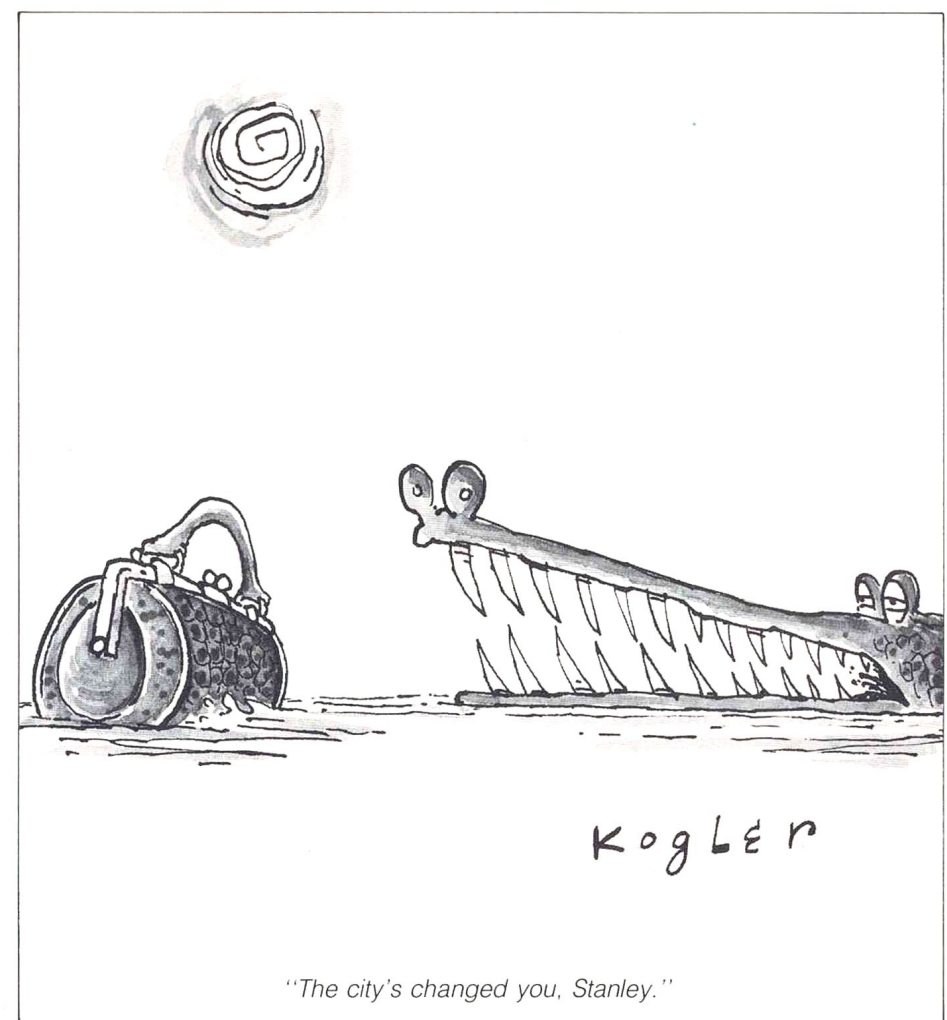
He left, telling me to wait ten minutes and then to leave. I did as he said. Later, in the taxi going back to my hotel, I recalled a briefing I had received at the United States Navy base at Subic Bay in the Philippines in 1983, a few days after the assassination of Benigno Aquino. The briefing officer had driven home to me then the tremendous

concern the Americans had — and still have — about the Russian buildup in the Pacific. Libyan aid to Muslim separatists in the southern Philippine island of Mindanao had been mentioned as well as Gaddafi's meddling in independent Vanuatu and rumors of his involvement in the French territory of New Caledonia. I was anxious to ask Farhat about these.

Shuhati was also a name I was familiar with. A former director of the Libyan Foreign Liaison Office, he had visited Australia in 1983 as leader of an 11-man delegation. At that time, according to Western security sources, he was director of an agency described as having "one of the worst and most violent records of any intelligence agency in the world." His title was director of the International Centre for Studies on the Green Book. His duties included the dissemination of propaganda, taking action against anti-Gaddafi exiles in Europe which involved bombings and shootings, as well as special projects like the suborning of American President Jimmy Carter's brother, Billy, which led to a scandal in Washington during the Carter presidency. Shuhati was responsible for Libya's network of cultural centres, which suggests how they might be used. Shuhati's invitation to visit Australia had come from the Arab-Libyan Australian Friendship Association, which shared offices in Melbourne with the pro-PLO Food Preserver's Union.



"I see a woman in your future—she's calling a cop."



"The city's changed you, Stanley."

GADDAFI'S FOLLY

I didn't have to wait long. The next afternoon there was a knock on my door at my hotel. When I answered, Farhat was standing there.

He reached into his pocket and produced three Australian passports. "You said you'd like to see these."

Set on a table beside my passport, I could see no difference. They were real. Each had a different number. Each was in a different name. Two had been issued in Melbourne and one in Canberra. Each bore a picture of Farhat. However, the pictures had been taken at different times and just enough had been changed — the style of the hair, the type of collar on a shirt, the holding of the mouth — to ensure that on any cursory glance by a busy bureaucrat the similarities would be overlooked.

"How did you get these?" I asked

"Friends, contacts. I just provided the details and the rest was done for me." He rubbed his thumb and index finger together in front of his eyes. "Money will get you anything in your country."

"And how much money did you have?" I prompted.

He grinned broadly. "I don't know. There was lots. It came in American dollars, in Australian dollars, in Singapore dollars, in Filipino pesos. We probably gave away or spent on operations about \$2 mil-

lion in cash and maybe half a million in arms, although it's hard to put a value on second-hand guns. I think we had a joker back in Tripoli, where this all came from, because one briefcase full we got was half-filled with Russian roubles. American dollars were most popular. When people wanted our money, that's what they wanted. And that's what we always seemed to have the least of."

The Libyans met more failures and more rebuffs than successes. But it is hard to measure success in this kind of clandestine operation. Vanuatu, New Caledonia and the Philippines received Libyan support; the Solomon Islands and Papua New Guinea refused to have anything to do with the Libyans; Fiji, although a lot of money was handed out, rebuffed Gaddafi and the Russians, with Moscow taking the ultimate blame for the interference.

"We moved into Australia in June of 1981 and stayed most of the rest of that year in Melbourne, in Footscray. We talked with a lot of people and did our planning. Gaddafi's people who briefed us in Tripoli had a very good view of Australia. They gave us a long list of people to talk to but when we talked to them it seemed to us that what they really wanted was to impress Libya more than inform or help us. We were led to believe we would be welcomed in our pursuits but it didn't work out that way at all. Many names on our contact list refused us help, others were very wary and

many of those who did help really only wanted to be well paid for the service."

He was evasive about where the help came from. When I named three people publicly known to have friendly relations with Libya, he frowned. "No, that would have been too obvious and we guessed that your security agency would be monitoring them. We had respect for your ASIO. We could not risk being identified with well-known locals because it may have hampered our coming and going and it was always our plan to get in and out of Australia without any fuss. For example, we were under strict orders to stay away from our own diplomats in Australia. Shuhati believed that ASIO monitored all contacts between Libyans and outsiders. We wanted no trouble here, or at least as little trouble as possible."

So, who did help?

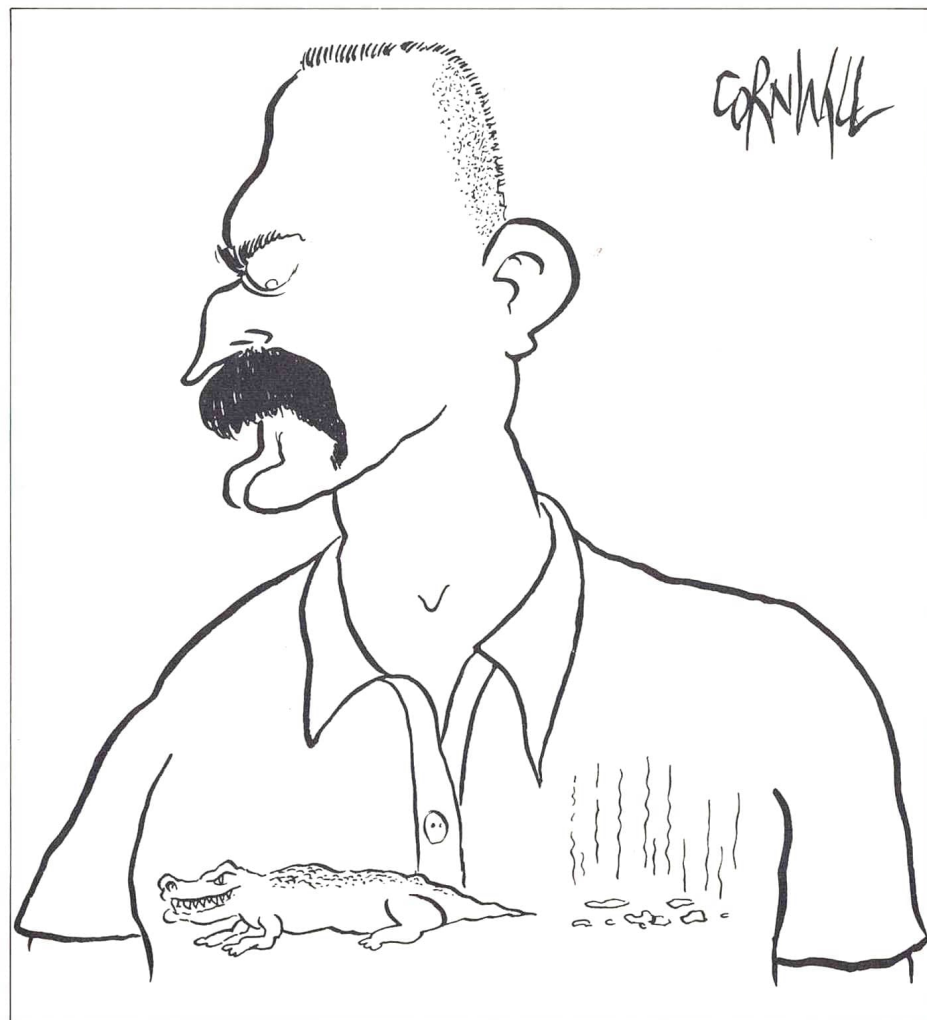
"We posed as teachers mostly. We had letters of introduction from our education authority and our people use this cover a lot, with success. Academics will help other academics when nobody else will. Australia seems to have a lot of university professors — no, not professors, you call them lecturers — who admire Gaddafi. Even high school teachers were helpful. Some of them had been to Libya and expressed admiration for Gaddafi."

An educational conference in Brisbane in August, 1981 was largely funded by Libya. Tripoli paid the bills for 40 overseas academics to join about 20 Australian educators for a conference on Gaddafi's Green Book. The book expounds the Libyan leader's Third International Theory — a philosophy which is a cross between communism and capitalism and which Gaddafi has spent considerable money distributing worldwide.

"Some young journalists in Melbourne and Sydney were courted but the number was small. I was always worried about what journalists' real motives were and I used to have nightmares that what we were doing would get all over the newspaper pages. There were some union people who were helpful. The harbor unions were able to assure us that for a certain fee we could get certain kinds of shipments through the Melbourne docks. We never used them. In fact, the only shipment of guns that touched Australia was in Darwin for a few hours before it went on to Vanuatu. We found it too expensive to bribe people here. Australians are too greedy. When I was in London I could bribe people for half as much as what Australians wanted. For our purposes, it was much simpler and cost a lot less to use ports and contacts in Asia and the Pacific."

"What help did you get from Australians?" I asked.

"A whole range of what we might call support services. The passports, introductions, places to hide things and store our money, mail drops and telephone answering services. A lot of what we did was done



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GADDAFI'S FOLLY

out in the open. It would only be seen for what it was if you knew what you were looking for. That is the sign of a good operative; if what you do looks and sounds normal, then it is usually accepted as normal.

"As teachers we could ask many questions about politics, economics and about the who's who of wherever we went. In most cases we got briefings from people who knew us only as teachers. We also helped identify some Australians and others from Asia and the Pacific who we thought were sympathetic to our cause or who might prove helpful in the future. Their names were passed back to Tripoli so they could be invited to visit Libya."

The South Pacific has long been seen as a vast American lake. World War II provided the images of American military and economic might from across the sea and left a legacy of crusty but benevolent overlordship. Vietnam changed some of that. The Americans, some say, lost the war and lost interest in the Pacific and Southeast Asia. As well, the tuna fleets of the Americans were making enemies in many small island nations dependent on the tuna for much of their livelihood. The tuna poachers provided the islanders with the constant shadow of the Ugly American and in this poisoned atmosphere of official disinterest and unofficial but permitted piracy, the islanders were ripe for new friendships.

Whether Gaddafi looked this deeply into the region and saw a chance to exploit America's declining influence will never be known for sure. Farhat thinks not. "I don't believe Gaddafi thought of anything other than doing something that would put the Russians in his debt and perhaps provide him with a chance to expand his dream of a vast Islamic revolution. It is more likely that one of his strategic thinkers came up with the plan and sold it to Gaddafi like a Carlos or an Abu Nidal might sell a plan of terror. I really don't believe Gaddafi or the people close to him have any idea of geo-politics."

While they were in Australia, Farhat and his partner made a list of where they might best spend their money. Then they visited each country and started asking questions and offering bribes wherever they thought it would do Libya the most good.

The Philippines was obvious: "The Muslims were fighting the Marcos government in the south of the republic. We had contact with the largest faction of the separatist movement, the Moro National Liberation Front, and what is probably the most vicious group, the Bangsa Moro army. The war between the government and the Muslims was going badly enough that President Marcos had already sent his wife, Imelda, to Gaddafi so that she could bat

her expensive eyelashes at him and try to win him over to stop the war. But he refused to help her. In fact, at the same time he was smiling at her advances and talking to her he was sending military aid shipments into Mindanao.

"What the separatists needed was money for bribes and supplies and hardware. We had no trouble helping them with that, and Tripoli had no trouble moving stockpiled old military equipment out of South Yemen and into the Philippines by sea."

Fiji was a mistake. "We ran into trouble because we were working in a vacuum and what we didn't know was the Russians were running a Fijian operation almost in parallel to ours. And when everything went wrong, it was the Russians who got caught out. That gave Gaddafi problems with Moscow and got my partner executed."

In 1982, Fiji's Prime Minister Ratu

"There were some union people who were helpful. But we found it too expensive to bribe people here. Australians are too greedy."

Kamisese Mara claimed the Russians had contributed \$1 million to his political opponents, the National Federation Party, in an abortive attempt to oust him from government during the July elections.

"What happened was that the Russians were involved. They were funnelling their money through Indian interests. Ours was going direct. In May, I made three visits to Fiji on a yacht hired for the purpose. On each visit I carried in \$100,000. That was mostly American dollars. We spread the money around. NFP got some, but so did members of the Alliance Party, the party in power, and the Western United Front.

"You see, the difference between what we were after and what the Russians were after was that the Russians wanted to destroy Ratu Mara. Moscow thought they could advance their plans if he was out of the way. All we wanted was an invitation for Libya to become a friend of Fiji, at least as a first step.

"When the Russians were publicly cited by Ratu Mara, the people we'd paid got scared and did nothing for us. Then the Russians found out about us and got mad at Gaddafi.

"On top of all this was the controversy about the *Four Corners* (ABC-TV) program which made Ratu Mara look bad just before the election. The program was seized upon by the NFP and hundreds of copies of the video were made and distributed around the island. You know, in a way this is just as pragmatic an approach to politics and manipulation as our going in with money to buy a change in a country's policy," Farhat explained in a more philosophical vein.

Vanuatu's Father Walter Lini was a success. "Lini wanted to be stroked, I think that is how you put it. He had a new government which he wanted to be taken seriously and so his radicalism was fuelled by Gaddafi paying attention to him, by providing military hardware support, by making Lini feel important."

In 1980 Lini brought his island state into independence. By 1983 he was, while ostensibly a democratic prime minister, becoming in the minds of some of his opponents a dictator. Early in the year he sacked his deputy and took over his portfolio of police and immigration, adding the portfolios he already held of justice, foreign affairs, the public service and communications.

"What I was looking for in Vanuatu was some cause that we could edge Lini toward where the muscle he was feeling at home could be used in the region, perhaps through the South Pacific Forum, and those issues became New Caledonia and the question of a nuclear-free Pacific. We encouraged Lini. We thought the Russians would like the nuclear-free part because it gave them the opportunity to score political points against the Americans. Lini cost us very little. A few phone calls from Gaddafi, a few pledges of military hardware support and a sprinkling of money to ensure that a few advisers would keep Lini headed in the right direction. Lini recognised Gaddafi and vice versa and we had accomplished what we set out to accomplish. I was very pleased."

New Caledonia started out successfully, then failed. "We made a mistake in New Caledonia. We went in to throw the French out, sort of like in Chad. Gaddafi wanted to belittle the French. I kept getting messages from Abdel Salaam Jalloud, a major who is Gaddafi's deputy. He kept telling me to get the separatists killing Frenchmen, but to do it all quietly. We underestimated the support for the anti-separatists. The separatist movement is badly fragmented. We had hoped the Kanak Socialist National Liberation Front (FLNKS) would be able to present a united front, but it was not to be. Officially the FLNKS is made up of about five parties, but even they seem fragmented.

"We tried to do business with Jean-Marie Tjibaou, a major separatist leader. I thought it would be easy. Two of his brothers were killed in fighting there in late 1984. I went to Hienghene on the north-east coast to talk

to him. I got nowhere. He is too involved in the phony political settlement the French are trying to peddle to be of any use to his people.

"I had more luck with Yann Uregei, the leader of the Kanak United Liberation Front which is part of the FLNKS. He agreed to accept our money to pay for a trip to Libya for himself and some of his followers. But Tjibaou was against the trip and went public and it was in all the papers. The French warned Gaddafi and said it would be his fault if the independence transition was stalled. Then Australia's [Foreign Minister] Bill Hayden called in Libyan diplomats and told them to keep out of New Caledonia's problems. Gaddafi got mad because everything was being made public, I'm told, and soon after I was ordered to return to Tripoli.

"It was foolish to call me back. I had managed to get some weapons into the island and into the hands of some young men who were prepared to use them. In 1984 we got some 17 of those young men out of New Caledonia and into our training camps inside Libya. We also had Walter Lini talking about providing bases and armed support if the FLNKS wanted to go to open war against the French. And just because of some publicity, I was being recalled and perhaps would suffer the same fate as my former partner . . .

"That's when I decided I'd had enough and that it was not worth the risk of going back. I had quite a bit of money and I went into hiding. I knew I had some time before they would be able to determine I was not coming back. We had considerable freedom in our movements, to carry out our operations. By the time I was really declared missing I'd had my face changed a bit and had bought some of the protection I needed."

Farhat admits that, in hindsight, the plan to bribe Libya's way through the South Pacific and Asia was folly. "It was," he said, "probably seen much more seriously and with obviously less folly while sitting in a goatskin tent in the desert of Libya" — one of Gaddafi's well known habits.

It has worked in Latin America. Libya has poured millions into Nicaragua's Sandanista government, and Gaddafi has been involved in Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador — including providing money for resistance movements and the training of terrorists in Libyan camps — to the point where high-ranking officials from the three countries met in January this year to discuss how best to combat Gaddafi's involvement in their affairs.

Leftist groups in at least seven Caribbean nations are receiving funding from Libya and Gaddafi's intelligence organisations there operate various groups with names like the Islamic Teaching Centre, the Islamic School, the Islamic Call Society, the Islamic Friendship Society and the Islamic Cultural Centre.

Australia has a very small Libyan popu-

lation and only minimal trade with Libya. However Libya boasts a significant presence here in the form of a People's Bureau (embassy) in Canberra, a Libyan cultural centre in South Melbourne, a Libyan Friendship Society in North Melbourne and People's Congresses in Melbourne and Sydney. One commentator has written that the rent for the Melbourne cultural centre is estimated at \$70,000 a year. Canberra closed its diplomatic offices in Libya in November, 1980.

"In simple terms, it might have worked in Asia and the Pacific, had the Russians not been moving in with such serious intent," Farhat opined.

Just how seriously does he judge the intentions of Moscow?

"Without any doubt, most serious. The buildup has only started. The issue of fishing rights is so transparent that I am surprised you can't see through it. I believe Fiji will succumb, as have so many others recently. The Americans may weigh in with counter ideas — probably it will come down to Washington's financial bid against Moscow's financial bid. But if Washington wins in this year's biddings, Moscow will be back with a higher bid next year.

"The big prize will be Papua New Guinea. Australian and American disinterest leave the PNG government open to outside bids. Moscow will lose no time.

"The New Zealand Government's foolish attempt to break the ANZUS alliance

by starting a brawl with the Americans plays right into the Russians' hands."

And what of Australia's attitude? Farhat was tired by now. We had been talking for a long time. "Australia is a fine country. If I thought I could stay alive there I would be happy to live there. But your public service, your police and security agencies are riddled with people with big mouths. If I was to surrender to Australia and ask for political asylum, two weeks after I arrived there Gaddafi would know my phone number and my address and I would be a dead man.

"The Labor Government is weak-willed. In Pacific and Asian affairs Hayden is the all-important man as Foreign Minister and he is very poor at it. He misses important opportunities, he talks in circles, he talks philosophy when pragmatism is called for.

"The danger, of course, is that Hayden, Hawke and all their associates are out of their league dealing with, for example, the Americans. And while the Americans may take advantage of this, I doubt Washington would go out of its way to really hurt Australia. On the other hand, Labor is equally out of its league dealing with the Russians and I have no doubt Russia would bury Australia if given the chance."

Thus concluded the man who now has no country, who travels only on three illegally obtained Australian passports, and whose chances of survival are minimal at best. 



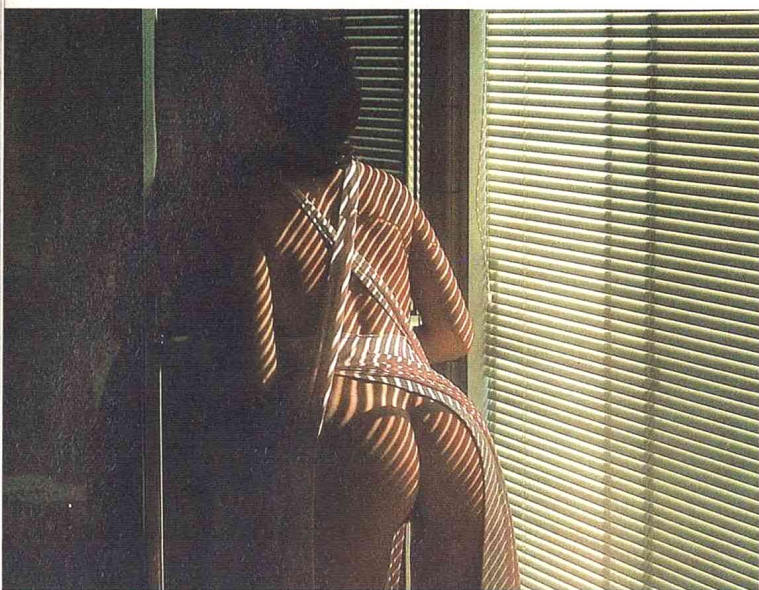


HOME BODY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Take Linda too far away from home sweet home and she starts to get a little edgy. "Some people can call home wherever they lay their hat — but I don't wear hats. Besides, everything I ever need is right here."





"It's not that I haven't been to other places,"
Linda explains. "I've missed my little home
from every corner of the world."





As a design consultant to a huge textile firm, Linda gets to call her own shots from her own home base. "Work buys me the freedom I want."

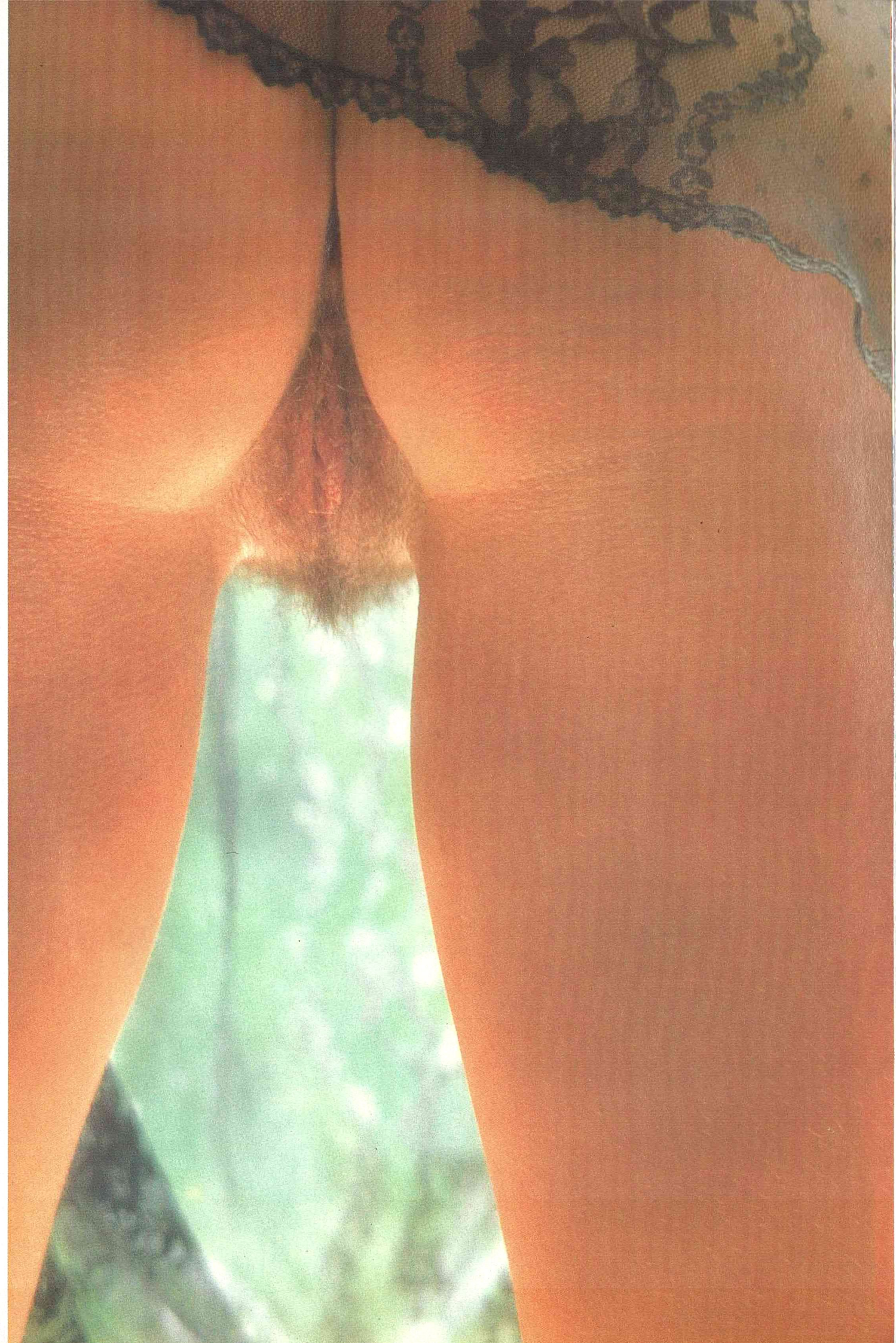




Much of that freedom is spent alone. "The men in my life know that I don't like to be crowded. Here I can turn up my blues records to full volume with no complaints — songs like *Room To Move*.

OTM







Whatever happened to
Dr Hunter S. Thompson?

DOCTOR WHO?

In the Northern Hemisphere it was the second-longest day of the year, so it was all the more remarkable that Hunter S. Thompson should have missed it entirely. But missed it the good Doctor of Gonzo Journalism had.

The setting sun was sending reddish signals through the dark and heavy clouds that hung over San Francisco Bay when I got through to Thompson from a pay phone in Chinatown. It was midsummer but cold and getting colder by the minute, and I had spent the entire afternoon drinking steam beer in seedy bars between North Beach and Fishermen's Wharf, getting my change in quarters and calling the doc on the half hour. After all, I had an appointment and I thought it was for lunch.

"Can't talk now. I have a deadline," he'd mumbled into the phone at midnight on Saturday. "Call me Monday. Let's have lunch or something." Now it was after seven, and

BY PHIL JARRATT ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT PEARCE

Pearce.

DOCTOR

in a bed across town at the Cathedral Hill Hotel the celebrated author of *Hell's Angels*, *Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas* and *The Curse Of Lono*, the man immortalised in Gary Trudeau's *Doonesbury* comic strip and possibly the weirdest political commentator in the history of the world, was slowly coming to grips with a fairly ordinary Monday and fumbling for the phone.

"What the hell time is it?" Thompson snapped. "I got to watch the news." I told him. "Shit. Guess I lost a day."

We arranged to meet for a drink after he'd woken himself up and acquainted himself with the events of the day across America. This was no huge deal. Apart from the continuing press post-mortem of basketball hero Leon Bias's cocaine death, and the fact that the entire south-east of the country was shrivelling away in the worst drought for a century, America had gone on summer vacation. Nothing was happening.

I took a cab to the Cathedral Hill Hotel and phoned Thompson's room from the lobby. A female voice told me he was in the shower. I parked on a bar stool in the Twin Trees Lounge and drank another beer. The hotel was not what I'd expected. The name-tagged conventioners and group tourists didn't seem like Thompson's people. I phoned the room again and

Thompson answered. Now he was really awake; now he was firing on all cylinders. It was about nine-thirty. He said he'd be right down.

Although Hunter Thompson and I had never met, we had a mutual close friend. When Thompson's pal Bill Murray was intending to visit Australia a few years back, Thompson got my phone number in Sydney and gave it to Murray. The comedy star of *Stripes* and *Ghostbusters* had just played the part of Thompson in the movie *Where The Buffalo Roam*, and he turned up to meet me for lunch in full gonzo rig — bermuda shorts, aloha shirt, baseball cap over dark glasses, Dunhill drooping from a gold cigarette holder. It was hilarious, a preposterous parody of the man. He had sidled up to the bar, blown smoke in the barman's face and ordered two double bloody marys. I had laughed until I cried.

Several years later in the Twin Trees Lounge of the Cathedral Hill Hotel in San Francisco, I swung around from the bar in time to watch the entrance of an even more preposterous parody of the man — but this was Hunter S. Thompson.

He wore light blue corduroy walk shorts (despite the chilly night), basketball socks and white Reeboks. A blue yachtie's parka hung open over a high-collared surfer T-shirt and the perennial Dunhill was hanging from the gold holder. Thompson walked hurriedly in a kind of bandy lope

and his head made jerky little movements as though he were listening to the Rolling Stones on a Walkman, which he wasn't. His presence in the Twin Trees Lounge was so bizarre that I liked him immediately. He pulled up the next stool, offered a sweaty palm and ordered two double bloody marys and a cup of black coffee. Breakfast.

Thompson looks his 47 years, which comes as no surprise given the excessive lifestyle for which he has become notorious. If even half the stories are true it seems like nothing short of a miracle that the man has almost made it to the half-century mark. But as he sat smoking, sweating and sipping three drinks, I saw in him a curious young-old mix. At times his face contorted into the look of a worried banker; at other times he fell into the impish grin of a much younger and sportier man, and it was easy to imagine him landing game fish in the Florida Keys, playing golf in the Rockies or sitting behind the wheel of a Harley Davidson with the wind blowing through where his hair used to be.

Hunter Thompson has, of course, done all those things and is far from a spent force, but in the Eighties he has become almost an anachronism, a symbol of the bad old good old days of a decade ago when it was hip to view the people who rule the world as evil monsters from whom the only logical escape was to get stoned to the gills. So far this decade Thompson has published only one novella, *Lono*, and one collection of journalism, *The Great Shark Hunt* — and his position on the world stage is maintained only in middle-aged acid flashbacks and the character of Raoul Duke in *Doonesbury*. But don't get the idea Hunter Thompson has been idle. In the United States he still works quite hard at holding his guernsey as the national media's leading loony.

It was in this working role that I found him in San Francisco, although I had expected to have to track him to his Rockies hideaway at Woody Creek, near Aspen, Colorado. These days Thompson is spending much of his time back in the city where he first made his name riding with Hell's Angel Sonny Bargo and drawing a line of commonality between politics and drugs in the pages of *Rolling Stone*. An innovative writer with a wry, self-deprecating wit, a nasty, maudlin streak and the ability to show flashes of brilliance, Hunter Thompson was a man in tune with the needs of the times in the America of the early Seventies. The country had Nixon, Vietnam, an energy crisis and a faltering economy. Thompson had a vivid imagination and a bootload of mind-expanding drugs. He was an unlikely tonic but he had no shortage of publishers and after his smash hit classic, *Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas*, he was the most famous writer in the country, Norman Mailer be buggered.

Thompson was no one-hit wonder — it's fair to say that his ascerbic journalism was

the flavor of the Seventies and influenced a whole generation of Western writers — but nothing he has done since has quite matched the impact of *Las Vegas*. In the same way that Carl Bernstein still lives in the shadow of the Watergate glory he shared with Bob Woodward, Hunter Thompson is to many still the crazy gonzo journo on the road with a hideously overweight and decidedly dangerous Samoan attorney.

Despite a comprehensively disastrous lecture tour of Australia in the late Seventies (Thompson knew little of our affairs, cared less and tended towards curt, monosyllabic responses to questions), the gonzo doctor remained extraordinarily popular here. Even *Lono*, a very thin book which owes at least as much to the work of illustrator Ralph Steadman and Robert Louis Stevenson as it does to Thompson, sold well. But in the past few years he has slipped from view. One alarming report had him flogging gonzo T-shirts from his mountain shack, a burnt-out wreck of a man. I was anxious to find out what had happened.

Arriving in San Francisco on a Saturday, I picked up a copy of William Randolph Hearst's flagship, *The Examiner*, and there he was, in a front-page promotional blurb for his column in the Monday edition. Thompson stared out from the page at me. He looked mean, like a narc, and he wore a suit, like a politician. My God, what had happened? Six hours later I had him on the phone and 36 hours after that I was able to ask him about the picture.

"Oh, that. Bastards snapped me on the steps of the courthouse. Drunk driving charge." He ordered two more bloody marys and another cup of black coffee. He was feeling better; he'd stopped sweating.

On the other side of the lobby the hotel kiosk had re-opened. I had to go to the toilet so Thompson asked me to buy him two copies of *The Examiner* on my way back. When I handed them to him he excused himself from conversation and turned straight to his column. After a while he started to chuckle to himself, and the chuckles turned into Dunhill wheezes and he went red in the face, but kept on reading and chuckling. "Hey, this shit ain't too bad," he said. I wasn't sure whether he was referring to the column itself or what it had taken to get the thing done.

I had read the column while I waited in bars most of the afternoon. It was classic Thompson — a thousand words of cynicism, black humor, weirdness and forays into meaninglessness. This one concerned a dawn drive out to a boathouse on the beach where Thompson's attorney was holed up with an elderly Malaysian Chinese who was about to kill himself rather than face deportation. Classic comedy situation, right? Thompson arrives, explains to the poor old bugger that he may as well neck himself here because these days they hang you for no good reason in Malaysia any-

way, even for minor drug violations. The attorney quietly calls the feds, then he and Thompson wander up the road in the grey dawn to hit a few golf balls.

The best line in it is Thompson's response to his attorney's plea for help in dealing with the would-be suicide:

"I said I would be there immediately. 'You're just down the road from the golf course. I'll bring my clubs.'"

"Are you crazy?" he shouted. "I have this terrible tragedy on my hands and you want to play golf? That's madness. The fog is so thick out here that you can't even see the lake."

"That's just about right," I said. "I have a new one-iron and I want to try it a few times before I risk hitting the bugger in public."

We switched to margaritas and Thompson confessed he had made the whole thing up. When I had called on the Saturday night he had been staring down the barrel of a midday Sunday deadline, tired, emotional, doped up, more than usually manic and in the process of ripping up the 33rd draft of a column about Californian politics, a subject which is now even more profoundly boring than it was when Ronald Reagan was involved in it. He had worked on through the night, ripping up drafts and imbibing, and by dawn was such a mess that he had to throw his golf clubs in the car and drive out to Lake Merced to clear his head. There, as he chipped on to the greens in the early morning fog, the whole

crazy scenario came to him. He had driven back into the city at speed, slipped some fresh paper into his Brother electronic and begun anew even as the *Examiner* editors started to pound on his door with clenched fists. A posse of editors had then stood by and whipped each completed sheet up the road and into the paper's computer.

Another day, another deadline. Any student of Thompson's work will recognise the deadline crisis because it is the main dramatic element. Will he finish the piece or crack up on drugs? Well, usually both, but as we drank on in the Twin Trees Lounge his next deadline was five and a half days away and if there was no time to relax, there was certainly time to get hyper about something else.

Thompson reportedly receives \$US1500 a week from Willie Hearst for his *Examiner* columns. That's about 300 bucks an hour if you look at real writing time, but Thompson's *modus operandum* has always been to work himself into a lather of fear, loathing and professional angst before the words begin to tumble out. This process takes at least a couple of days and often all week. But there is time for other work.

Thompson is comfortable with his column income and royalties and is thus setting his own pace in completing two works in progress. One is a romantic novel about Cubans involved in the cocaine trade off Florida Keys, where in real life Thompson maintains a small house and



"But enough about my career . . . let's talk about my all-bean diet."

DOCTOR

keeps a very fast boat. The other, *The Night Manager*, is loosely based on the legendary adventures of Art and Jim Mitchell, the San Francisco brothers who produce porn flicks (*Behind The Green Door* with Marilyn Chambers was their biggie, so to speak) and run the O'Farrell Theatre.

Although by his own admission he has the worst record for breaking deadlines of any American journalist, alive or dead, Thompson is extremely proud of his unblemished record at the *Examiner*. When we spoke he had made 43 consecutive deadlines. This was reason enough to celebrate.

We ordered more margaritas and were joined by Maria, Thompson's lady of the past couple of years. Small, dark and very attractive, Maria was a student from Arizona when she met the gonzo doctor. Seemingly poles apart in age, style and aspirations, the two clicked and have become inseparable. Thompson went off to make some calls and Maria, a non-drinker, attempted to order a Pepsi. The barman asked for ID, which Maria produced. She is 25.

Complaining of neck pains and blaming it on the quality of a recent batch of drugs, Thompson returned to the bar and suggested we make a move for dinner. It was

after 11pm. Although disqualified, Thompson took the wheel of a small car and drove jerkily out of the hotel basement and into the cold night. The digital thermometers on the corners of buildings claimed it was 5°C but Thompson drove with the windows open. He was away now, stroking his neck, babbling about a dozen different subjects.

As we headed towards a favorite hang-out near the beach I asked why he no longer covered the major political stories of the day. Thompson stroked his chin and said: "These days it's hard for me to be a working journalist and that really pisses me off. I tried to cover the '84 Democrats convention in San Francisco and it got very ugly. I got plenty of coverage myself but no fuckin' story. The problem I have with a lot of politicians is not that they won't give me access — it's *too much* access. It's difficult to ask the hard questions when you've been up all night snortin' coke with the Senator. So more and more I get pushed into this kind of fiction I write."

I wondered why we had stopped in front of a nondescript block of shops but it was because we had arrived. This part of San Francisco was dark and empty on a Monday night and I was grateful for the dim yellow light emanating from Tommy's Place, a restaurant of small reputation but dynamite margaritas, Thompson said.

Inside it looked the goods. Half a dozen Mexican youths were asleep behind a partition out the back, the only other table of

people was about to leave and clearly the restaurant had been about to close. But hey, Hunter Thompson walks in, you stay open. Tommy, a part-time boxing promoter, was not around but his plump daughter set us up in a booth and Hunter ordered double margaritas. He wanted to watch *Nightline*, the late night news round-up, on the wall television but first he had to play the fame game. Tommy's daughter's friends at the other table wanted to meet the man who wrote the column in *The Examiner* that everyone talked about.

Thompson, likeable and polite in normal conversation, limbered up for this embarrassing encounter with a few racial slurs. "I oughta get you fuckin' guys deported," he joked. It was a reference to the humor of his column but it didn't seem to go down too well.

Then Thompson did an extraordinary thing. In the middle of a conversation with these earnest people he turned and more or less pirouetted while surreptitiously taking a belt from a vial of cocaine in the pocket of his shorts. He completed the bizarre, fluid movement while barely missing a beat in the conversation. I could hardly believe what I had seen, but even harder to believe was the fact that the earnest fans *hadn't* seen it. In 47 years of self-abuse I guess you pick up a few fancy tricks.

Thompson and Maria ordered enchilada but when it came he claimed it was not the way Tommy cooked it and sent it back. When the second effort arrived he pushed it around his plate but barely made an indentation. We ordered more margaritas and Thompson seemed to be getting quite drunk. It was hard to tell.

A well-dressed young man arrived and sat down in the booth with us. He was extremely pleasant but also slightly business-like. He wondered who I was, but we soon established a rapport. We shall call him Miguel because they are never called that. In the early morning hours we drove back to his well-appointed apartment on Russian Hill. Thompson stopped at his hotel to pick up an ice bucket and a bottle of Chivas Regal. We settled into a long night of scotch and conversation which ranged over the Americas Cup and a rather morbid fascination with the Azaria Chamberlain case. In this, I assured him, he was not alone.

Just before dawn Thompson dropped me outside my cheap motel on Lombard Street. By now he was crazy, totally fucked up. We parted warmly and I watched him lope across the street to the all-night supermarket to buy a six-pack of beer. He had a radio interview at nine and there was no point in sleeping now. Hunter Thompson would press on valiantly, undaunted by the passage of time or the changing world around him.

You could doubt the wisdom of that, but only a mean-spirited bastard would not allow himself a sly admiring grin. And that was what I was wearing as I gratefully hit the sack. O—



"I trust we won't come to depend on this sort of bailout, gentlemen."

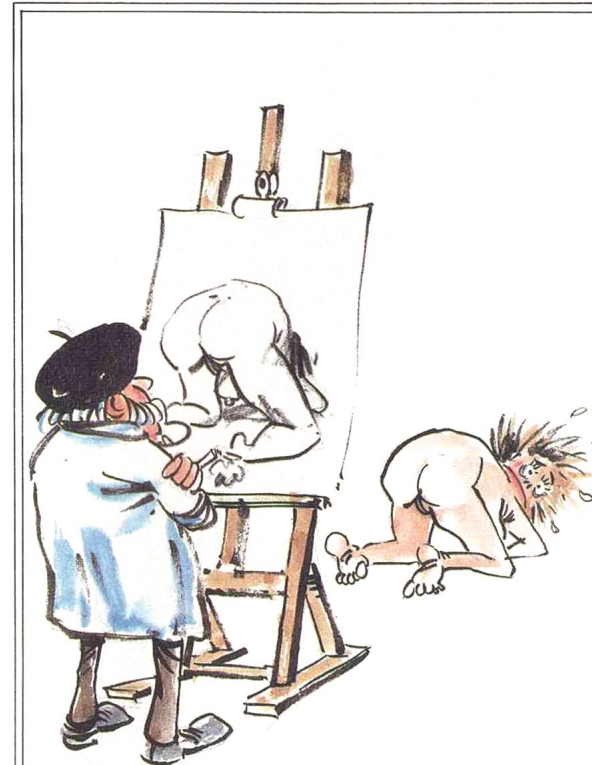
THE ARTIST & HIS MODEL

A CARTOON FEATURE BY BILL LEAK





"Take five, Shirley. I'll have to go and find some longer brushes."



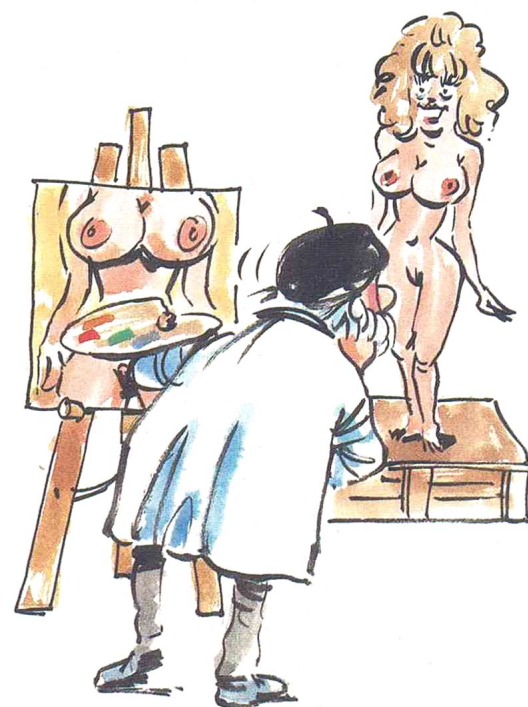
"Hmm ... That's a beauty. I'll get the framer around to mount it right away ..."



"This painting was commissioned by the Royal Blind Society, so I've decided to do it in Braille ..."



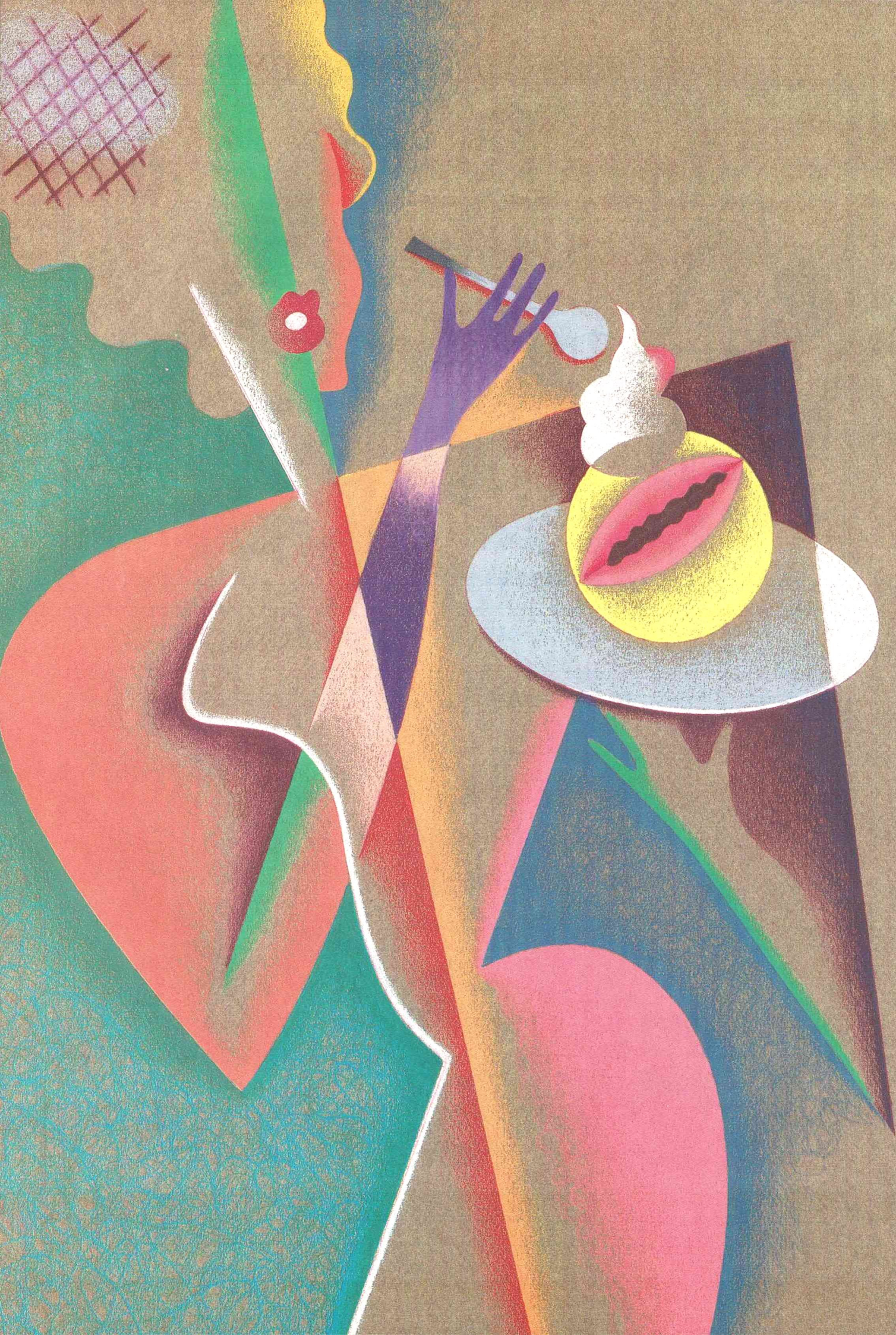
"Hold it right there!"



"I hope you're doing a pretty job of the face, Colin ..."



"Phew! That's that part of it out of the way ..."



BY GAIL GREENE

DELICIOUS SEX

69 surefire recipes to spice up your sex-life

Listening to our poets, novelists and songwriters, one would guess we are a culture that prizes love. And yet few of us devote nearly enough time or thought to making love. Too often, sex is an afterthought — our last priority of the day once the kids are tucked in and the garbage carried out for the night. For others, sex is a competitive sport where the game is played for the sole purpose of the touchdown — tackling him or her in the sack. But love is much more than that.

Reaching new sexual plateaux, however, requires knowing your lover's secret desires. Usually, this knowledge can be obtained only if you possess supernatural powers. But how about if, for once, you could become the proverbial fly on the wall, listening to your lover and her friends chat openly about sex? I promise you would learn more about women's sexual fantasies than any self-help book could ever teach you. Consider then, the following list — "Sixty-Nine Ways To Turn Her On" — a voyeur's dream come true . . . a list of what women find truly erotic. When you've finished delighting her, tear out the list entitled "Sixty-Nine Ways To Turn Him On," and leave it casually lying about your lounge room. I am confident your love life will soar!

Sixty-Nine Ways To Turn Her On

1. Kissing. Soft lips. Romantic kissing.

2. A compliment. Something extravagant that you really mean.

3. Kissing. Kissing her neck and earlobes. Kissing her eyelids. Kissing the hollows of her clavicles.

4. Looking at her as if you adore her (but not if you don't really).

5. Reading to her. Your favorite stories. Her favorite poems.

6. Sending her flowers because it's Tuesday.

7. Necking in the car.

8. Pressing her cheeks with both hands as you kiss her.

9. Kissing. Kissing the corners of her mouth. Teasing bites. Invasive kisses.

10. Letting her undress you.

11. Undressing her slowly and making love to each part as it appears.

12. Slow dancing naked to the radio.

13. A long indulgent erotic massage.

14. Kissing. Kissing her fingers. Her palm. Kissing the pulse inside her wrist. Sucking her fingers. Licking between each finger.

15. Bringing her a glass of champagne in the bathtub and a towel you've warmed in front of the fireplace (or on the radiator).

16. Playing with her breasts and thighs and clitoris with a massaging shower head.

17. Being very forceful. Kissing her roughly. Throwing her over the back of a chair and kissing her arse and pressing

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

DELICIOUS SEX

your palm against her whole genital area, especially the clitoris, without removing her panties.

18. Telling her what to do. Making her tell you what you're doing to her. Your insisting she use all the four-letter words.

19. Pressing your thigh up against her genital area. Holding her hands over her head as if she's being forced.

20. Kissing. Kissing her breasts, her nipples, under her breasts. Appreciating her breasts verbally. In a poem. With your hands. With your fingertips. With your cheeks. Stroking, holding, pressure up to the point where it ceases to be pleasure . . . she'll let you know.

21. Nibbling. Licking. Sucking. Less-than-serious biting.

22. Carrying her anywhere. Gracefully. Especially to bed.

23. Kissing the bottoms of her feet and her instep, massaging her feet. Sucking her toes.

24. Kissing a flower and then using it to trace the outline of her nakedness, to open her legs, to stroke her nipples and clitoris.

25. Kissing. Kissing her stomach. Her belly button (if she isn't too ticklish). Kissing where the bones go in, where the bones go out. Loving her mons veneris. Kissing her inner thighs and behind the knees.

26. Loving her smells. The sun on her skin. Her after-the-bath-smell. Her perfume. Her sweet vaginal scent. Her hot vaginal musk.

27. Asking her to masturbate while you watch . . . becoming part of what she does in self-arousal.

28. Kissing. Kissing the deepest insides of her thighs and vulva. Breathing on her clitoris. Circling all around it with gentle strokes. Kissing around it. Touching it gently. Pulling the skin around it. Sucking it. Alternating just barely grazing it with pressure. Tiny nips. Gently. Flicking it with your tongue from side to side. Burying your face there.

29. Your obvious pleasure in her taste.

30. Telling her you have a delicious surprise for her just as you kiss her with her juices all over your face.

31. Making up a bedtime story with her as the heroine.

32. Your telling her everything you think is truly wondrous about her. What you've heard. What you've discovered. That all the women formerly number one in your life are jealous of her.

33. Never asking her if she likes this or that but paying attention, and if she doesn't . . . stopping.

34. Spanking her a little. Not seriously, unless she seems to like it.

35. If she's the best at anything, telling her.

36. Letting her know when she pleases you. Sometimes letting her know in writing

— the next morning, delivered by a messenger with flowers.

37. Looking at her from time to time as you kiss her . . . as you eat her.

38. Adoring her feet. Caressing her instep under the table. Taking off her shoe and pressing her foot into your crotch so she can tease your cock with her toes.

39. Feeding her.

40. Telling her what you plan to do to her later.

41. Telling her what you are fantasising doing to her at this very moment as you speak to her by telephone, insisting she tell what the conversation is doing to her, because it's making you hot and crazy.

42. Making love to her in a taxi . . . exposing her panties and garter belt to the driver.

43. When the two of you are away for a weekend, writing her a postcard and mailing it, telling her how happy you are to be with her.

“
Making love
to her with her
clothes on — tugging the
crotch of her panties to
one side to see how
wet she is
”

44. Sharing your bath or shower. Making love to her with the soap, the washcloth, your hands, your mouth. Drying her with the towel, splashing talcum powder and perfume all over.

45. Never thinking you've told her enough how wonderful she is. (If you mean it, too much is never enough.)

46. If it seems hard for you to keep your hands off her . . . don't. Naturally, you would never embarrass her. As the waiter leads her to your table, no-one can see your hand on her arse.

47. Shoving her into a dark doorway. Kissing her and feeling her up.

48. Making love to her in movie theatres, men's rooms, on the *vaporetto* in Venice, on the *deuxieme etage* of the Eiffel Tower, in David Jones' lingerie department.

49. Buying her the panties you want her to wear.

50. Asking her to model them.

51. Buying her a silly toy.

52. Buying her a sex toy.

53. Hugging her a lot . . . languorous skin-to-skin hugging in bed, hugging her close after sex.

54. Bringing her breakfast in bed on a tray, sharing the croissant and the tropical fruit, then putting the tray on the floor and making love.

55. Skipping work and spending your day in bed with her. (It's not quite as impressive if you do this on a weekend, but it wouldn't be sneered at.)

56. Letting her have three or four orgasms before you start intercourse.

57. Playing with her afterward till she has four or five or six more.

58. Not stopping till she begs for mercy.

59. Turning off the final Ashes test at the ninth wicket because you suddenly must make love to her.

60. Frightening her a little with your intensity.

61. Kissing. Kissing her arse. Stroking the cheeks, making circles, alternating gentleness and assertive pressure while your thumb rubs the clitoris at the same time.

62. Torturing her with pleasure.

63. Giving her the erotic fantasy she really wants — a stranger who will make love to her as you instruct him . . . you as her slave . . . her as a slut. This means you know her very well.

64. Filling her vagina with a strand of pearls and pulling it out one pearl at a time.

65. Insisting she go out with you for the evening without panties on.

66. Making love to her with her clothes on, tugging the crotch of her panties to one side, and — seeing how wet she is — entering her forcefully.

67. Ripping her panties off and making love to her standing up.

68. Bringing her a seashell from your walk on the beach and writing inside it "I love you," with your name.

69. Proposing marriage. So old-fashioned. So highly erotic.

Sixty-Nine Ways To Turn Him On

1. Kissing. Soft lips. Romantic kissing.

2. A compliment. Something extravagant that you really mean.

3. Kissing. Kissing the corners of his mouth. Teasing bites. Invasive kisses.

4. Closing your lips. Not letting his tongue into your mouth. Then suddenly sucking his lower lip, biting gently.

5. Letting him persuade you even when you've already decided yes.

6. Loving his smells and telling him so. The sun on his skin. His after-shave smell. His after-six-sets-of-tennis smell.

7. Kissing. Kissing his fingers. His palm. Licking his palm. Sucking his fingers. Licking between each finger.

8. Letting him undress you. Resisting a little. Resisting a lot. Letting him rip your panties off.

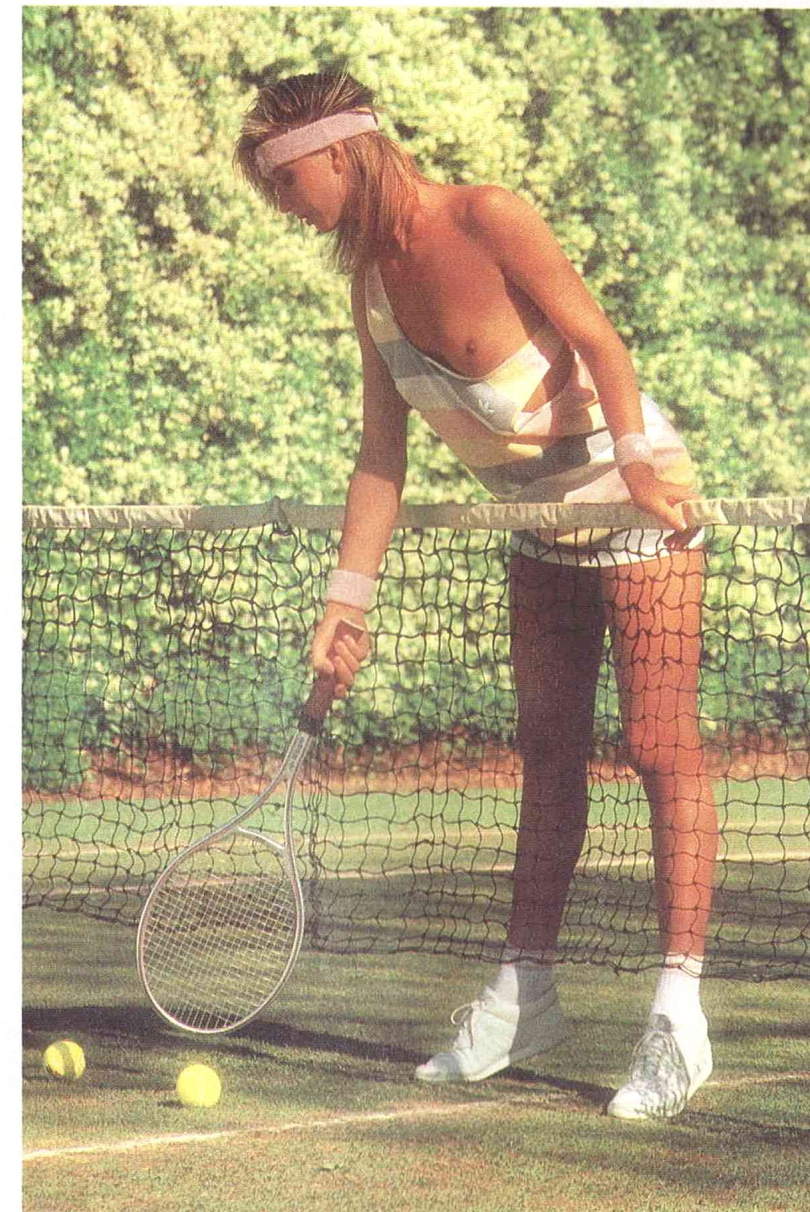
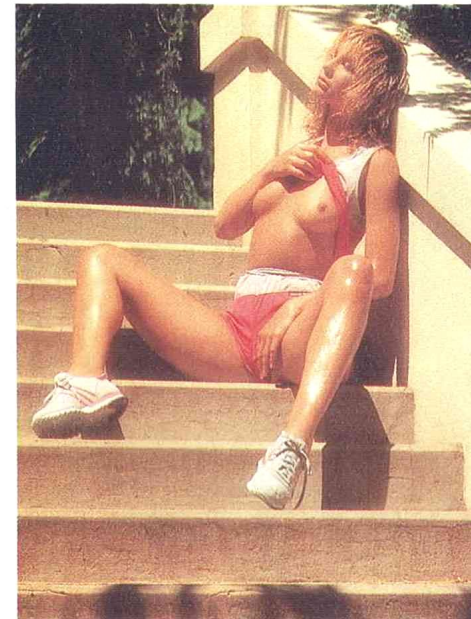
9. Undressing him slowly and making love to each part as it appears.

10. Tearing his shirt off . . . shredding his underwear.

11. Slow dancing naked to the stereo.

Continued on page 101

DEBORAH



Hair by Bernard Casey for Joh Bailey Salon, Double Bay; Fashion garments by Mathilde Clothing; Accessories from Nice Things, Paddington; Tennis garments and sporting goods by Adidas from Adiaction.



"Service with a smile" is one of the mottos of Deborah Lee — and you have to admire her honesty. "Let's face it," she explains, "I'm no Martina. But then, most men wouldn't want to play against her type anyway, if you get my drift. She's too . . . competitive. I just play for fun — and fitness."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEREMY TAYLOR

HIT AND GIGGLE





For Deborah, just 21 and from Sydney, the essence of sport is purely devotion to her body. Expressing the physical surges which well up in her daily is her priority.





It might be ice skating, water ballet or dancing . . . Whatever it is, Deborah is a natural athlete. (Though her backhand *definitely* needs a little work.)





"Unfortunately, tennis is one sport in which I'm still a struggling beginner — though I'm starting to get into it. If I was playing a man, he'd have to be a little bit patient with me. But that's what I like in a guy anyway."



You can tell
that Deborah
takes her fun
very seriously.
"I know you
have more fun
the better you
get, but I think
you can get
carried away.
It's like sex,
isn't it? Even
the 'experts'
still 'practise'
sex, don't
they . . ."

OT





MISS DEBORAH LEE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE PROPHETS OF PROFIT

Renowned skeptic James Randi
exposes the arsenal of dirty tricks
employed by religious faith healers

BY JAMES RANDI

Incredible as it may seem, it is possible that the next president of the United States of America might be a charismatic, Harvard-educated TV evangelist/faith healer named Pat Robertson. He has the money, the media exposure, and the following that could enable him to sweep into the 1988 race and take the top prize. He is seen daily by hundreds of thousands of people via the Christian Broadcast Network (CBN) on the *700 Club* program, from which he claims to dispense miracles of healing to the faithful across the country. He may very well upset all the political experts, because millions of Americans actually believe those claims.

Because of his very high profile and his presidential aspirations, Robertson was the first faith healer I investigated. But examination of his healing claim was far more difficult than I had anticipated. In his case, the task can be compared to trying to nail a handful of jelly to a wall. You simply can-

ILLUSTRATION BY RONNIE CUTRONE

THE PROPHETS

not get hold of it and manage it.

He and his sidekick, Ben Kinchlow, bow their heads and tune in to receive a "Word of Knowledge" from On High. In turn, they each describe what they are being told by God. One announces that someone in the TV audience has a "tightening in the chest" that is being healed. The other says that a viewer "has a headache." "I have a Word of Knowledge that someone has trouble with a tracheotomy. God is miraculously healing it!" "I see stomach pains at this moment. The Lord has healed you." It goes on and on. Pains, tumors, broken bones, scarred lungs, warts, headaches, and emotional problems revealed to these holy men are banished at a word from the two shamans. And the audience believes every bit of it.

When I turned to other faith healers, I found that their phenomena can be more easily examined. I investigated Reverends W.V. Grant, Peter Popoff and David Paul. These three are seen on TV weekly in most parts of the US, and their claims are quickly shown to be spurious.

The most impressive of all the showbiz stunts to be found in the evangelist/healer racket is the trick of "calling out" members of the audience. The healer wanders about the audience, picking out individuals, supposedly at random, and calling him or her

by name. A street address may also be given. A doctor's name is usually announced along with an account of the person's affliction. Other details, from a pet's name to the fact that a relative is in prison, can be thrown in. Most faith healers will go to great lengths to assure viewers that they have never spoken to or questioned these individuals.

The process of "calling out", obtaining the information about the victims, is the easiest part of it all. It is accomplished simply by asking them! In each investigation, my team of observers arrived at the auditorium when the doors first opened to the public. We spread out in groups of two or three and waited to be approached by someone from the healer's staff. (All of the preachers send out their wives and front men to strike up casual conversations with early arrivals.) These workers collect information easily, note the location and a brief description of the person involved, and then hurry backstage to record that data.

In addition to this bold method, "healing cards" are used. These slips are handed out to all who enter, asking that "prayer needs" be written down, plus names and addresses. The slips are gathered up early and taken backstage. Of course, each of these systems has its advantages and drawbacks. The vast majority of the audience, not arriving until just before the scheduled performance, cannot know about the earlier questioning. Via the heal-

ing card method, the location of persons who made out the cards cannot be known to the preacher. He has to ask them to identify themselves.

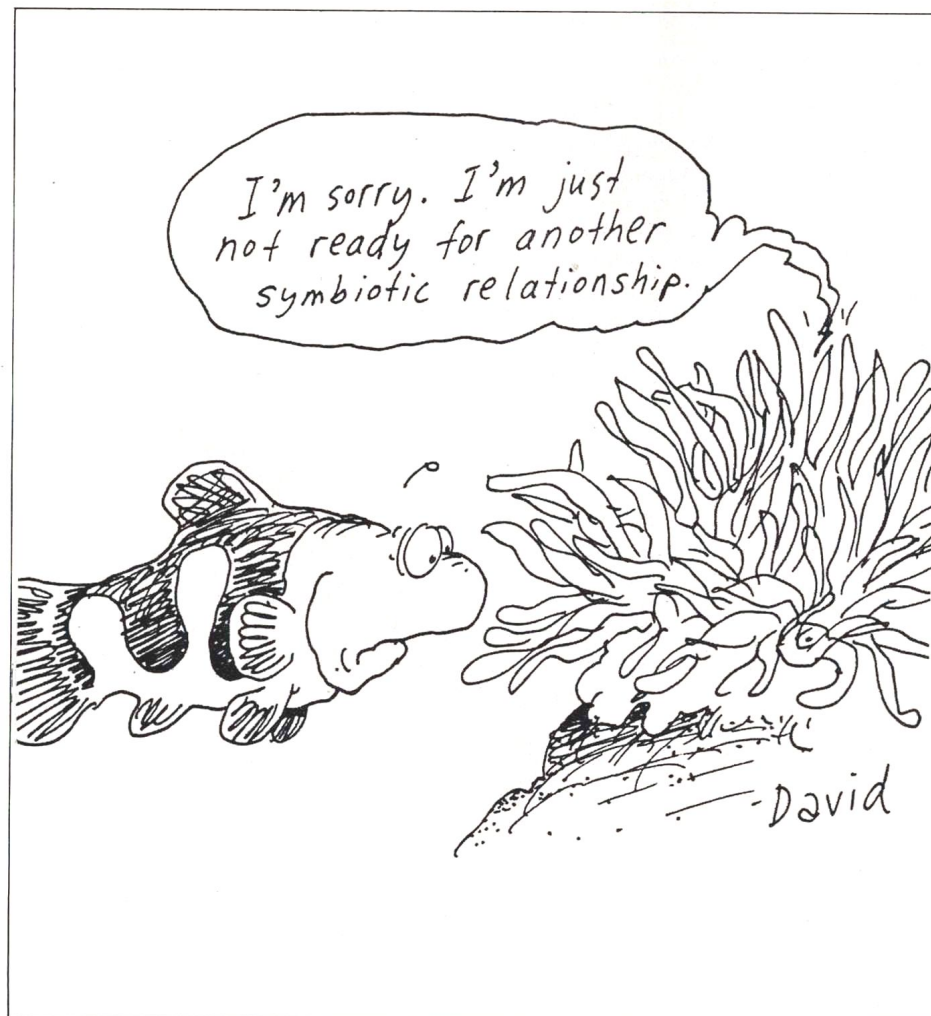
But how is all this complicated data known to the preacher as he runs up and down the aisles? Different preachers use different methods.

Reverend David Paul, who operates out of St Louis, uses a quite simple, old-fashioned method. He gets his information from small source slips of paper inserted in his Bible, supposedly put there to mark pertinent passages to which he would refer from time to time. Former staff members chuckle as they describe how Paul would carefully burn the slips in a wastebasket following every show.

Getting all the necessary data on to a small slip is rather easy. All that is needed is a name, a disease, and perhaps an address number and street. For example, one slip at a recent show might have read "William Parsons", "Dr Brown", and "heart attack." Those six words were expanded into a minor melodrama. "I have an impression of you clutching at your chest. The pain is more than you can bear. It's enough to make you cry out in agony. You fall to your knees. 'Dear God!' you are saying. 'Take this burden from me! Let this travail pass!' The doctors are working over you, doing what they can for you. But they can't do anything except get you to bed, and Dr Brown is saying, 'Take it easy, Bill. You're a sick man.' But doctors are only human. Only Dr Jesus can do what you need, Bill. I want you to go home — because I see an angel of the Lord standing at your front gate right now, Bill — and tell all the folks there that Dr Jesus has put a whole new heart into your body! It's done! Hallelujah!"

Paul's performance in Stockton, California, where I first saw him in person, was a startling event. The show can only be described as a pathological experience. He conjured up in the minds of his audience imaginary entities that I am sure some of them actually saw before them. "Take that, Devil! And that!" The thin, blond preacher stomped on the stage, Bible in hand and flecks of saliva perched on his lip. "I have dominion over you and your demons!" he screamed. His voice dropped an octave. "How do you know that?" he rumbled. In a soprano screech: "Because Jeeezuz tells me so!" He gave a few more final stomps on Satan as he held his Bible overhead and pranced away to the hallelujahs of an enthusiastic crowd.

Suddenly whirling about, he danced up a few steps into the audience. He pointed to a portly, bearded man on the aisle. "Tom?" he asked. "Tom Hendry?" The man reacted by nodding vigorously. "You want Jeeezuz to put your home back together again! Praise Jeeezuz! It's happening right now!!" The bearded man threw his head back and collapsed to the



Continued on page 108





A report on
the ritual of
capital
punishment
... from the
signing of the
death warrant
to beyond the
point of no
return



DEATH ROW

BY PATRICK CARR

The chair in Death Row is a sturdy, well-made item. It is obviously not modern in design; it has been built for the long haul. The chair is meant to outlast its users.

So far it has: more than 200 men have died in it, and it is hardly scratched. With proper maintenance, which it receives regularly and religiously — a violently bent buckle replaced here, a torn leather restraining strap or a corroded conductor replaced there — there is no practical limit to the number of people who could feel its terminal grip.

Nobody walks away from it. It is the only force on Earth capable of reducing the P, Q, R and S wings of the Florida State Prison to silence. From the moment before dawn on a day of execution, when lights throughout the prison dim as its internal generator assumes power, to the point around breakfast time when all circuits are switched back to the Florida power net, the ceaseless and often combative strain of 250 men living together under sentence of death just disappears. The cell blocks of Death Row get so quiet, and stay so quiet, that you could hear a soul fly.

Legal execution in the state of Florida has its own precise and careful choreography. It is military in nature, very calculat-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT

DEATH ROW

ed, designed to move its prisoners toward a deadly and frightening conclusion with as little emotional ravagement (and therefore as little risk of disruptive behavior) as possible.

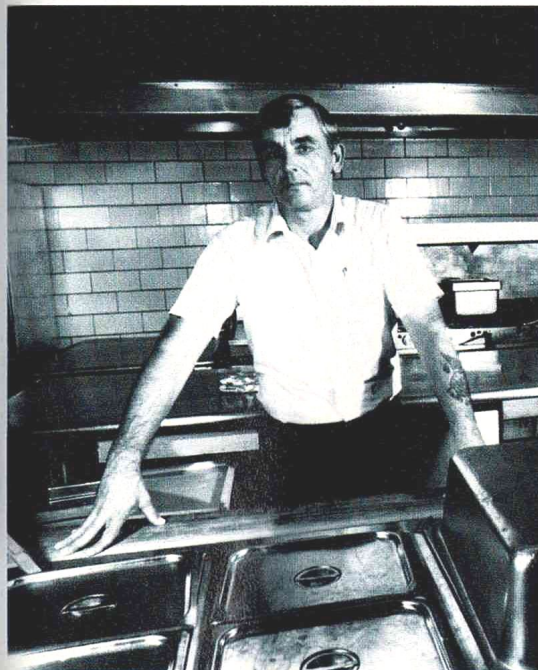
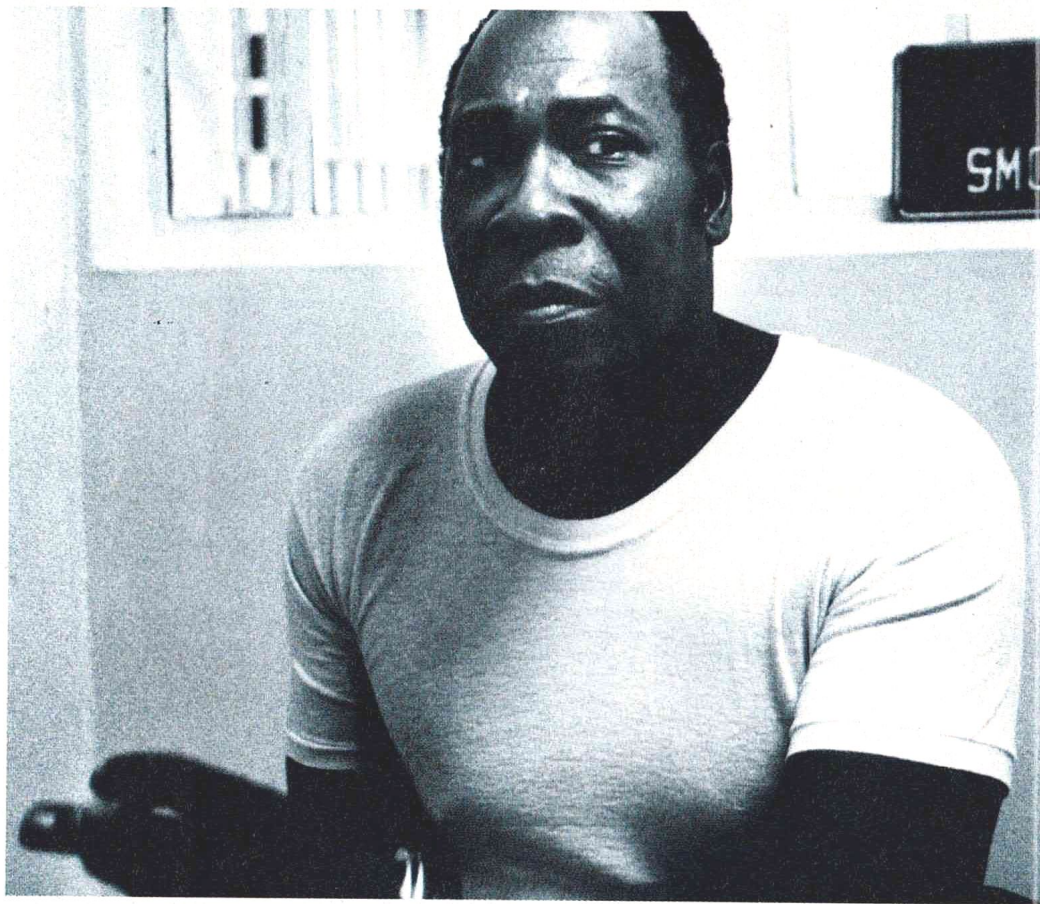
Since a large majority of Florida citizens are deeply appreciative of their death penalty, the governor's ink is hardly dry before politicians of every stripe and at every status level begin competing, sometimes ruthlessly, for the vote-attractive "I was there" status that accompanies placement in any of the 12 official witness chairs.

The prison's assistant superintendent is the man with the task of deciding which front-runners and people's favorites will receive one of his ultimate hot tickets.

In some ways his boss, the superintendent, has it easier. All he has to do is schedule the actual date of execution within 30 days of the signing of the warrant (a function often assumed by the governor), set the machinery of execution in motion, and then summon the person or persons receiving warrants and give them the news.

The superintendent is well qualified for such tasks. A second-generation correctional officer and the son of a previous superintendent, Richard L. Duggar is a calm, professional man, relaxed and even friendly in general demeanor, but possessed of a particular aura; he has that lean, steely, steady look you see in certain military men of indeterminate middle vintage, veterans of command in situations you'd rather not know about. And indeed, as it turns out, he has earned precisely that look. Apart from being in direct charge of the 1200 meanest, most recalcitrant convicts in the entire Florida correctional system ("Raiford," as the Florida State Prison is generally known, is the sole maximum-security-only institution in the Florida system and the home of all male prisoners under sentence of death), he is in fact a Reserve Special Forces officer, a small-unit, dirty-jobs paratrooper. He runs a tight prison: escapades, violence, weapon and drug availability, and all manner of other negative measures of the state of a correctional institution, have shrunk dramatically during his tenure. Duggar is not a man to mess with.

Usually his news-giving sessions involve more than one person, for the Governor has taken to signing warrants in twos — the first a warrant that almost automatically implies a stay of execution before the big day; the second or third or even fourth suggesting a real chance of death. Naturally, the governor is aware of a Death Row inmate's status in the legal process of appeals and other impediments to his date with Ol' Sparky, and he is able to decide when an execution will or will not actually occur by selecting prisoners accordingly. If, for whatever reason, he feels that a death is in order he will sign a warrant (most often



Clockwise from bottom left: Superintendent Duggar, a second-generation correctional officer; Death Row inmate Willie Darden; Barbed wire surrounding the Florida State Prison; Kitchen worker in the dining room where the final meal is prepared; Charles Chestnut III, who has personally removed several bodies from the chair.

the third) on a man whose legal resources have finally been exhausted.

"Death Watch," they call it. They don't beat around the bush. There are no euphemisms. This is not the government or TV or Madison Avenue. A man either lives on Death Row or he dies in the execution chamber of the Death House, his time of waiting between these two crystal-clear alternatives being spent in one of the six special Death Watch cells on the ground floor of Q-block, just yards from the chair and the set of armored steel doors through which he will rejoin the world outside Death Row only when he is physically, legally, and finally dead.

Death Watch is a very special state of affairs. It is, for a start, extremely intimate: a Death Watch inmate is under scrutiny by a CO at all times, with only this man or another condemned inmate or at times a second CO to talk to. The amenities of other Death Row cell blocks — the privacy and raucous fraternity, the twice-weekly exercise sessions, the clutter of personal possessions, the visits from well-screened outsiders with only a pair of handcuffs and an out-of-earshot CO's watchful eye between con and visitor — do not exist here. Visitors to a Death Watch prisoner talk through glass, in the presence of at least two COs, and at all other times he is confined to his cell, under observation with just the bare essentials: one mattress, pillow, blanket, towel, bar of soap, deck of cards, book, magazine or newspaper, two sheets, the uniform he has on, and a Bible. Anything else — toilet paper, medicine, a cigarette, a light for his cigarette, a toothbrush and the toothpaste to put on it, paper and a pen to write with — is "distributed to the inmate as needed and immediately returned if not consumable."

Men face Death Watch in all kinds of ways. They either start talking or they stop talking; become religious or get profane; give in to lethargy and despair, or accelerate their correspondences and education and legal countermeasuring. Some of them just carry on, not really making any changes at all.

Willie Darden takes the high road. At the age of 52, he has lived on Death Row longer than any man in history — more than 13 years — and has so far survived an unprecedented four death warrants. He proclaims his innocence of a Lakeland businessman's murder, for which he was condemned in 1973, and does it loudly, tirelessly, and skilfully. His life is a whirl of press interviews, legal meetings, and endless correspondence with whoever shows the slightest sign of interest in his case. This includes a number of individuals who express their concern in financial ways, to the point where one prison staffer sighs, "Gee, I might kill to get an income like Willie's." Darden's ingenuity is by no means unique; the Row is a hotbed of highly creative, adaptive capitalism.

Willie, then, is the dynamo of Death Watch, a powerhouse of positivity. He never stops or lets himself fall to pieces and would stay clean and busy and productive right up to the last few hours before the final walk or another sweet new stay. While he'll confess now and again to a fleeting doubt about the outcome of a specific line of legal resistance — he'll even say that he becomes depressed or allows righteous anger to subvert his spirit at times — he won't admit to the blind terror that strikes in the middle of those deadly nights. Perhaps he speaks the truth on this particular issue; more likely he is full of shit.

Because he is such an articulate exponent of the language of social rhetoric and religio-philosophical inquiry Willie has come to be known as the "Sage of Death Row" by the Florida press.

"We think of him more as the mouth, the gossip of Death Row," says William Riley Jent, a man of a very different color and an individual perhaps more representative than Willie of the Death Row population. Jent is a biker who has been on Death Row seven years, condemned for the murder of a bar girl in Pasco County but, as recent evidence is beginning to suggest, is quite possibly innocent of that particular crime. He just may have been railroaded.

Jent is more willing to talk about the details of life on Death Row and in the Death Watch cells. He explains how on the Row in Raiford you can ferment a quart can of sugared fruit juice in a corner of your cell, and as long as you don't get too loud when you drink it, the COs will turn a blind eye; how now and again you can get a joint or two, but pills and powder drugs have pretty much dried up, and smack just isn't there at all; how it used to be "like the fuckin' OK Corral, people getting stabbed and shot an' shit all the time" but now, thanks to the efforts of the stern and efficient Duggar and his immediate predecessors, a man can wait to die in relative safety.

Religious beliefs, such as the existence of God and an afterlife, are popular topics among COs and the prisoners. That is something Sergeant Eddie James Smith, a Death Watch duty puller for ten years, is always ready to talk about.

"I study the Bible," he says, "and often the prisoners help me out with it, they teach me things. Many of them, the majority of them, know their Bible real well, knew it before they got here, too. They won't practise what the Bible preaches, but they know it; they can quote chapter and verse and everything. That's one thing that the public should know, and it's something that interests me — why they don't practise it. They *do* know right from wrong, better than most people."

Most of them do a good job of masking fear, says the sergeant (other COs confirm his impressions on this point), and a strangely high proportion of the men he has watched have achieved some kind of acceptance of their fate. He doesn't really

DEATH ROW

know why this is; he suspects that it has a lot to do with the sheer length of their journey toward the chair, the fact that most of them have known for years that they are going to die and have simply gotten used to the idea. More often than not, what gets to them at the end is not the horror of their final destination but the tension of the wait.

"You see, the people we're dealing with are *sort* of like normal people," says one unusually outspoken officer. "Some of them can be sort of interesting. But really, they're sick. They belong here."

"You gotta be fair with them and all and, you know, you try to help 'em out and stuff, but when it gets right down to it — and I know this sounds bad, so forgive me please — I don't care much whether they live or die. I mean, fuck 'em."

Perhaps excusing such an attitude would be easier after just one little example: Arthur Goode, who began his journey to the chair for the rape, then murder, of a young boy. Arthur's last request was to have Ricky Schroder sit in his lap while he died.

So yeah, fuck 'em — but really, it's not that easy. Some condemned men have changed a lot since their crime. Some are genuinely repentant, genuinely accepting of their guilt, genuinely spiritual now, and that is obvious to everybody involved. In those occasional cases, forgiveness of all kinds and from all sides is needed very badly on the ground floor of Q-wing.

Much of the sincere, reluctant, or simply necessary intimacy between COs and prisoners on Death Row is unremarkable, just a fact of life common to prisoners everywhere, and that is also true of most of the other facts of life at Raiford. The only factor that truly distinguishes it from most other maximum-security end-of-the-line penal institutions is the existence of its Death House (of which everybody is reminded each Wednesday afternoon, when the prison's lights dim during routine testing of its internal circuitry) and the events that take place there at 7.01am on some selected mornings.

The prelude to such events begins at 4.30am on execution day when Ray Workman, the prison's food service director, prepares and serves the condemned man's last meal. Superintendent Duggar, a Death Watch CO, an independent observer, and (usually) one of the prison chaplains are already with him.

Workman has gone out and shopped for the ingredients with tender loving care; not even sugar, salt, or butter comes from the prison stores. He has been meticulous in filling the condemned man's order — does "rare" mean blood-red or pink? Should "whipped cream" come from a cow or a can? Should the lobster be boiled or pan-fried in butter? And since the man's only

utensil is a spoon, he has taken that practical extra step: he has cut the food into bite-sized portions, then reassembled it into its original, appetising configuration.

Usually, Workman says, he is dealing with nonexotic foods: steak, lobster, fried chicken, baked potatoes with sour cream and chives, strawberry shortcake, apple pie a la mode — the gastronomic totems of blue-collar America. Prisoners may concoct schemes for ordering dishes intended to inflict the maximum possible cost and inconvenience on the authorities engaged in killing them — larks' tongues in aspic, Cambodian monkey brains — but when their moment comes, they want food associated with a long-lost home or, just as often, a home they only dreamed of.

While the prisoner is still eating, his executioner arrives at the prison and is led to a waiting room off the death chamber itself.

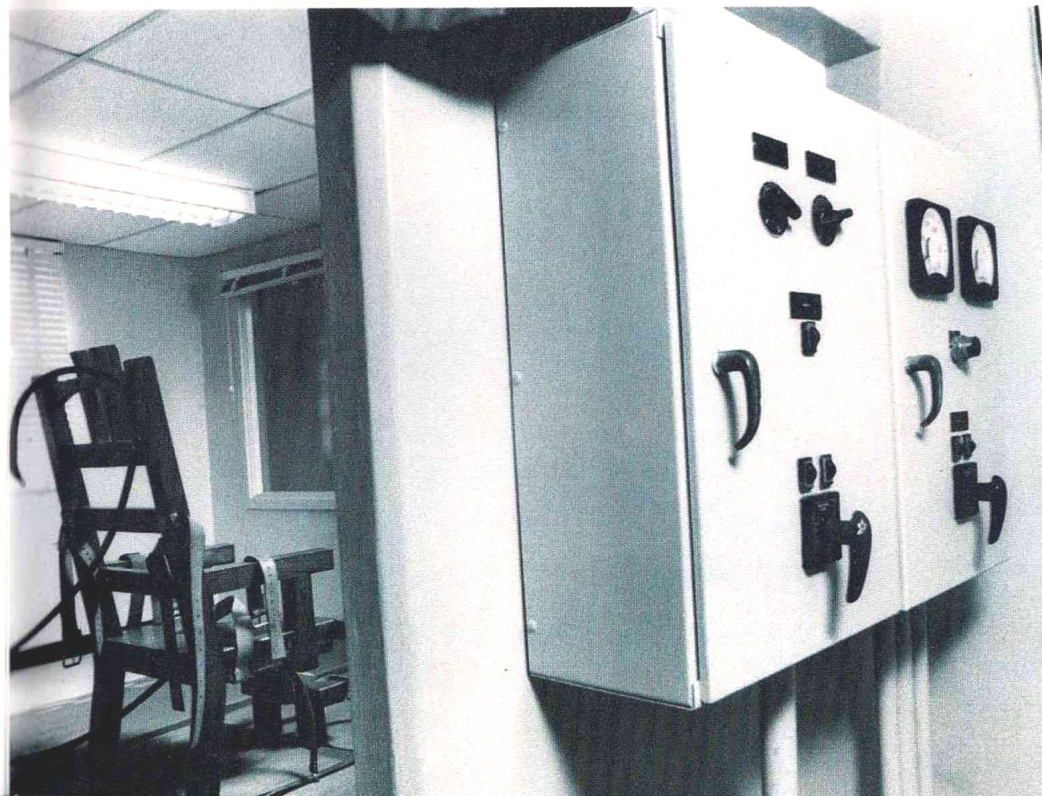
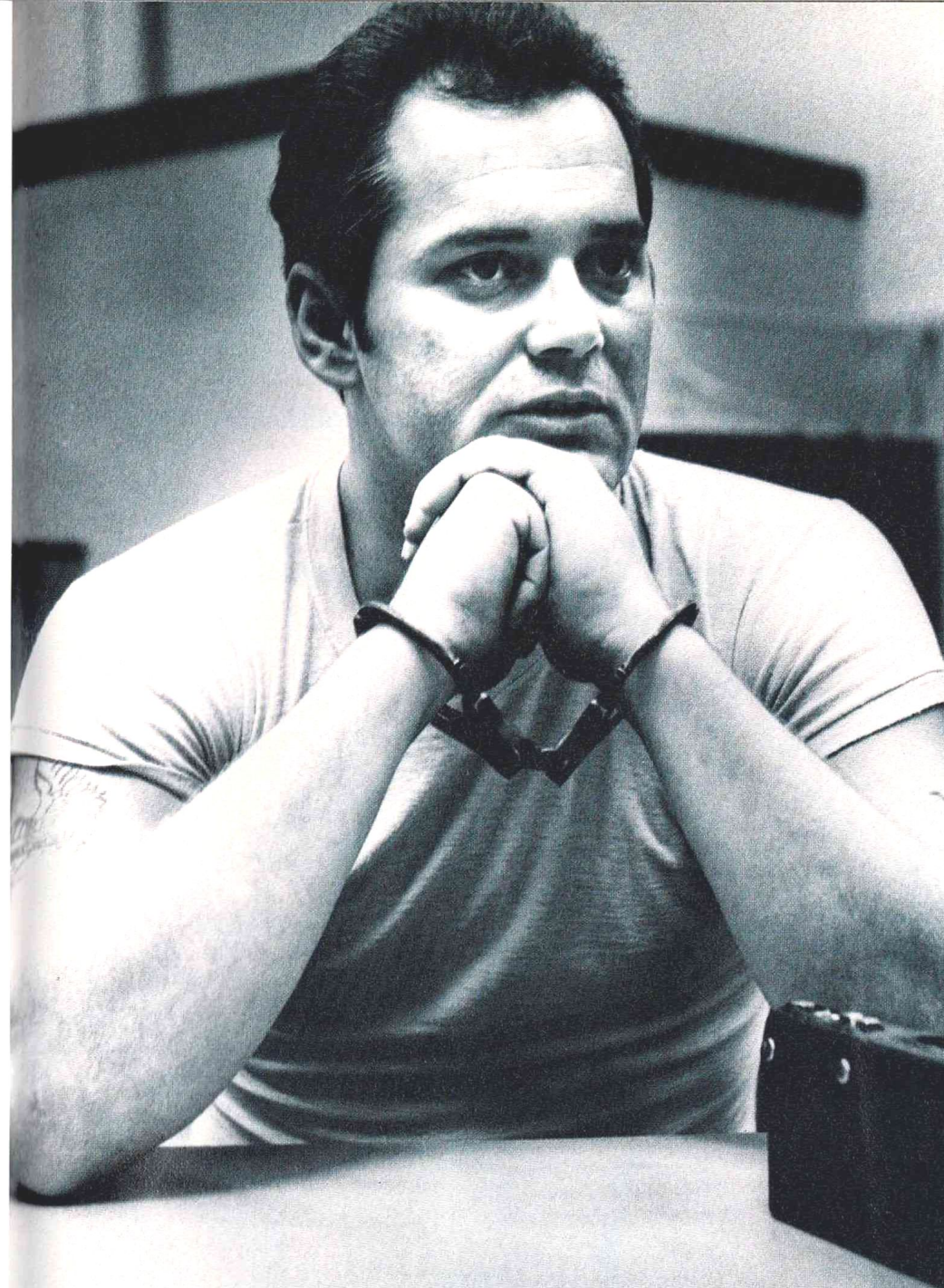
The executioner is a genuine stranger, a mystery man, one of a small but undisclosed number of private citizens selected from among 2000 people who answered the state of Florida's newspaper advertisements when the death penalty was reinstated there in 1976. He is already masked by the traditional black hood and cloak — has been since Duggar's administrative assistant met him at a secret location outside the prison and will be until, with \$150 worth of new bills and not a traceable cheque in his pocket, he is taken back there. At no time will anybody, not even Duggar, see his face or know his identity by any other means.

It is now approximately 5.30am, and time for a ritual that must chill any condemned man to the bone, no matter how far gone into unreality or acceptance of his lot he may be; the shaving of his head and right leg by a prison barber. This is a necessary procedure, since hair is a bad conductor, and it burns. A hair fire in the death chamber is not desirable.

At 6am the prisoner is showered under the supervision of the assistant superintendent for operations, then returned to his cell and given a gift. He receives a pair of appropriately sized white undershorts, a white dress shirt, a pair of black trousers, and black socks. A black suit jacket is also his but he will not wear that until he is dead. The gift is traditional, a sign of respect for the living and the solemnity of a further ritual — not for the occupant of the chair or the executioner itself; the clothes are appropriate to a Christian burial service.

While the prisoner dresses, many other small steps are being taken, unbeknownst to him. The executioner moves from his waiting room to the executioner control panel in a walled-off booth five feet from the chair. The 12 official witnesses and 12 media witnesses are escorted into the witness room facing the chair. The three phone lines into the death chamber (one a direct line to the governor's office) are being checked, and communication with the

Right: William Riley Jent has been on Death Row for seven years. He was condemned for the murder of a bar girl. Below: "The Switch." Below Right: View of the execution chamber at Raiford.



appropriate officials is established. A physician and his assistant are led into the death chamber. An electrician completes a final check of the equipment, ascertaining among other things that power is indeed flowing from the prison generator to a junction box outside the chamber itself. He then joins the hooded man at the executioner control panel. The two men view the chair through a rectangular opening more than slightly reminiscent of a pillbox's gun port.

It is now 6.50am. A lieutenant applies conducting gel to the crown of the prisoner's shaven head and around his right calf, and the superintendent reads him his death warrant. Then, at 6.55am, they — the superintendent, the assistant superintendent for operations, a lieutenant and, if necessary, additional COs — cuff him and take him out of his cell, down the short Death Watch corridor, through one armored door, into another corridor, through another armored door, and then into the death chamber.

Of all the steps in legal execution, the last walk is the most critical. It is another first and last, the only point at which a condemned Death Watch prisoner is capable of causing a severe disturbance. It will be only a disturbance — the man's chances of defeating the overwhelming forces ranked against him are non-existent — but it can be very ugly and (by prison standards) public; it *can* make a point.

And really, as everybody involved will tell you, violent resistance is the only logical response to what is about to happen. The man is not sedated, gagged, or restrained by anything but handcuffs, so he *should* fight his killers; nature screams for action, and the opportunity exists. But a lot of thought has gone into subverting that logic. The men the prisoner will have to fight have been with him for hours, talking with him, soothing him, easing him through the practical little horrors of preparation; these are no goonish strangers. Likewise, the chaplain who has been at his side all along — the death-walker's only potential ally and the only figure with whom he could even (wrongly) conceive of pleading — has wisely removed himself. He will be present in the death chamber if the prisoner specifically asks him to be, but he won't make that final walk with him.

So, shockingly but not surprisingly, the man who balks at these last steps is rare indeed.

There has been only one, Daniel Morris Thomas, among the sixteen executed since John Spenkelink on May 5, 1979. It didn't help him — he merely died surrounded by shaken, angry men and horrified witnesses — and his example won't help others. Duggar has let it be known on Death Row that the iron fist, not just the velvet glove, is readily available: the next man to resist will be taken back to his cell and

Continued on page 100

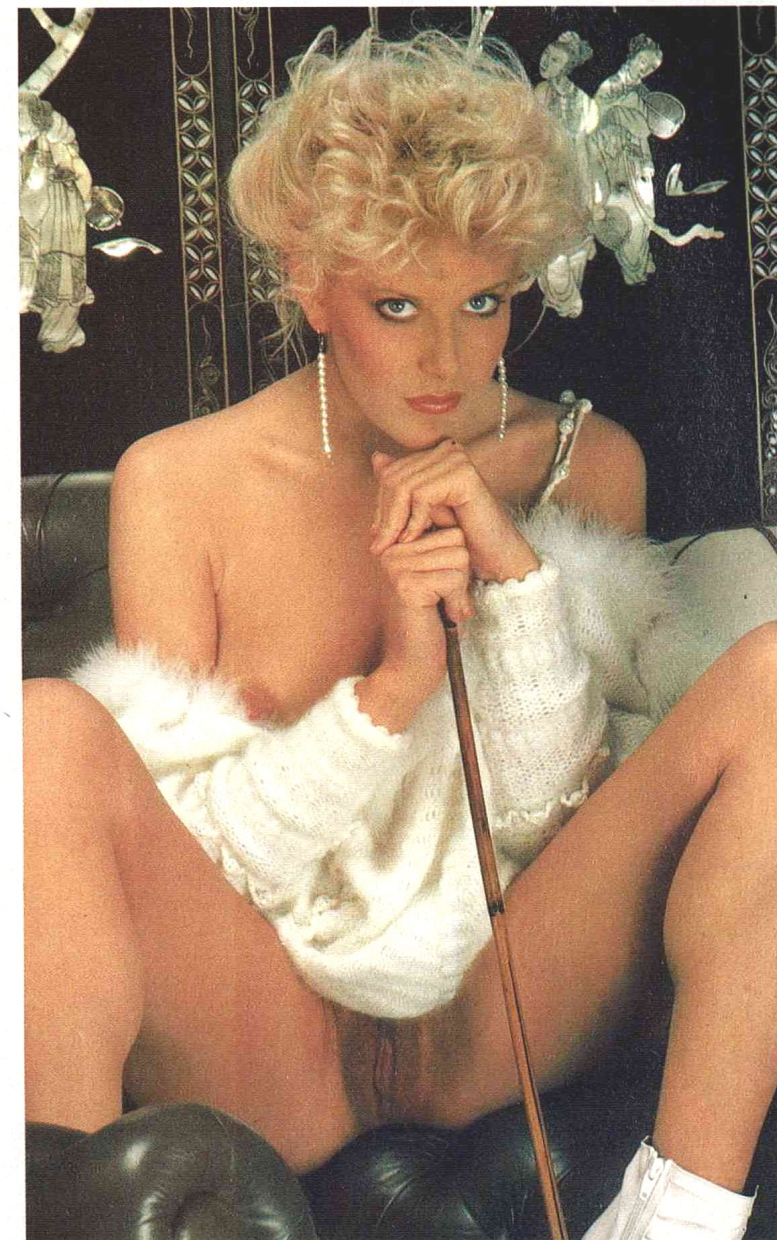
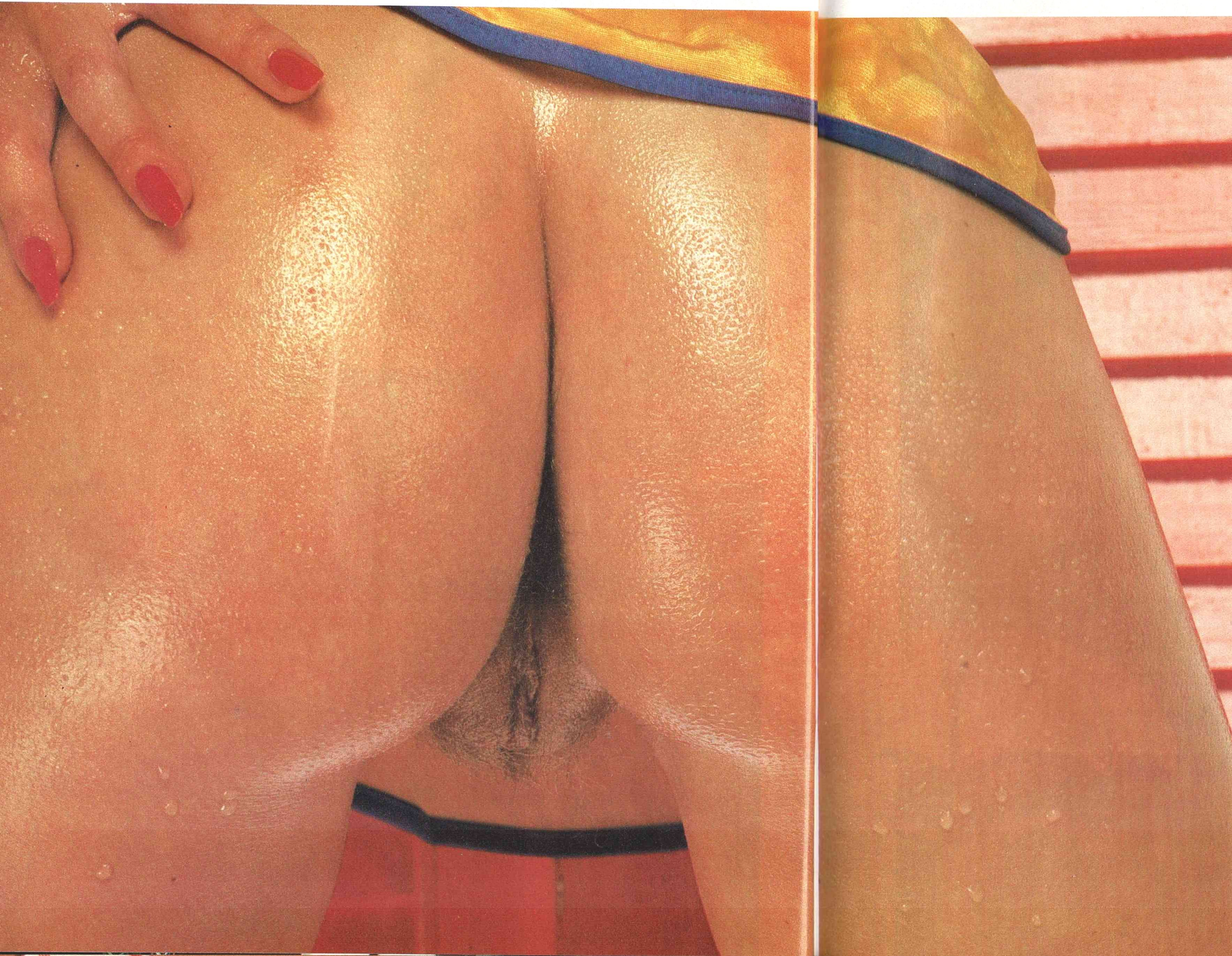


SOFT SPOKEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY IAN POTTER

For 22-year-old Nikki Downey, actions most definitely speak louder than words. When asked what she does in her spare time, Nikki replies: "Have a good time." When asked what she would do if she had more spare time, she smiles: "Have a better time."





Yet make no mistake. The sight of Nikki conveys an eloquence beyond words. Being shown once is worth a hundred times explained . . . You get the picture.



Nikki's tastes are what you might call uncomplicated. She likes Rod Stewart (his music), Chinese food, the children's tales of Enid Blyton, Marilyn Monroe (because she couldn't act, either) — and reading the profiles of women in erotic magazines.

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Heavy metal — it's
only good if your
ears bleed

BY TONY MAGUIRE

Up front by the stage, as close as possible to the hundreds of watts of amplification, there's a frenzied knot of Melbourne metalheads, some of whom are picking other people up bodily and throwing them about. Others are simply hurling themselves into their almost exclusively male comrades with Domino Effect results. "Slam" dancing makes the punk pogo and its derivatives look wimpy. It's best practiced under the influence of a band which performs songs of hellfire and doom to a beat around 100 times faster than the human heart-rate. At the end of the evening, the studded leathers are sweat-soaked and glued to the skin. And the world will never be the same again — certainly your hearing won't.

THE DEVIL'S DISCO

PHOTO BY NICK BROKENSHA

DEVIL'S DISCO

No, heavy metal is not something you take lightly. For some, it's become all too much. A lot of headbangers are now born-again Christians. As they see it, they've escaped the clutches of Satan and fallen into the arms of God, often via a full-on, bile-spraying, Linda Blair-style exorcism ceremony.

Thus there has been the emergence of "white metal," aka "God rock" — avowedly Christian, but heavy music from performers who distribute Bibles at gigs. White metal is very big in the US at the moment, where the big-grossing acts include Stryper, Petra and the Resurrection Band. Stryper, who bombed out locally — but for Brisbane — when he toured Australia, likes quoting Psalm 33: "Shout for joy before the Lord . . . Give thanks to the Lord on the harp; Sing his psalms on the ten-string lute . . ."

However, at the other end of the metal-lurgical scale you have bands like Venom, Hellhammer and Sodom — exponents of "black metal" or "thrash." Local devotee Jamie Robley, henceforth addressed as Rock to make him feel more comfortable, calls it "death metal."

I interviewed Rock in his flat in the Melbourne suburb of St Kilda. A few metres from where we sat, two over-ripe bags of garbage were threatening to walk out of the open-plan kitchen on their own. Sitting on one of the few vaguely clean-looking spots on the once-white carpet, I asked Rock about the death metal band he was getting together — Sadistic Execution.

Rock told me that a drummer was the missing link required to complete the lineup. He, Rock, was the singer, specialising in a rasping, demonic growl, straight from the stomach — he had actually vomited while practising a song a week earlier. Then there was Chris, the guitarist, sitting nearby in an upright but somnambulant pose on the milkcrate which formed the only piece of furniture in the room. And their bass player was someone called Dave, away in Sydney looking for a drummer at the time. Rock said Dave was a great asset, adding that as a form of party trick, the bassist had been known to eat his own faeces (washed down by a glass of piss). Rock assured me that Dave was a very good bass player.

Rock told me the history of the favorite decoration in his lounge room, a dog skull with a pentangle drawn on its hounds' ivory forehead. "I knew a dog had been buried at this particular spot, so I went there and dug it up," he told me in the tone of voice someone else might use to discuss the weather. "It was still rotting, with strips of flesh hanging off it and maggots crawling around . . ."

But back to death metal. Such is the dedication of Rock and his comrades that they send little presents to their heroes from



Enough to test the heaviest mettle . . . Do these bands' names — Sadistic Execution and Escape — encapsulate the dilemma of how to deal with their music?



the thrash bands in Europe. A friend of Rock's in Sydney, Claus Mayhem, sent a dead cockroach with a wisp of pubic hair adhered to it to European metal hero Quorthon (of Bathory). "He mailed it in a black envelope and after he addressed it, he crossed out Quorthon and put 'God,'" Rock said.

Some weeks later, there arrived in Claus' mailbox a reply, a gesture of Quorthon's divine grace — a bone shard, from what species of animal only scientific scrutiny could tell. Claus likes to think it's human.

When Rock was living with his sister in Sydney's western suburbs last year, he had the dubious privilege of Claus Mayhem pissing in his bedroom as a token of respect from one metalhead to another. "He didn't admit it at the time," complained Rock. "I only found out after I moved to Melbourne. It was meant to be a sign of his friendship, but the smell wasn't very pleasant."

"But then, if Claus walked in here right now, we'd probably piss on each other, we'd roll on the floor growling in devil voices, and we'd do our special handshakes. There's the unhinged handshake — that's where you get down on the ground and bow and worship each other; the possessed handshake — three people put their arms up in the air and join hands while saying things like 'Praise Satan' . . ."

You might have already concluded that Rock, Claus and their comrades are can-

didates for frontal lobotomies, or at the very least electroshock therapy. But, the way Rock explains it, "We act heavy, but we don't get violent. It's just like people who like horror movies — they don't actually go out and slaughter people or animals after they leave the picture theatre." (Rock does admit, however, to once having slaughtered — or "sacrificed", as he says — a bird, a small, injured white one, in the name of metal.)

The only aggro metalheads encounter tends to come from bikies, says Rock from first-hand experience: "I almost got killed by a biker who didn't like the way I looked heavier than he did. Thankfully he got into a fight with the bouncer and ended up in an ambulance."

"Another time I was at a party and this biker didn't like the way me and my friends — Claus Mayhem and them — were rolling around on the carpet destroying things. He said he was going to get the rest of his gang and destroy us, but no-one else arrived."

Any violence initiated by headbangers is attributable to the younger ones of 16 or so, asserts Rock. "We tried a drummer recently whose idea of fun was to throw a bottle through someone's window. But with the older metalheads and deathbangers like Claus and me, you'll find we do things which are heavy, but not violent — like Claus pissing in my room. If a disco-head or some normal person throws up in a train,

DEVIL'S DISCO

that would be stupid; if he was a metalhead then it would be heavy."

At this point the conversational flow was disrupted by Chris the guitarist, who'd decided to do an impromptu and loud solo with all his distortion pedals turned up full blare. A stream of classical-style, two-hands-on-the-neck riffs blended into what can only be described as an industrial wall of sound, melody and harmony drowned by noises more akin to 1000cc motorbikes and pre-noise pollution control jackhammers. . . . A nightmare guitar wail signalled the end of that piece of musical hell, and then began the third movement of Chris' symphony — an oppressively slow series of chords which sounded like a death march. I could almost see the man in the black hood and the wooden block . . .

I decided to make my excuses and leave. As I made my way towards the door, Rock thrust a slightly crumpled piece of paper into my hand. "Some lyrics," he explained, half-shouting above the fiendish howl of Chris' guitar. It wasn't until later that I had a chance to have a look at the 19-year-old deathbanger's parting message to me: "I spit at you with hatred, I'll make your goodness pay, Try to fight against me, You're the corpse I'll slay!"

Gee, thanks, Rock. I didn't know you cared. Next time I'm in Melbourne I'll have

to piss in your room.

No surprise then, with all this pissing in rooms and whatnot, that the metal tribe appears predominantly male. Some of the more extreme headbangers even appear to nurse a view that females are "wimp" and only good for one thing (and then it's a toss-up whether masturbation goes one better).

The result of this chauvinist ethos is that girls are well in the minority at headbanger concerts and other gatherings. And those who do attend are on the rough side — no, not so much rough as tough. Take Roxy, a female metalhead I encountered outside Melbourne's Central Station Records.

Roxy had a tattoo declaring "HEAVY METAL" on one arm and "Motley Crue" inked into the other. She wore a mini skirt, black stockings and a low-cut top exposing the greater portion of her ample breasts. She was tall and strong-looking. If you pissed in her bedroom, she's make you clean it up, then flatten you.

How did Roxy get into heavy metal?

"I was born in '66 and I grew up to Gary Glitter, the Sweet, the Stones and Black Sabbath. Heavy metal was just a natural progression. My favorite band at the moment are Axatac — they're a Melbourne group — and instrumentally I like Motley Crue." (Indeed, she'll always be a Motley Crue fan unless she gets that tattoo removed.)

But for some reason, Roxy will always be

an outsider to the heavy-duty metalheads like Rock. You only have to look at metal performers to realise that women play an insignificant role in the musical phenomenon. Incidentally, you don't come across any black-skinned metal performers, either.

Then again, every club has its own membership rules. These might not be acceptable to many, but they don't have to join. You'd think that in today's purportedly enlightened society, people would give the metal fraternity a go and remember back to when they were bodgies, hippies or just 18 and angry. But no, headbangers and their music are rejected by such diverse peer groups as clubbies at the RSL and inner-city trendies. Which probably wouldn't make much difference to their lives if they weren't also cold-shouldered by the people who really matter in the commercial music industry.

John Cotter is the owner of Utopia Import Records in Sydney. Around three quarters of the store's trade is in heavy metal and Utopia regularly organises and promotes live performances by local metal acts.

Says Cotter: "We put on a concert and get 1000 people there and out of those, 50 might belong in a mental home. But you get the same percentage of fuckwits at a football match or anything else you organise."

"The problem with heavy metal is that the promoters are afraid someone, possi-

bly a band member, is going to pull out a knife and kill someone. They play it safe and bring out new wave bands and don't have to worry about importing a couple of hundred tonnes of amps and lights along with the performers.

"That failure by the music industry to take gambles is why punk never took off here until five years after it got big in England. It took them a year to release the Sex Pistols here and Joy Division was only supported after Ian Curtis died.

"In four years' time you'll get the heavy metal bands that are big overseas now touring here with one original member."

As evidence of the negative music industry perception of metal, Cotter pointed out how only one radio DJ in Sydney supports metal to any degree — and he's on the limited-reception community station 2RRR. Nevertheless, his Tuesday night program is recorded by local followers who distribute copies far and wide.

Cotter admitted metal was now getting more TV exposure, but he complained: "The attitude of people like Basia Bonkowski is: 'OK morons, here's your five minutes.' And then you're as likely as not to get a load of old clips you've seen a million times, half of which aren't metal anyway."

"As for Molly Meldrum, the last thing he wants to do is have heavy metal acts on his program. He looks at the *Billboard* charts and doesn't take chances."

According to Cotter, droves of punks have converted to heavy metal because the headbanger music style has become the most up-tempo form of rock. In addition, it offers the best and fastest guitar work, as any metalhead will tell you. At Utopia Records, says Cotter, there's a fresh guitar hero in demand every week. A lot of them are classically-trained musicians who combine centuries-old note progressions with the more recent electric guitar style of Eddie Van Halen and his successors.

Despite the growing sophistication of metal acts, Cotter predicts that it will be three or four years yet until metal takes off commercially here. "Maybe it never will," he mused.

If heavy metal in Australia does suffer the fate of a firework which was never lit properly, no-one will be happier than Pastor Pat Mesiti, of the Baulkham Hills Christian Life Centre. For the past year, Pastor Mesiti has been lecturing in schools on the dangers of heavy metal. He is also a leading light in a 5000-strong Christian group called Youth Alive. And he's a former metalhead.

Aged 27, he used to be into Led Zeppelin and AC/DC before "giving his heart to Christ," as he puts it, ten years ago. "I still quite enjoy the metal style, but I think the lyrics, album covers and other material are very dangerous."

"I have seen kids who've become demon-possessed from heavy metal music. We had one girl being picked up and slammed down by a demon. She was

levitating 20 centimetres in the air and crashing down again. Three or four guys were trying to keep her down but couldn't."

"There was another case I handled where heavy metal had encouraged a young man to experiment with the occult. One night he went too far and summoned up a demon. It invaded his body and he became possessed."

"He came to me that night — we'd met earlier at a school meeting — and began to just vomit out, spewing all over the place. He was set free straight afterwards. When he regained his strength he took off his Satanic serpent ring and his onyx — that's a T with a loop on, a very potent occult symbol — and he went out and burned them, along with his heavy metal records and his tarot cards."

Pastor Mesiti also told of young people carving 666 into their foreheads, animal sacrifices, grave desecrations and various other anti-social consequences of heavy metal.

Consider also an American mass killer known as the Nightstalker, who allegedly said some of AC/DC's song lyrics made him do it. "It" being 16 murders, plus assorted rapes and assaults. Or there's the parents of a late teenager suing Ozzie Osbourne of Black Sabbath and solo fame for causing their son's demise through the song Suicide (Ozzie, as you may know, is the man who used to bite the heads off doves and other ornithological species as

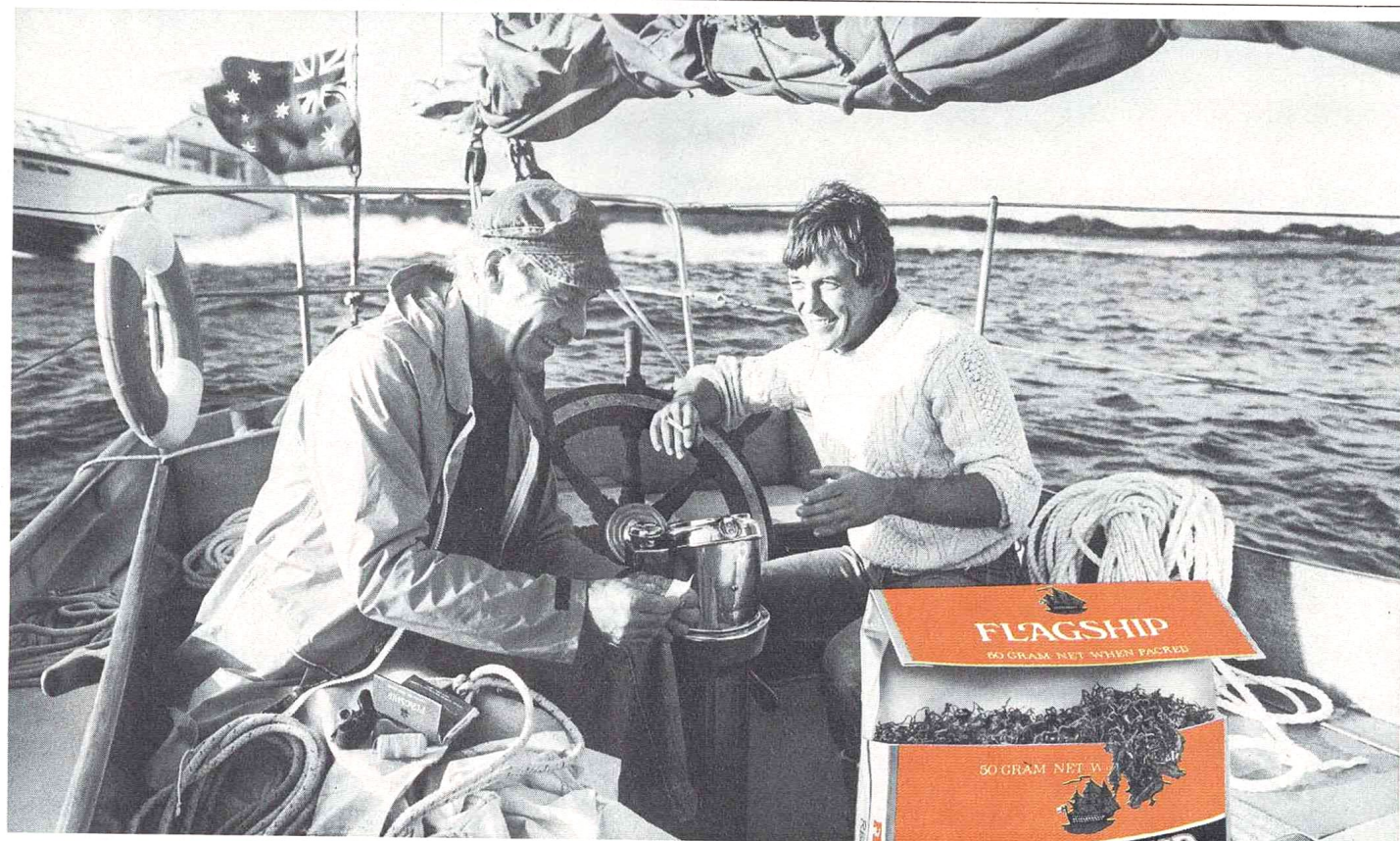
a highlight of his stage performance. He's given it up now). Anyway, the unfortunate youth was found with headphones on, and a Sabbath record on the turntable. Music to die by.

The California Council on Criminal Justice recently identified the followers of heavy metal as the most violent and dangerous youth "tribe." That would be hotly disputed by any Australian headbanger, for it certainly seems that the local species of *Metallicus Heavius* avoids aggro. At the same time, there's a violence in the music which can't be denied.

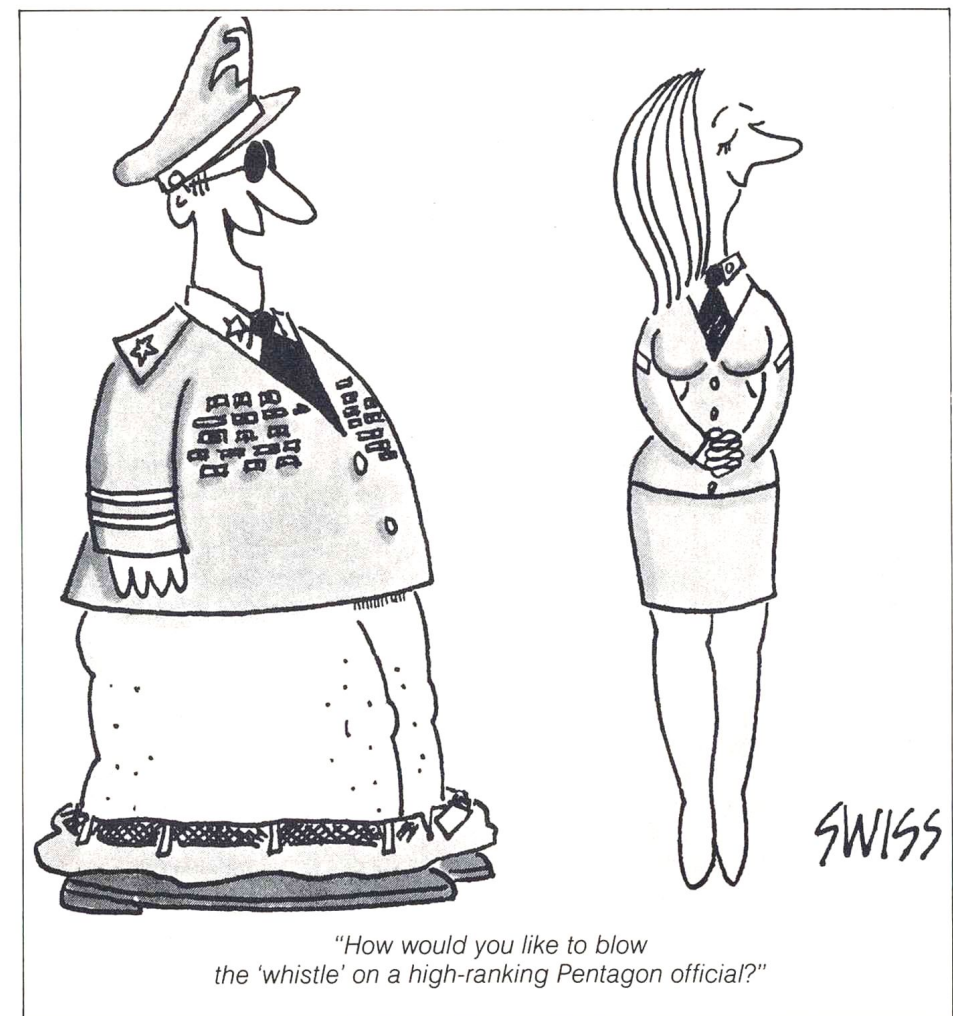
Thus, we come up with the following picture: a metalhead might start up at the age 16 with a large Iron Maiden patch on his denim jacket plus a few studs. By the time he turns 19, he's into Venom and he's pissing in friends' bedrooms. At 21 he finds Christ and renounces the devil while vomiting out with a reformed headbanger turned pastor.

If they're the prospects facing today's youth, no wonder so many young people are getting into heavy metal!

But seriously, the fact is that for many, heavy metal offers the ultimate escape from ordinary reality and socially acceptable behavior. For others, it is a virtual religion, with its own incantations and prophecies of imminent Armageddon. But for most, it's just good, heavy rock music, played at a hellish pace — with a stage act and lyrics to match. 



Flagship. Too good to rush.



DEATH ROW

Continued from page 83

weighted down with so many restraints that his last walk will take him to a painful, humiliating eternity.

The time of the man's entry into the death chamber is recorded, he is led to the chair, and Duggar and the assistant superintendent for operations fasten the chair's back, arm, and forearm restraining straps around him. Duggar then backs off, and the assistant superintendent and lieutenant take off his handcuffs, fasten his lap, chest, and ankle straps, and attach the "anklet" to the conducting-gel-treated area of his right calf. The anklet is a homemade affair, the top portion of a combat boot lined with copper; they lace it up nice and tight, connect it to one of the thick, super-heavy-duty rubber-coated electrical leads snaking toward the chair from a large plywood box against the rear wall of the chamber, and then step back.

This is the condemned man's big chance. A microphone is placed in front of him, and he is invited to make his last statement, via the media witnesses, to the living world. Some men decline the opportunity, others take it. The statement, if there is one, is short; usually the man works from a script that Duggar has seen prior to the performance, and Duggar isn't about to allow a full-blown speech.

Very quickly — no delays, no more time-consuming little physical steps — Duggar picks up the phone to the governor's office to "inquire of possible stays." This is a very obvious, very necessary procedure, but it has an academic air to it; no temporary reprieve has ever come this late. Even so, Duggar will not in fact key the very last moves to the legal moment of execution at 7am; he will allow one extra minute, just in case.

Duggar takes the phone from his ear and nods to the electrician standing behind the chair. This man places a set of saltwater-soaked conducting sponges on the prisoner's head, caps them with the "head-set" — another unique copper-lined construction, this one complete with a chin strap and a leather mask that totally obscures its wearer's face — and fastens the other heavy-duty power line to an electrode protruding from the top centre of the plain and sinister electric crown. Then he nods to the assistant superintendent for operations, who kicks down the manual circuit breaker on the box behind the chair.

Two more steps. The electrician at the executioner control panel turns a large black switch on the right power-in circuit-breaker box. Then Duggar nods to the executioner, and the executioner acts. He reaches for the red switch on the left power-out circuit-breaker box and turns it. Everybody in the death squad plays a part, but only the executioner kills.

The circuit is now complete. The prisoner dies inside his mask.

Nobody is quite sure exactly how much power it takes to fry a man's brain, but what they use at Raiford is a cycle fluctuating from 2000 volts and five amps to 500 volts and 15 amps and back again; high, low, high, low, high, low on an automatic two-minute-long cycle. In practice, the full two-minute treatment is unnecessary; usually Duggar signals the executioner to override the automatic function during the second high cycle. That's enough; the man is dead.

Then there are the spectator-event questions. How spectacular is a death by institutional electrocution? Is it, for instance, noisy? No. There is a sound — the circuit breakers make a mechanical clunk as they engage — but there are no unusual noises, no sudden buzzing, fizzing, flashing or other electric-circus displays. Pains have

Arthur Goode began his journey to the chair with the rape, then murder of a young boy. His last request was to have Ricky Schroder sit in his lap while he fried

been taken to ensure solid connections and good, even conductivity. The current flows smoothly, producing heat in response to the electrical resistance of the body, but nobody goes out with a bang.

There is no cataclysmic, convulsive spasm. The man is strapped down tighter than a fighter pilot. There may indeed be some movement — fingers twitching, limbs trembling, eyelids fluttering — immediately following the shock and for some time thereafter, and such indications have indeed caused executioners to feed the man another jolt of power. But they are postmortem phenomena, unpredictably patterned stirrings of blood and muscle and bioelectric nets still connected to a dead brain.

Another little question, nastier than most, is the issue of the cotton wool. The cotton wool is alleged to have been inserted into John A. Spenkelink's rectum prior to his execution. Anti-death penalty groups made much of this item, and it is now a starring element in the folklore of modern execution. It persists despite the fact that every man executed in the state of Florida since Spenkelink has undergone an autopsy by the Alachua County medical examiner, and

no evidence of cotton wool or any other type of rectal plug has been discovered.

Duggar and his staff deny that there ever was any cotton wool, and one tends to believe them. For one thing, the electrical jolt a man receives in the chair is much more likely to close his rectum than open it. For another, there is the unbiased testimony of Charles Chestnut III, an independent Gainesville funeral director who has personally removed several bodies from the chair at Raiford. To Chestnut falls the duty of providing the final details we all want to know, beginning with the question implied by the cotton-wool debate.

"The man is fully dressed when we take him from the chair, so I cannot say definitely that there has been no bowel movement," he begins. "However, from long experience in homes and hospitals and other places, I know that if there has been a bowel movement, you have a tendency to notice it without having to see it, and I have not noticed it in the death chamber.

"One thing I have noticed, however, is the appearance of a seepage of semen from the penis. There has been a damp spot in the crotch area, and when we have been given the man's clothing back from the medical examiner's office, we have seen semen stains on the underclothing."

So yes, there is a spasm at the end. Private seeds of life, not a flow of excrement, are triggered by electric death.

Mr Chestnut has some last details. "Facially, there is some variation," he says. "The mouth and eyes can be open or closed, the face grimacing or relaxed — whatever the expression was before the electricity was introduced — but there has been nothing in the facial expressions to indicate sudden, violent pain."

He continues: "Usually, the catatonic state of the body is the same as you would find in a drowning accident. The man appears to have put up some kind of struggle — not violent struggle, but the kind of activity that would suggest trying to get up to the surface for air. It would be difficult for me, from a technical standpoint, to say whether this is a direct result of the electricity or the state of tension in which the man has placed his muscles prior to the instant of execution. But sometimes this tension is such that we have to 'break the rigor mortis'; we have to go to some lengths to straighten the man's limbs."

This must be done in the death chamber, before the body is placed on Chestnut's stretcher for removal to the county medical examiner's office. Chestnut's last detail is something he has observed at such times.

"It is normally half an hour or 45 minutes after the execution before we enter the chamber," he says, "but even then there is a stuffy kind of feeling in the room. The room has been closed, and there is no ventilation, and as a result, at times you can pick up a kind of burned smell, like flesh that has been seared a little bit."

DELICIOUS SEX

Continued from page 60

12. Treating him to a long, lovingly erotic massage with almond oil.

13. Sending him flowers.

14. Telling him in a poem how wonderful it was last night.

15. Saying you'd rather have drinks in bed together and watch a new porn film. Then re-enacting the best parts of the movie.

16. Asking him to look at *Penthouse* with you and tell you which are his favorite breasts and vulvae.

17. Asking him to masturbate while you lick his balls.

18. Confessing to him that you're so hot, you can't wait till you get home and want to go to the nearest motel. Or drive-in movie.

19. Bringing lunch in a basket and a bottle of champagne to his office and locking the door.

20. Pushing him into a closet and rubbing up against him hard.

21. Pinching his rump in public, knowing no-one can see.

22. Flirting with him as if you haven't been married for years.

23. Staring at him. Then smiling.

24. Bumping into him.

25. Drawing a perfumed bubblebath for

him and washing him all over, paying special attention to his beautiful penis.

26. Buying him a rubber ducky for the bathtub.

27. Grabbing him by the tie and saying, "I can't wait."

28. Stroking him with pressure, more pressure than you'd like because that's what he likes.

29. Kissing him roughly. Throwing him on to the bed or the floor and unzipping his pants.

30. Challenging him to wrestle.

31. Telling what to do to you in bed ... in the taxi on the way home.

32. Kissing. Kissing his neck and his earlobes. Kissing his eyelids. Kissing the hollows and the bones. Biting his earlobe gently. Sticking your tongue in his ear, just a little, just for a second, to see if he likes it.

33. Rubbing against his body as you dance. Pressing your breasts into him with the most casual kiss.

34. Kissing. Kissing his nipples. Caressing the muscles there with pressure. Flicking the nipple with your finger. With your tongue. Biting it gently. Pinching it hard once he's let you know how hot that makes him.

36. Nibbling. Licking. Sucking. Less-than-serious biting.

37. Sharing your bath or shower. Going down on him in the tub. Teasing his balls with his rubber ducky. Drying him with the towel.

38. Kissing his stomach. Kissing his inner thighs and stroking quite close to the pubic area without quite touching, using some pressure. Kissing behind his knees.

39. Kissing the bottoms of his feet. Massaging his feet and ankles. Sucking his toes.

40. Sitting on his face.

41. Loving it.

42. Letting yourself come. A lot.

43. Eating him while he's eating you even if it's not your favorite thing because it distracts you from your pleasure. Because *he* likes it.

44. Sucking your thumb while he's thrusting inside you and imagining it's his penis.

45. Asking him to sit on the chair or on the edge of the bed naked so you can kneel between his legs and go down on him.

46. Torturing him with pleasure.

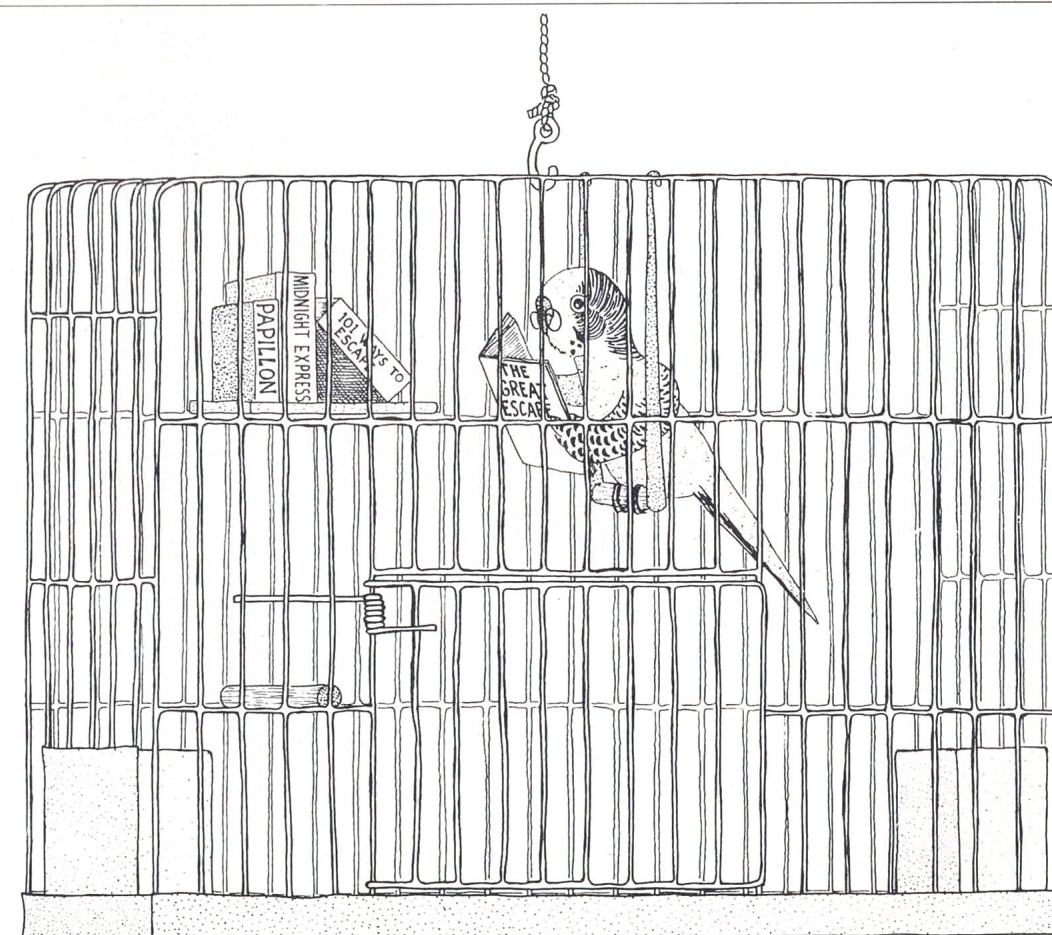
47. Making him try on your underwear.

48. Telling him you love his hands ... or eyes ... or mouth ... or rump ... whatever is true. These are not clever lines to use. They are how to express what you really feel.

49. Taking off your shoe and tickling his crotch with your toes under the table at dinner (only if there's a tablecloth).

50. Leading him around on a leash. If he can get into it.

Continued on page 144





BMW goes out after Mercedes-Benz
with an elegant new flagship . . .

FAST FORWARD

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY PETER MCKAY

Fact: West German cars are the best in the world. Porsche, Mercedes-Benz, BMW and Audi — no nation could offer a more powerful quartet.

For those who design and build motor cars in the Fatherland, there are inevitable benchmarks. Porsche is the reigning king of supercars. Benz still holds the edge in luxury cars.

Into this scenario slips the all-new BMW 7-Series, the Munich firm's flagship. Aimed at big spenders who like a little urgency in their motoring, it'll arrive Down Under within weeks. However, *Penthouse* swung a

sneak preview of the big luxury saloon in Bavaria late last year.

The 7-Series is the car the men of Bayerische Motoren Werke hope might finally help them crash-tackle the arch rival from nearby Stuttgart, Daimler-Benz. By mid-year a sizzling new 5.0-litre V12 engine will be available in a 7-Series model. It'll be known as the 750i. The power output is around 203 kW on unleaded fuel, which will give Benz something to worry about.

Daimler-Benz and Bee Em have been locked in combat for as long as BMW has been in the car business. Daimler-Benz



Top: The Z1 prototype, proof that BMW is again offering excitement machines; Above and right: Unmistakably BMW, the 735i is also the Silicon Valley Express . . .



FORWARD

started the motoring nonsense 101 years ago; BMW is the Joachim-come-lately. It moved from making aircraft engines during World War I to building motorbikes in 1923 to producing cars in 1929. BMW has always been the sporty one; Benz is more conservative. Those clear distinctions have lately become a little blurred on occasions. Benz has introduced the funky little 190 Cosworth and given its bigger models morebruisin' to go cruisin'. And, for its part, BMW appeared to lose some of its legendary verve a couple of years back. The retro-styling of the current 5-Series confirmed the navigational problems the design and engineering teams were having. It mattered not one whit that the car went on to be a commercial success. Artistically, it did not quite meet the lofty standards the critics set for BMW. The lid came off the acid tin. The German motoring press is tough and caustic. And, subsequently, at BMW headquarters bums were kicked and heads cracked. There were some sudden departures.

A separate design studio was created for special projects. In less than two years this division produced, in prototype form, the first true open sports car for yonks: the Z1. It is destined for production, but only after the styling is prettied up. And BMW top brass admit the Z1 roadster will not make money: its principal role is to give validity to BMW's exhortations that it's again offering the world real excitement machines.

BMW also re-evaluated its motor sports philosophy. The decision was taken to withdraw from Formula One. Instead BMW will concentrate on touring cars. The new 2.3-litre 16-valve four-cylinder M3 and the venerable 635CSi form a two-pronged assault on the major touring car championships. That old motor sports adage — Win

The other significant development at BMW is the foundation of its M-Technic fa-

cility to build — in a very labor-intensive fashion, incidentally — exclusive high-performance glam versions of the 3 and 5 and 6-Series. These are not the lightly-modded M car pretenders sold in Australia, but rip-snorting (four-valves per cylinder) road rockets virtually tailored to satisfy the whims of individual customers. The price tags are mind-numbing, but the cars are nothing short of marvellous. Blinding speed, but with elegance and comfort. The M5 is a gem; those homely looks are forgotten when it takes to the streets, its 24-valve 3.5-litre donk dollyng out 210 kW. Yes, its the same engine as that used in the M1 sportscar of a few years ago. Top speed is 230 clicks and it'll do the zero-100 km/h blast in 6.5 seconds. The new mid-sized 5-Series will hit later this year. Expectations are high. A little later down the track is the second-generation BMW 6-Series high-performance coupe.

At the international press launch of the 7-Series, Dr Hans Hagen, a BMW board member and leading engineer, couldn't suppress his extravagant enthusiasm for the next 6-Series. He gave the distinct impression it is destined to be the Eighth Wonder of the World.

Apart from Dr Hagen's eulogistic outburst, no further details of the new sporting two-door model, not due until '88 at least, were forthcoming. Currently powered by the 3.5-litre engine common to the 7-Series, we could anticipate the 5.0-litre V12 engine will be in the upcoming 6-Series, probably as an option. The new 7-Series comes with the choice of three different engines — 3.0 and 3.5 sixes and the 5.0 litre 12-cylinder. The Australian market will only see the 3.5 and (in '88) the big mother all-alloy V12.

More than a mere replacement for the older model, the new flagship has been repositioned further up the luxury car ladder, obviously taking the fight to the Benz biggies.

The styling is unmistakably BMW with its kidney grille, dual round headlamps and power bulge on the bonnet. But it is a more aerodynamically efficient car than the model it supplants. The revamped 3.5-litre engine with catalytic converter, suitable for Australia, is no slouch. Output is 155 kW and the manual gearbox version accelerates from rest to 100 km/h in 8.3 seconds. The big 7-Series is rear-wheel drive of course. Like all Benzes, there are no front-wheel-drive cars in the BMW model range. It would be sacrilege. Sporty cars are driven by the rear wheels, although Toyota (with its new Celica) and Audi (which utilises either front-wheel drive or four-wheel drive) are contesting this approach, philosophically at least.

The technology and features of the 7 are awesome, certainly sufficiently spectacular and intricate to completely bamboozle the backyard mechanic. The car carries no fewer than 60 electric motors, ten of which take care of the elaborate heating/air con-

ditioning system. It's the Silicon Valley Express.

Automatic Stability Control is an electronic system which does exactly the opposite of the ABS braking system: it evaluates wheel spin on the drive wheels and adjusts the engine torque to compensate. The system provides optimum stability and traction in all conditions. There's also an improved on-board computer with a gong warning the driver of icy roads, and a code to protect the car from the light-fingered gentry of midnight spares.

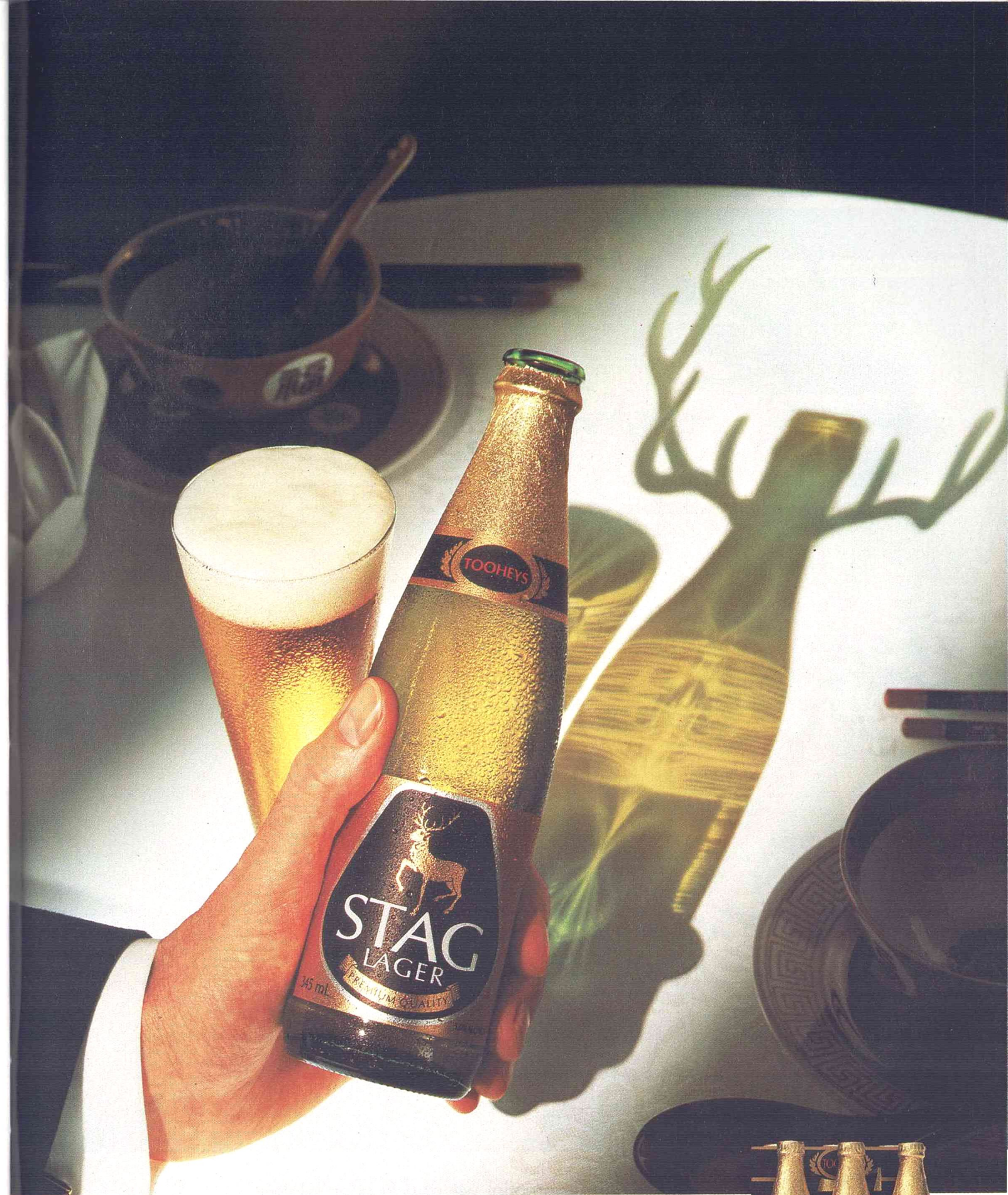
Central locking is standard fare. If the central locking system is engaged when the car is involved in a crash then a crash sensor automatically unlocks the doors and activates the hazard warning flashers. The Check Control monitors all important engineering functions and advises the driver of any failure, including blown bulbs. Comprehensive self-diagnostic abilities and emergency operation function help target any problems, and frequently allow the car to drive to home or dealership.

Some of the hi-tech gear does border on the showbiz side of practical. Perhaps BMW has assumed the world is getting soft and fat. Retractable rear-seat head restraints automatically move back into position when back-seat passengers take their seats. As well, when reversing into a parking space, the offside external mirror automatically swivels down to show the driver the kerb.

So there is a suggestion that BMW has perhaps placed too much emphasis on flash hardware. Innovation does not have validity if all-round practicality is compromised. The 7-Series was five years in the making; its development coincided with that philosophical upheaval we mentioned earlier. Undoubtedly it will be a commercial success, but like the 5-Series, artistically it will have its detractors.

BMW's traditional strengths have been its sportiness, quality, chassis dynamics and comfort. In a top-level purging of the soul, BMW has admitted it drifted off the tracks a while ago. That's all in the past. Assurances have been made that the new crop of cars — the next 5-, 6- and 3-Series — will embrace the quintessential BMW character. They will be unreservedly sporting in nature and the styling will have flair to go with the clever engineering and safety standards. Given the allure of such cars, and the inherent safety they offer, why do successive Federal governments, particularly the present one, make it so difficult for us to purchase Porsche, Mercedes-Benz, Audi and BMW? Duty, tax, unfavorable exchange rates... everything is weighted heavily against the car importers.

In Germany the small 3-Series Bee Em is an affordable motor car. Here it starts at \$40,000. Estimating the cost of the noble 735i is difficult in light of the unsteadiness of the local peso, but \$130,000 is about the territory. There'll be precious few takers at that money. ☐



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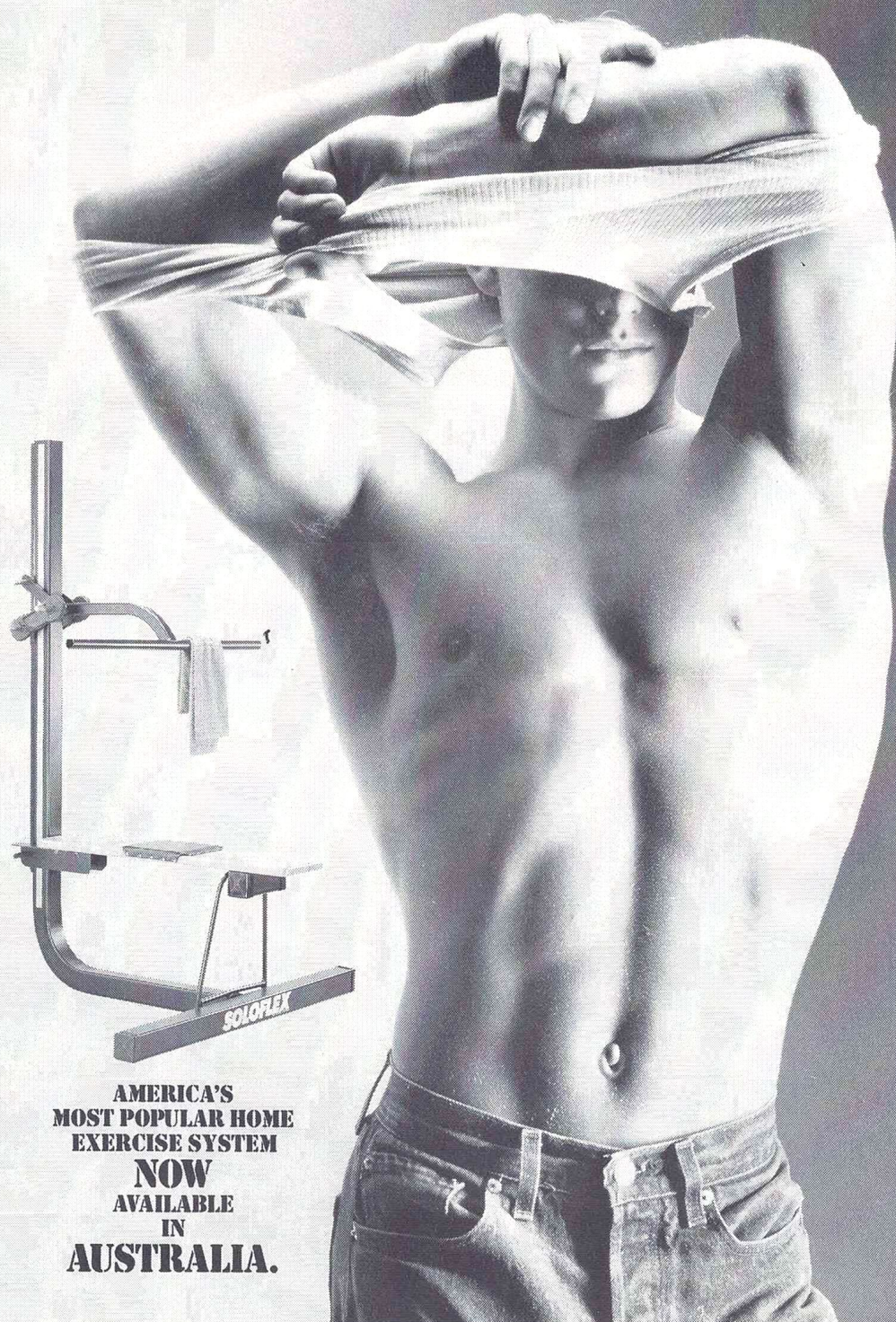
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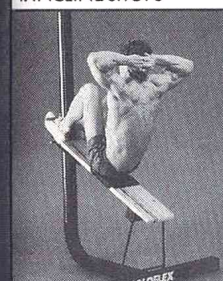
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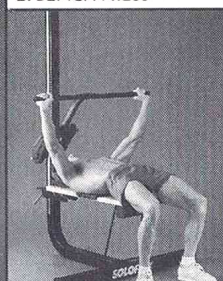
30-DAY UNCONDITIONAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

MONDAY

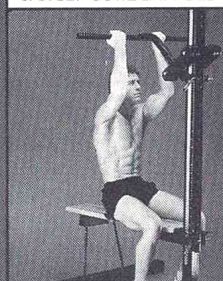
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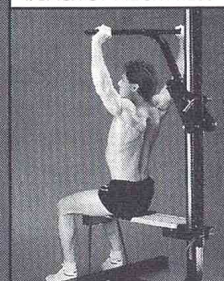
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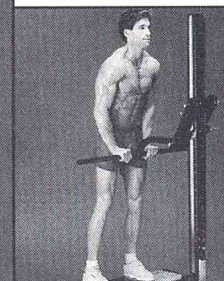
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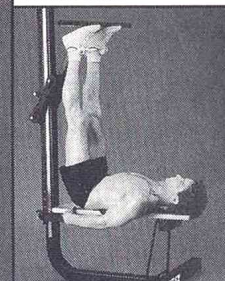
4. BACK OF NECK PRESS



5. TRICEP PUSHDOWNS

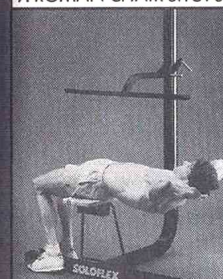


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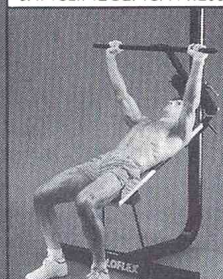


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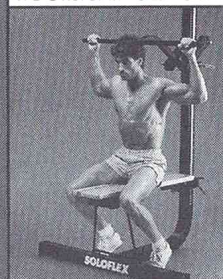
7. ROMAN CHAIR SITUPS



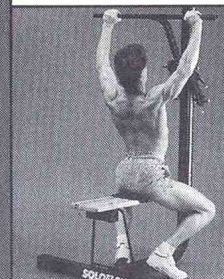
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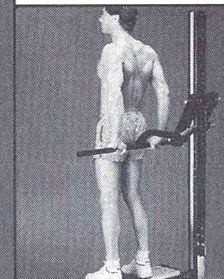
9. DORSI BAR PULLDOWNS



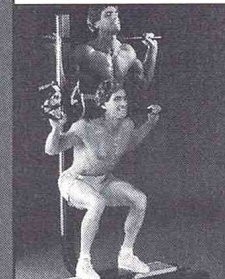
10. MILITARY PRESS



11. TRICEPS EXTENSIONS



12. SQUATS

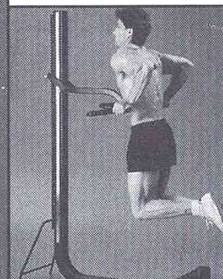


FRIDAY

13. VERTICAL SITUPS



14. DIPS



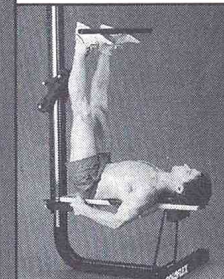
15. CHINS



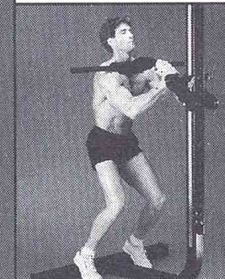
16. UPRIGHT ROWING



17. DONKEY PRESS

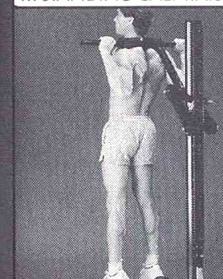


18. FRONTAL SQUATS

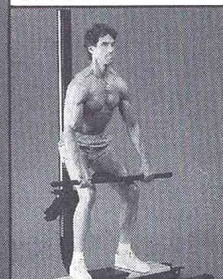


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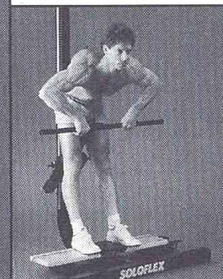
19. STANDING CALF RAISES



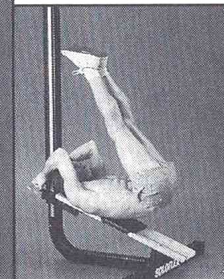
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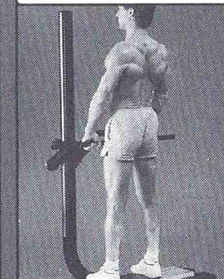
21. BENT OVER ROWING



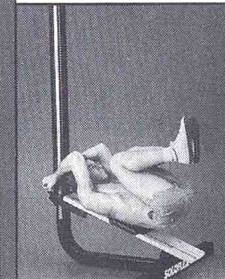
22. BODY CURLS



23. SHOULDER SHRUGS



24. LEG BENDS



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THE PROPHETS

Continued from page 76

floor in ecstasy, "slain in the spirit." The crowd cheered. Turning to a woman seated nearby, the manic preacher pulled her to her feet, announced she was suffering from diabetes, and slapped her on the forehead with a mighty cry of "Be *healed!*" She toppled over backward and Paul called on the audience to "Give the Lord a big hand!" They did, and mixed their applause with fervent cries of "Thank you, Jesus!" and "Praise God!" Tears streamed down many faces as they witnessed these miracles of "calling out" and healing.

W.V. Grant, a tubby healer based in Dallas, Texas, has a method of "calling out" that requires a certain amount of skill.

Grant himself ventures into the audience before the show to gather information. Recorded at a recent Brooklyn revival meeting, his questioning went like this: "Hello, I'm Reverend Grant. Good to see you here today. Is Jesus going to heal you today, brother? Good! What ... what's ... your ... [long pause] problem? I see. Well, Jesus will heal you. I'm going to call you today. Uh ... what's ... uh ... what's your doctor's name? Uh-huh. I see. Well, God bless you, brother. God bless you."

Grant can recall the information by using a mnemonic system, a method of memory by association. Grant associates the face with the name with the doctor with the disease and can easily store away some thirty sets of data. Enough for any revival performance.

But Grant has another, very effective gimmick that involves wheelchairs. When people jump up out of wheelchairs, they often then push Grant himself up the aisle in the very same wheelchair. That's a real crowd-pleaser, and never fails to bring cheers.

When I looked into this particular stunt, I was immediately struck by two facts: first, Grant never summoned from a wheelchair any person who had customised the device. Disabled persons who spend much of their lives in a wheelchair usually equip it for their specific needs. Second, almost all of those who rose up "healed" did so from a particular color, model, and make of wheelchair. Even Grant's slick, glossy, expensive color brochure, *New Day*, showed those same wheelchairs in the illustrations.

In St Louis I interviewed an elderly man who declared he'd been healed of cancer by Grant. Grant told him to "get up out of that wheelchair and walk!" and he'd done so, vigorously. But as he told me, his cancer did not impede his ability to walk. In fact, we interviewed him in his apartment, a fourth-floor walk-up. Why was he in the wheelchair? Because, he said, his pastor had told him to sit in it when he ar-

rived at the auditorium. The chair was supplied by an usher. He'd never been in a wheelchair before in his life.

When Grant was in Fort Lauderdale for a three-day stay last January, I watched his operation very closely. I saw an unmarked truck arrive behind the auditorium where the show was to take place, and 30 of those familiar wheelchairs were unloaded and taken to the front lobby of the auditorium. When early arrivals came, some using canes, they were seated in the wheelchairs and pushed to the foot of the stage by Grant's assistants. Asked why they did not think it strange that they were asked to rise and walk when they were already able to do so, some replied that they thought Grant had misunderstood their malady and that they had not wanted to embarrass him. Others refused to discuss it, a response that deserves close attention.

Many people who attend these services know why they or others around them are

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Many had to
buy new canes to
replace those dramatically
broken across Grant's knee
and tossed up
on stage
”

questioned by the healer or his assistants. They know about the wheelchair trick. They know they are *not* healed when they stand and declare that they *are* healed. They go along with the faith-healing service because it functions as a significant drama for them. The entire auditorium becomes a huge stage, with the preachers and believers taking part in the drama. Almost everything in the drama leads up to the climax, the long-anticipated healing scene. It is a ritual of major magical importance and the afflicted person *wants to get close to the magic*. By pretending — earnestly — and by refusing to entertain any notion of doubt, the audience maintains and reinforces the myth that *all of the actors* have agreed to believe in. The faith-healing service is a sort of mutually accepted morality play that is participated in without doubt, for fear of breaking the spell.

But what happens when the spell is broken, as it eventually must be when the sick go home, the euphoria passes, and they find that they are no better off than before? My team followed up on several people who had attended Grant's performances. Many were unhappy, an-

gry, and bitter. Some had travelled hundreds of miles seeking their cures. They complained that Grant had mis-stated and exaggerated their ailments. Some had been told that they had heart trouble that they hadn't even suspected — an ailment that Grant had thrown in as a bonus. Many had to buy new canes to replace those dramatically broken across Grant's knee and tossed up on stage. One lady said that Grant had described her husband as being "blind from birth" when he'd only had deteriorating eyesight for a few years, and his condition was now worse, in spite of Grant's claim of a total healing.

Enter Peter Popoff, Anointed Minister of God, possessing the Nine Gifts of the Spirit. Squeaky-voiced Popoff directs his religious empire from Upland, California, sending out 100,000 computer-generated begging letters to victims from coast to coast every two weeks. He *admits* to an income of \$550,000 a month. But since Popoff — like all the evangelists — is not required by any government agency to report his ministry's income, except whatever he decides to give himself as a salary, we'll never know what he really brings in.

When I first saw Peter Popoff's performance, in Houston, Texas, it was in the company of Steve Shaw, a colleague who is a full-time professional mentalist performer and the ideal choice for the task. I also had the assistance of the Houston Society to Oppose Pseudoscience. We all watched Elizabeth, Popoff's wife, and Reeford Sherrell, his assistant, circulating in the audience gathering information as expected.

But after Popoff was well into the big healing scene, Steve and I realised that there was something more than mnemonics at work. Popoff had far too much information available to him, and he was able to locate individuals among the thousands in the Sam Houston Coliseum that afternoon with great accuracy. We decided that he had an electronic communicator working. Steve went up to Popoff to get a closer look. Popoff did indeed have a piece of pink plastic in his left ear.

I contacted Bob Steiner of the Society of American Magicians and the then-chairman of the Bay Area Sceptics, who introduced me to electronic wiz Alec Jason. It became their job to find the source of Popoff's transmission. With a highly sophisticated scanner device, the two men infiltrated the San Francisco Civic Centre, posing as repair men. As Elizabeth Popoff finished her in-audience chores and retired backstage, the show began. Sherrell began the warm-up for the star's entrance by claiming that Popoff had raised the dead and had visited Heaven at the special invitation of God, who told him "things never before revealed to a mortal." When Popoff finally appeared, to the hysterical plaudits of the faithful, Jason turned to Steiner with a big grin and gave the thumbs-up sign.

Continued on page 118

“Xaviera Hollander, the Happy Hooker, is back doing what she does second best. For subscribers only”

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

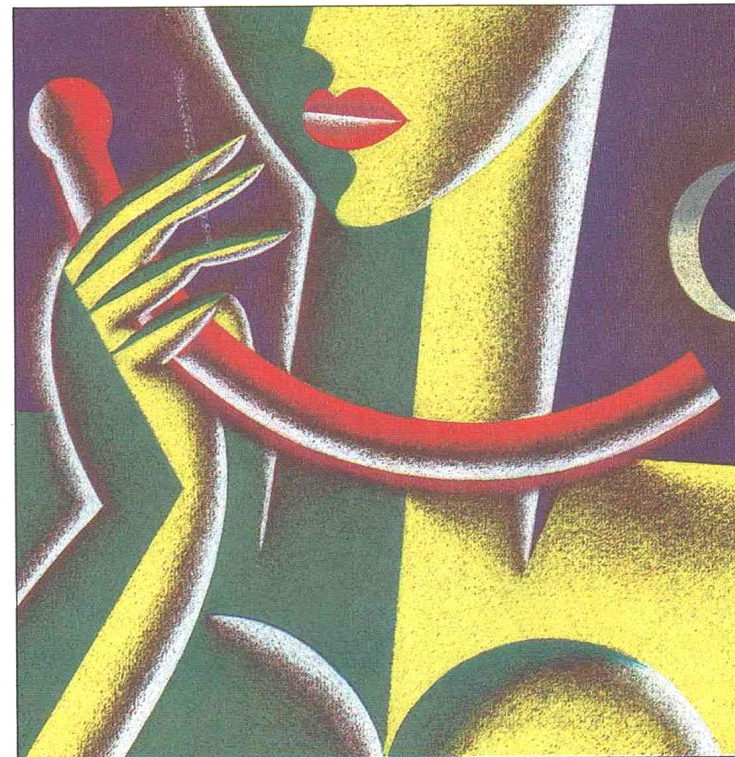
A tangled web

I am a happily married mother of four children. I'm 41 years old, considered very attractive, and work for a large company. For years, my husband has enjoyed watching me have sex with other men. Albert was not interested in other women, he just likes to see me get laid. Although we are and always have been very much in love, it was his desire to see me get a better fucking by someone with a bigger cock than his. About two years ago, he asked me if I would mind meeting a guy alone while he waited for me at home. I knew the man he had in mind, and I had been with him before, so I agreed.

I felt like I was cheating on my husband, even though he had delivered me to the hotel-room door for the sole purpose of getting fucked by another

man. Despite this feeling of cheating, I found the experience very exciting. Albert had fantasied about me begging for a man's semen and eventually begging for his cock. After a few minutes with Jason, that is exactly what happened. I found myself anxiously awaiting his call so I could feel his hot, thick jism drain down my throat.

I began to be uncomfortable about my feelings for Jason, so I stopped seeing him and told my husband that I did not wish to fuck other men anymore. He was disappointed but did not press the point. He said that if I ever wanted to get laid on the way home from work and come home to him with a dripping pussy to go ahead. A few months ago, I met Jason again. He called my office and begged to see me. I was not able to resist, and as soon as I was in his room I dropped to my knees to receive his big thick prick into my mouth. I continue to meet him alone for wonderful lovemaking, and I suck him dry every time. My husband is not aware that I am meeting anyone and really would not mind. But



he might mind if he knew I had been doing it for so long. I love my husband, but I also love my long-pricked boyfriend. I want to tell Albert because he will get really turned on at the thought of me sucking someone off and meeting him alone and wanting him so often. But still I'm kind of leery of telling. Ever had this problem? — K.T.

"What a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive," said the poet, but you have raised cheating to the level of an art form.

The monotony of a humdrum marriage is not for you or your husband, and the moment either of you senses that your life together is following a pattern, you change it around. It will come as a surprise to a lot of people that this can be a formula for a suc-

cessful and long-lasting relationship.

I have lived with the same man for the last five years, and we are an excellent match. Both of us have screwed up previous relationships by fucking around. But now we allow our lunatic libidos free rein, which keeps us together and in love. We spend several months a year apart, during which we can do what we like. But the rule is that when we are together, we don't screw around with other people. The fun of having rules is, of course, breaking them.

Age of indifference

I am 36 years old and divorced after six years of marriage. Now that I am single again, I have been looking for a woman to share my life with. Until recently, none of the women I have associated with have appealed to me sexually. The one lady that does turn me on is 12 years older than I. Ruth is a beautiful woman, poised and elegant, and I've admired her for a long time.

The other night we went to her place. We sat on her sofa and

had a deep discussion about the age difference between us. The discussion took an intimate turn. We both wanted to get closer to each other, so we decided to go for it.

We entered the bedroom, and Ruth excused herself to go to the bathroom. While she was changing, I undressed myself to my shorts. As we lay on the bed for a moment, I felt a bit uneasy. I wanted to take some time with Ruth and really make love to her. I started by kissing her on the lips, then her ears and neck, until I got down to her breasts. I enjoy foreplay very much, and she seemed to enjoy it as well. She reached for my dick and started stroking it roughly. Ruth was so rough that it hurt and turned me off. I asked her not to be so rough, and she complied. But even after she started stroking me gently, I still could not get hard.

I wanted to fuck her so much, but no matter how hard we tried I just couldn't get it up. Ruth was very disappointed. I told her that I wanted to make love to her, even if I couldn't get an erection. I asked her if she had ever tried oral love, and she told me that no-one had ever gone down on her. I told her that I wanted to do it, and if it didn't appeal to her, I would stop. She didn't know what to do, so I told her to spread her legs and let me do the rest.

After licking her clit a few times, she start-

ed to moan. I started tonguing her hole, sliding back and forth from her slit to her clit. I inserted my thumb into her tight pussy and licked her clit at the same time. This really got her hot and bothered. She took her hands and held my head against her cunt. Ruth began gyrating her pussy around my tongue so fast that my tongue went from her clit to her hole. There was no room for my hands at this point, so I started tweaking her tits. She came like it had been her first time in years.

After she came, Ruth said she wanted me inside her. I still couldn't get it up, and that is not normal for me. I told her I was sorry, but it just wasn't working. She thought it was because of her that I couldn't get it up. I assured her that it was not her fault, but she still felt that it was. I told her that I normally didn't have that kind of problem and I enjoyed giving her head. We are both happy that I introduced her to oral love. I am sure that we will try again.

Is something wrong with me? Is it normal for a man to be attracted to someone so much older than he is? — D.R.

As you have found out, under situations of physical pain or embarrassment, the ability to get it up can be inhibited. What turns one man off may be super-stimulating to another. Ruth's roughness may have affected you.

A divorced lover of mine told me how his marriage fell apart. When he was 29, he

fell in love with a woman who told him she was five years older than he was. They lived together for almost a year and then got married. Only when she had to give her date of birth for a passport application did he discover that she was in fact 14 years older.

Their marriage only lasted a year. He admits that it was probably his fault, but every time they made love he became increasingly aware of physical signs of her age. If she had been honest with him, maybe it would have been all right, but the knowledge of her deceit made him more and more sensitive to their age difference. Finally he just couldn't get it up for her anymore.

It seems to me that you are not being completely honest with yourself. Your "deep discussion" about the age difference shows that you are preoccupied with it, especially as you ask if your attraction is "normal." Age is relative. There would be nothing strange about a 20-year-old finding a beautiful woman of 32 infinitely desirable. Young girls are frequently attracted to men in their thirties, if not older. What you're saying is that, while you still consider yourself young, you regard this lady as being old. There is nothing wrong with you, but if the thought of her advanced age worries you, then stop now if you are looking for someone to "share your life with."

However, I think you are taking it all rather too seriously. Although I am always urging people to talk to each other, to air their hang-ups, to communicate, in fact you can go too far. It is not necessary to have an hour of discussion on the pros and cons of oral sex, when your questions can be answered most simply by a practical experiment. If you got down to the nitty-gritty a bit sooner and spent less time talking about it, maybe you wouldn't suffer from power failure.

If and when you find you have a satisfactory physical and mental relationship with this lady, and she with you, that is the time to consider the serious question of whether you want to live together, get married, or whatever.

Oral enigma

I have begun to wonder about something that I think most men think about at some time or another. Why do women like to give head? I ask because my current girl-friend, Raquel, apparently loves to suck cock. Raquel is tall, slender, with short blonde hair and terrific legs. She shaves her pussy. By the way, she loves to fuck, but it's only when she takes my tool into her mouth that she gets really hot.

For example, last night we were watching the news when she suddenly stood up and stripped off her top and jeans. She wasn't wearing any underwear, so that left her nude. She got down between my legs, undid my zipper and spent the rest of the news sucking me off slow and easy.

Whenever we get into the bath this is a regular part of the routine. I sit on the edge and she sucks me until I come, then we soak for a while. Any sex we have almost always includes a blowjob.

When I visit her, she is usually stripped down to high heels, and as soon as I come in the door she gives me a blowjob. I don't mind of course; I think it's great, but I have begun to wonder if it's not a way to avoid regular sex.

What does she get out of it? It doesn't seem as if a woman would get much out of sucking a cock. I like sex in the morning, and lately when I wake up she is already at work on me, with her tongue and her lips all over my cock. Is she doing it to get me off without my fucking her? I remember reading somewhere that call girls prefer oral sex to regular sex because it's less work. Do girls suck dick to get out of a heavier job? Or do they do it because they think their boyfriends like it and they are being generous? — W.J.

I have said repeatedly that sublime sexual sensation lies more between the ears than between the legs. But lately I think this may only apply to women. If you can get a man's penis interested in you, it doesn't seem to make any difference what goes on in his brain, he will do what his joystick tells him.

Fucking is great, and a girl gets to see what her lover's face looks like when he is doing what he likes best. Suck him, however, and you are in control. A squeeze of the balls, a nip with the teeth, a slight application of the fingernails and Big Daddy toes the line.

Most of us are orally oriented. We start on our mother's nipples or a baby bottle, graduating to our thumbs, lollipops, pens and pencils, cigarettes, and, of course, food. Putting things in our mouths is one of the great pleasures in life. So what could be more natural than trying out the best part of your man with your tongue and your taste buds?

There are occasions when it is easier (and less work) to suck a guy than to fuck him, and from the point of view of a busy professional, there is certainly less wear and tear in giving a blowjob.

The big chill

I am 32 years old and have been married to my lovely wife for eight years. During our first year of marriage we made love once or twice a day and always seemed able to find time to spend together, even though we both work.

After our daughter was born, it was six months before Heather would let me make love to her. I was very understanding and decided to give her time. Our son was born a year and a half later, which is a miracle in itself, since we had sex only three or four times in the year and a half between children.

It's been five years since our son was

born, and our sex life hasn't improved. I know that Heather enjoys sex when we do have it, as she always reaches orgasm. I make sure I never leave her unsatisfied. I've tried everything I know to increase the frequency of sex, but to no avail. We haven't had any other problems, but I feel that our marriage is on the rocks. She seems to be searching for something because she spends more and more time with her girlfriends, but she claims that there is nobody else in her life.

At this point I really don't know what to do. I have suggested counselling, but she won't admit to having a problem. I am very depressed, but I plan on remaining faithful. Is it possible for postpartum blues to last this long? What can I do? — M.H.

Both men and women go through low-libido periods, when their sex drive almost dwindles to nothing. Often this is because of outside circumstances. In women, career usually replaces the sexual urge, but motherhood frequently has the same effect. The pleasure and the chores of raising children eventually fill the female horizon to the exclusion of frivolous pursuits like sexual relationships.

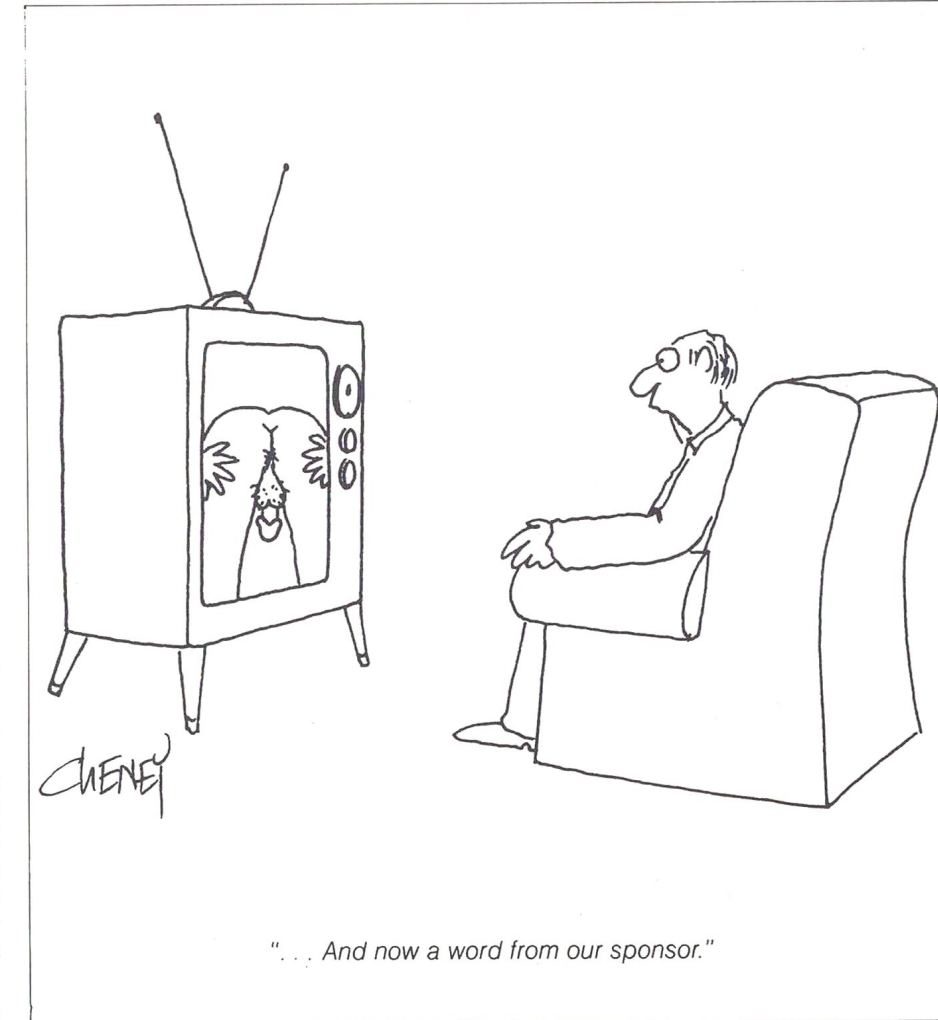
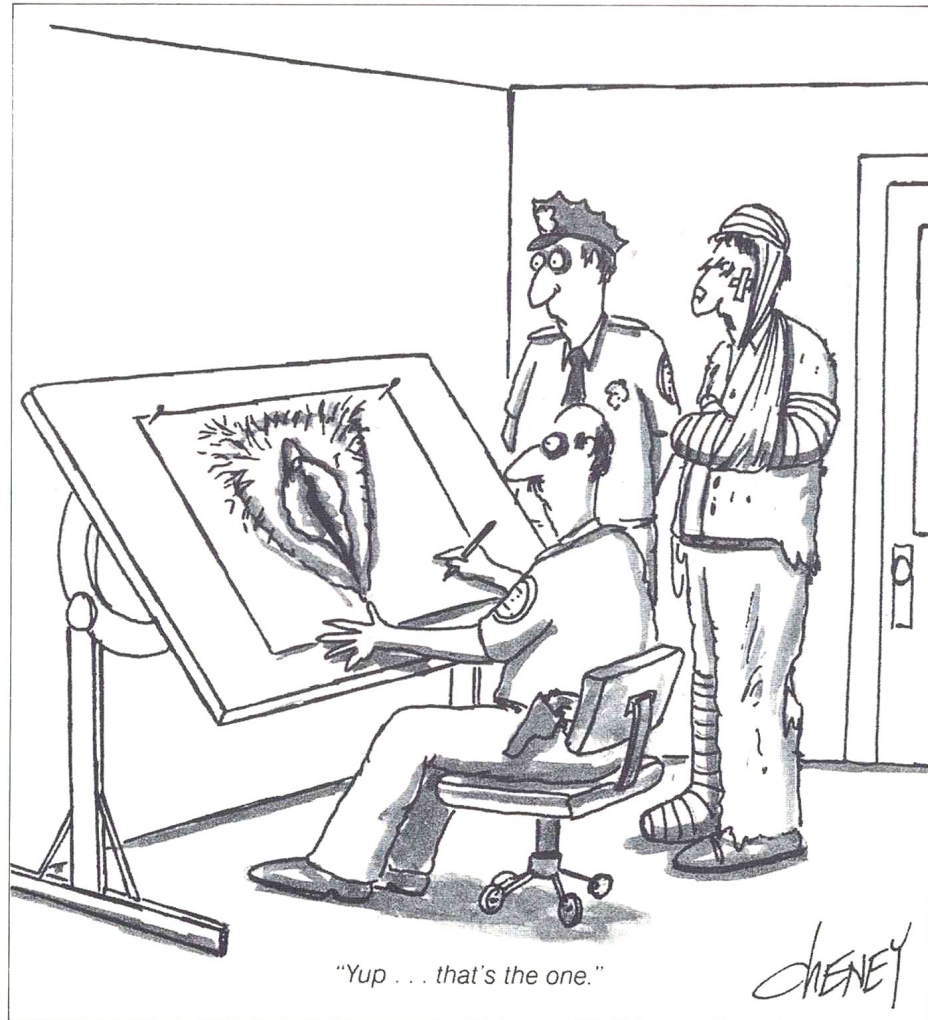
There may also be a subconscious fear of another pregnancy, which is easily avoided by cutting out sex. Certain women seem to be born for the sole purpose of breeding, and when they have produced their quota of children, they ask

for nothing more than to mother them. Their purpose in life has been fulfilled. They talk baby talk, discuss breast-feeding and pediatricians with their friends and, like anyone who is obsessed by one subject, they are thoroughly boring.

If your wife does not want to have sex more than once a week, I could put it down to a difference in libido level. Less than once a month means that there is something wrong. And if she refuses to admit it, you have a problem. Why do you "plan on remaining faithful"? Who wears the pants in your family?

If you wife spends more and more time with her girlfriends, try and get her to talk about it. It is not unusual for a couple to be sexually bored with each other after eight years and, if this is the case, you could try to spice up your lovemaking. Leave the kids with a baby-sitter and take her to a romantic hotel for the weekend. Rent some X-rated movies and see what that does to her.

Maybe she has secret lesbian desires that she is afraid to bring out into the open. Encourage her. Pick the prettiest of her girlfriends and arrange a candlelight dinner at home for the three of you, and see if you can lure the two of them into bed. If this does not work, then use the method that has been tried and tested. Find yourself a beautiful mistress, and as you wife is apparently totally uninterested in your sex life, there is no reason to tell her about it.





SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

Jill Shawntai, just 18 years old, doesn't consider herself a tease . . . "I know some men might find that a little hard to believe. But believe me, I'm simply being myself here in these pictures," she says.



"Being just 18, people have all sorts of peculiar expectations of me — and are really prepared to go out of their way to look after me. I like being looked after — I need it — so I play up to it a bit.





"But it's not teasing," she insists. "It's what you might call a strategy. Knowing more than what you actually let on really gives you the upper hand. Especially when it comes to sex."

OT

THE PROPHETS

Continued from page 108

The scanner had zeroed in at 39.170 megahertz, and this is what they heard: "Hello, Petey. I love you. I'm talking to you. Can you hear me? If you can't, you're in trouble. 'Cause I'm talking. As well as I can talk. [Pause] I'm looking up names."

What followed was a revelation. We heard Elizabeth Popoff give "Petey" all of the data that she and Sherrell had gathered from the audience an hour before. She was stationed in a TV-studio trailer that was parked outside the coliseum to record the meeting for the weekly Popoff telecast. Facing a bank of TV monitors that covered the action inside the coliseum, she spoke into a transmitter, directing her husband and giving him information. After she had run through her list, she turned to Sherrell's list, and he joined her to point out on the monitors the persons he had pumped for data. Then they turned to the healing cards and selected a few of the more spectacular ones. Peter Popoff would shout out the name and look about for someone to respond. His confederates would assist him by spotting each one on the monitors and directing "Petey" to that person. The following was recorded at Popoff's Anaheim, California, meeting. Elizabeth Popoff was speaking. "Reeford's got a *hot one*! [Laughter] Reeford's so excited! He came running in back here and scared us half to death! You ready for a *hot one*? Okay! Want a *hot one*? *Hot one*! Hot off the press! Ruby Lee Harris. Ruby Lee. She's standing in the far back where there's no chairs. [Long pause] Hot one! Reeford's got a hot one, Ruby Lee Harris. She's against the back wall. She's got lumps in her breast. You might want to whisper it. Have her walk down — have her run up there. Run! Oh! Look at her run! [Loud laughter] She's got *knots* in her breast. [Laughter and giggles]. A home run! A home run!"

Armed with a videotape of the Popoff show recorded in San Francisco, I appeared on *The Tonight Show* and played two segments. The first was a 60-second segment of a "healing." I then informed Johnny Carson [the compere] that Popoff had a hearing aid in his left ear, and we showed that same segment with the added audio track of Mrs Popoff's voice.

Following this exposure, everything hit the fan. Early the following morning, an emergency meeting was held at Popoff's headquarters. The public relations person, meanwhile, was instructed to tell all callers that "everything James Randi says is not true." That was the total official response — on Day One following Armageddon. At the meeting, Popoff was busily trying to explain himself to those of the staff who had not known about the electronic assistance that had been given to God. There were some immediate resignations from long-

time associates of the ministry. Among those were a few who contacted my group to inform us about further chicanery within the camp.

But one of the principal officers, president of marketing for the Peter Popoff Ministry, Garry McColman, remained faithful. As he later confided to a television producer, he gave Popoff some excellent advice. In answer to the Question of the Day, "What shall we do?" he simply said to Popoff, "Peter, cover your arse! If the government people come poking about here, make sure your arse is covered before they get here!"

On Day Two, Popoff claimed that NBC had hired an actress to impersonate Mrs Popoff on a "doctored" videotape. That explanation didn't sell too well, and the media continued to press for the truth. Finally, on Day Three, Reverend Popoff was claiming that "almost everybody" knew about the "communicator" and that it was

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He found
no evidence of
healing that would not
have been expected
without Grant's
intervention.
”

necessary so that he could "stay in touch with the TV crew." Also, he added, "my wife occasionally gives me the name of a person who needs special prayers."

But in all of the many hours of recording we have of Mrs Popoff's transmissions, not once was there a reference to the television operation. As for the "occasional" name given to Popoff, we found that all of the people "called out" were named by the secret transmitter, and that no names were given that were not called out.

One very disturbing aspect of all these healers is the guilt burden that they lay on their subjects. The faithful are told that if the healing does not work, it is due to lack of faith on their part. They, not Jesus nor the healer, must take the blame. David Paul, in his usual wild tirade before an audience, calls them "miserable wretched creatures" who cannot make decisions, cannot prosper, and cannot survive — without "Jeeezuz" on their side. And that means total, unquestioned surrender, which preachers like Paul can supervise because of their great wisdom.

The question that supersedes all the others is whether or not any of these heal-

ers actually do any healing. Obviously, psychosomatic ailments, by their very nature, are going to be susceptible to these ministrations. Suggestible individuals, immersed in an emotional, theatrical atmosphere and surrounded by thousands of others who expect a miracle, will be swept up by it all. Their symptoms may well vanish, either temporarily or permanently. But that result can also be achieved by any one of a hundred placebo treatments.

Organic diseases are another matter. The healers typically choose to "heal" individuals who have arthritic conditions, diabetes, or heart trouble. Such "healings" are not going to be proven, one way or the other, at the performance. But even those who return home to discover that they have not recovered will bear false witness. I tracked down one person that W.V. Grant advertised as having "kept" a healing of diabetes. He insisted he was healed and had been healed for two years. He knew his doctor would deny his recovery because the doctor did not believe in faith healing. He also admitted that he was still taking his insulin though he "knew" it was only a matter of time before he would give that up.

Medical anthropologist Dr Phillip Singer followed up on a number of W.V. Grant's victims. He found no evidence of healing that would not have been expected without Grant's intervention. The Bay Area Sceptics and the Southern Californian Sceptics appointed teams to trace healers' results. They found not one example of an organic disease healed.

In over 40 cases that we were able to follow up on, the victims were willing to tell us that they were not healed at all, and that they were angry and frustrated. Frequently, we were asked what they could do to get their money back and whether there was any hope that something could be done about the flummery that they had fallen for.

Is there criminal activity involved here? Unless lying, cheating, and swindling are illegal, no. But Popoff, in two recent services, spoke to his audience about the terrible doctors who were asking them to put "chemicals" in their bodies. "Dr Jesus doesn't use any chemicals!" he screamed. And he told them to come forward and literally throw their medications up on the stage. Among them were nitroglycerin tablets, oral insulin, and digitalis compounds. These are medications without which those people might well die. But Peter Popoff won't be around to answer for that unfortunate result.

Fond as they are of quoting scripture, these charlatans should appreciate a certain very appropriate selection from the good book. I ask them to turn to Matthew, chapter seven, verses 15 and 16, where it is written, "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits." O—



Keep them in their place!

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

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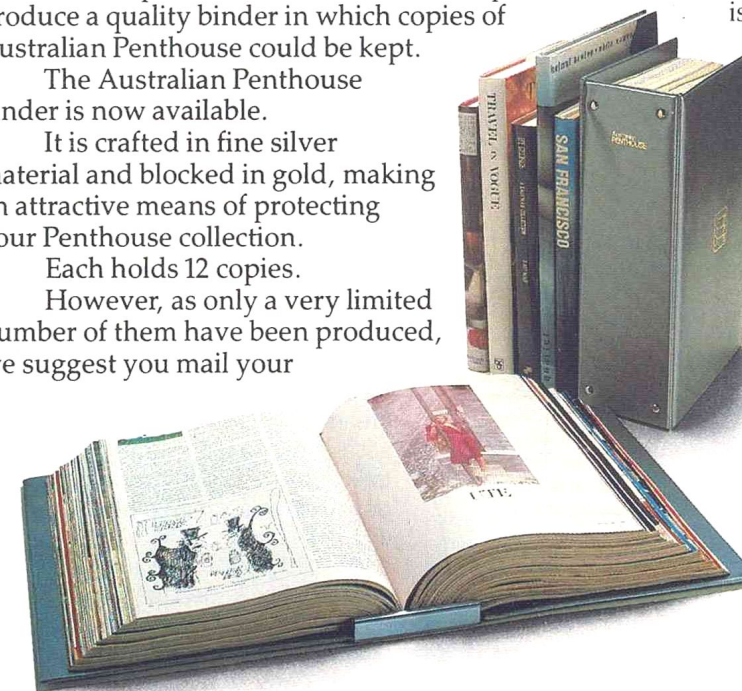
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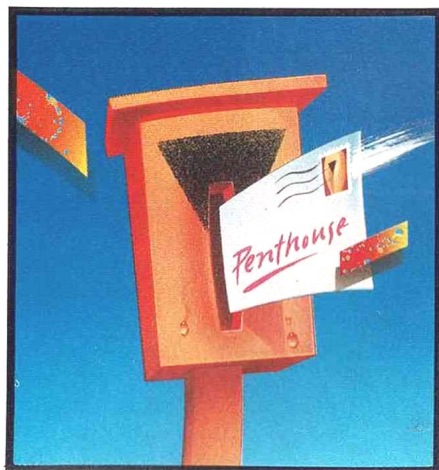
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FORUM

Continued from page 16

they were coming from Denise.

I slid out of the missionary position and coaxed Denise to climb on top. She did with pleasure, and this made me more excited than ever. Denise wrapped her fingers around the bottom of my dick as it slid in and out of her, and I thought I would not last much longer. We were rocking in one rhythmic motion when I pulled out and sprayed my semen all over her bush.

Meanwhile, Alice had gotten off Steve's dick and swung around to a 69 position. I watched Steve as he began to buck. I knew his time was almost up.

Denise slid my penis back in her love canal to enjoy me one more time. I watched Steve and Alice come in a single motion, and it was like something out of an X-rated extravaganza.

We took the girls home. Steve and I went back to his place to reminisce about the

experiences of that wonderful evening. We can hardly wait for the next dance. — *Name and address withheld*

Pie in the sky

For some unknown reason, I get very turned on when I see a woman get hit in the face with a pie. Are there any other people who are turned on by this? I'd love to hear about your experiences. I know that a pie in the face has always had the connotation of a put-down, or of degrading the person getting hit. This is not how I feel at all. I love and respect women. I just get uncontrollably turned on when I see a pretty girl take a pie in the face. I am also turned on by the sight of a girl in wet clothes clinging to her body. My favorite is wet slips. It's even more exciting to combine the two.

Gail, a co-worker of mine, is an attractive lady in her thirties, with medium length blonde hair and a very sexy body. She has an outgoing personality and likes to wear sheer blouses with frilly lingerie underneath. I have often found myself wanting her and fantasizing about seeing her in a clinging wet blouse, although I never expressed my feelings to her.

About a week before Gail's birthday, her good friend Patty, another co-worker, came around taking up a collection. She wanted to hire a clown, who for \$75 would throw a pie in the face of the person of your choice. Patty thought that this would be a great practical joke to play on Gail on her birthday. Naturally, I was aroused by the thought of seeing sexy Gail get hit in the face with a pie. I contributed \$10 and waited with anticipation for Gail's birthday.

On her birthday, Gail arrived at work wearing a sexy black silky dress, which

was sheer enough to reveal that underneath was another one of my turn-ons — a lacy black satin slip. She looked great!

At lunchtime, the moment arrived. We were all celebrating Gail's birthday in the employee lunchroom with the usual champagne and a homemade birthday cake. Suddenly the clown walked in and said she had a package to deliver to Gail. Gail came forward and the guy took a lemon cream pie out of the box he was holding and smashed it into Gail's face.

The pie clung to her face, and slowly chunks of crust and gobs of cream dripped from her face and fell down the front of her and on to her chest. The pie was all over her hair and neck and, needless to say, I had one of the biggest hard-ons of my life.

Gail did not react the way I expected her to. She wiped the pie from her face and smiled, and I could see her nipples become erect against the sheer fabric of her dress. I thought to myself, "She seems to be enjoying this as much as I am."

Gail excused herself to get cleaned up and took a very long time to come back. When she did return, I went up to her shyly and confessed that seeing her dressed the way she was and covered with pie had been a real erotic experience for me, and that I have always been turned on by girls and pies.

Her face lit up and she told me she also had a confession to make. She said that having sticky gobs of cream and goo covering her body had always been a fantasy of hers, ever since she was in high school and was hit in the face with a pie at a school assembly. She went on to tell me that the reason she had taken so long to get back to work was because she had been masturbating in an empty office because she was so turned on by the pie in her face. Gail added that she had let Patty know about her fantasy once and that is why Patty had arranged for the pie hit. Feeling highly aroused by the conversation, I decided to also tell her about my fantasy about ladies in soaking-wet lingerie. She smiled and told me that sounded like fun. I mentioned to Gail that we should get together sometime, and she said, "I'm free tomorrow."

When I arrived at Gail's flat the next night, she greeted me at the door wearing a bathrobe. When I got inside she removed her robe to reveal that she was wearing a lacy black satin slip. She led me into the kitchen, where a half-dozen cream pies sat on the counter. She picked up one of the pies and smashed it into her chest. The cream covered her tits and clung to the satin-and-lace fabric of her slip. Next she took a pie and put it on a chair and sat down with a splat. She proceeded to rub the cream around and around on her arse and chest, getting herself and me very aroused. She invited me to do what I wanted with the remaining pies. I hit her in the face with two and I applied the other two to her body and rubbed them into the

fabric of her slip as she squirmed.

The sight of the white cream on the black slip and her face covered with pie was too much for me. I took off my clothes right there and had the best sex of my life with Gail on the kitchen floor.

After a long while we went and took a shower together, with her still wearing the slip. The water washed away the pie and made the slip cling to her body. Then we made love in the shower.

We still have nights like this at least once a week. I'd love to hear more about men and ladies who are turned on by pies in the face and/or wet lingerie. — *Name and address withheld*

Opportunity knocks

I am a 19-year-old student. Each month the guys on my floor pitch in to buy the latest issue of *Penthouse*. On the following Thursday night, everyone gathers in my room to party and read the Forum letters.

On one particular Thursday, everyone was gathered and the coveted issue was brought out. After a few bottles of beer, hard-ons, and letters, there was a knock at the door. Sonny, the horniest guy on the floor, got to his feet saying, "There she is now, the girl to give us an experience we can write about!" The room erupted with laughter. As Sonny opened the door, though, we all became deathly silent.

Through the door walked the firmest pair of tits this side of the Pet Of The Year. They

were attached to the one girl every guy on campus had heard of — Lynn. She's got quite a reputation, although it's not an academic one, and she has taught me quite a bit. We began making idle conversation about our new class schedules as Lynn grabbed a beer and sat in the desk chair in front of me. I was seated on top of the desk, so I placed my legs on either side of the chair. "What are the boys doing tonight?" she asked, as she spotted the *Penthouse* Mark was still holding. Slightly drunk, and slightly annoyed by the interruption, he held up the magazine and told her. "Don't let me get in your way," she said. "Keep reading."

He read the next story aloud, which was about a girl deep-throating all the guys in a house. Talk about great timing! I could see Lynn's nipples hardening through her tight T-shirt. All at once she turned to me. Her face was level with my crotch and her eyes were repeatedly glancing at the bulge that was pounding beneath my shorts. She lightly ran her fingernail up my thigh, sending ripples of pleasure through my body. Everyone in the room gasped as her knuckles brushed my balls. A plop was heard as the magazine fell to the floor.

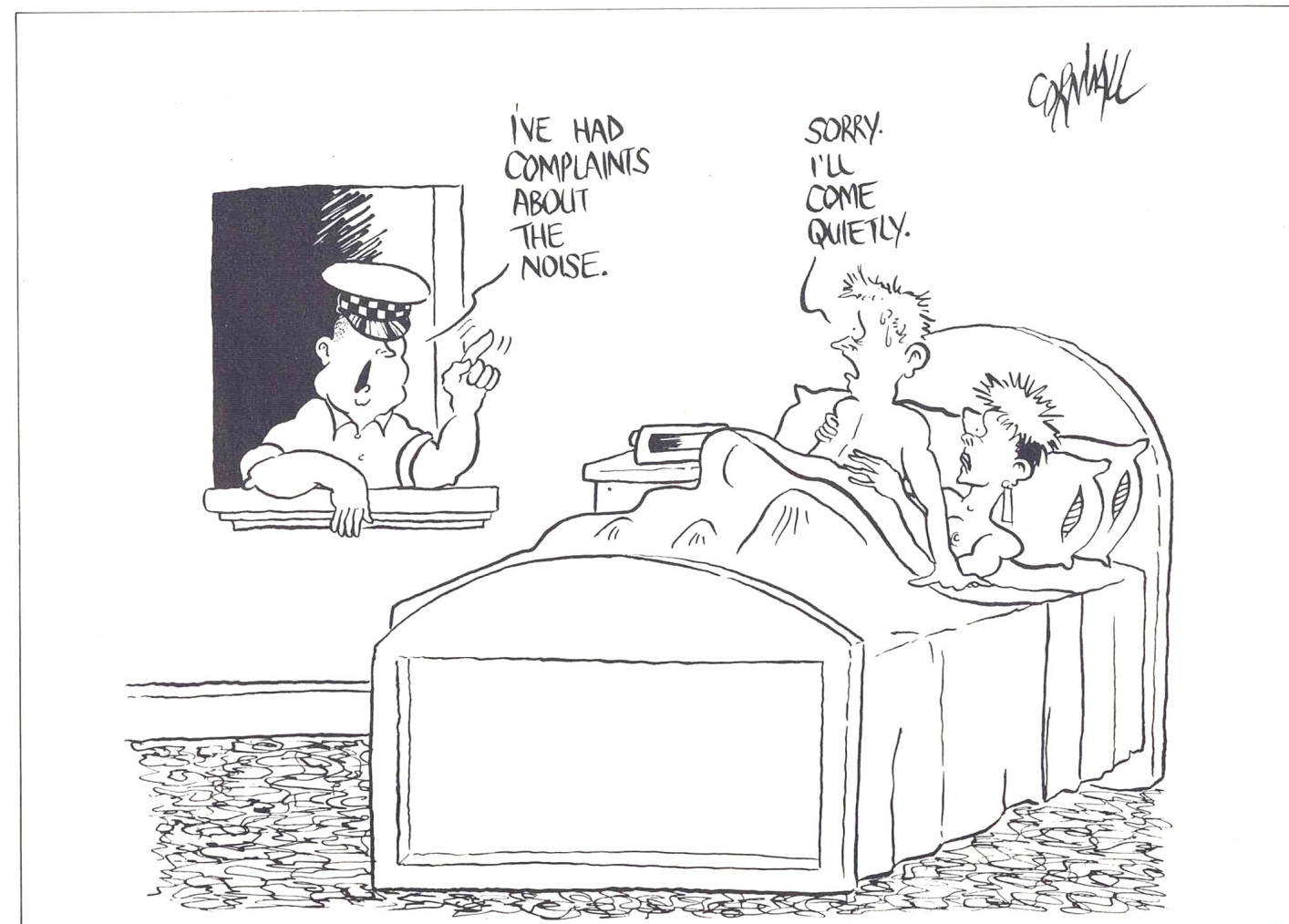
Lynn yanked the elastic of my shorts down. As my dick fell out, her eyes lit up. Grabbing it with both hands, she shoved the end into her mouth and began sucking. Inch by wonderful inch, my entire rod slid down her hot throat. When she hit its

base, she began to moan and gently clench it with her teeth. She pulled her head back, revealing my cock — now wet from her slick tongue.

Her head bobbed up and down, and with each stroke she made, I knew I wouldn't last much longer. As my cock touched the back of her throat, I moaned loudly. Suddenly her tongue lashed out and caught the bottom of my balls. With a scream, I erupted. My arse came up off the desk as I grabbed the back of her head. I could actually feel the come spurt-ing down her throat as she slurped. Each swallow constricted her throat around my shaft, causing more and more pleasure to wrack my body.

She kept at it until I grew limp and fell back from exhaustion. She smiled up at me and I could tell the fun had only just begun. Turning, she saw the entire "barn" waiting eagerly behind her. "I always wanted to ride a mule!" was all she said.

Pulling off her clothes, Lynn knelt on all fours in front of Mark. Unbuckling his pants, he began rubbing his wonderwand across her face and brushing it against her lips. She lunged for him, but Mark was just a first-year and was not ready for such an experienced dynamo as Lynn. Suddenly, Sonny plunged into her from behind, raising her hips to meet his passionate thrusts. While this proceeded, Mark continued to tease Lynn from the front until she begged to suck his cock. As her lips wrapped



FORUM

around his rod of joy, her body contracted in orgasm, sucking them in deeper at both ends. The threesome lunged in unison as they banged away. Mark groped for her breasts and gurgled, "I'm coming. I'm coming!" Sonny fought to control himself as he lost all sense of rhythm, and all three shuddered with ultimate pleasure.

Carl stood up and laid Lynn on her back, although she looked as though she could take no more — at least, until she saw Carl unleash "the pipe." Her mouth hung open as she gasped at Carl's ten-inch legend. He wasted no time on foreplay, slowly entering her steaming twat. Lynn cried out as he entered, and he slowly pushed forward. She wrapped her legs around his back and impaled herself on the last eight inches. Carl almost pulled out before ramming her again and again. Lynn's facial features twisted in ecstasy, as she had orgasm after orgasm. Carl's crotch was dripping with her sweet juices. Lynn lay in wonder as the monster dick fucked her flaming bush. With each thrust, her fingers burrowed into his back until his eyes rolled toward the ceiling. He grabbed her shoulders and began humping out of control. An animal-like moan escaped from his lips as his arse contracted and relaxed. Suddenly both their bodies shook as they shared a violent orgasm. Carl caught his breath, put the

love beast in its cage, and staggered back to his own room.

Later I helped Lynn into my bed, where she slept until late the next evening. As she fell asleep, she whispered, "How long till the next issue comes out?" — *Name and address withheld*

Strangers in the night

I have got to tell you about an incident recently which is one of those lifetime events which you only imagine could happen to someone else. I was sitting by myself in my local pub on a crowded Friday night and was on my first drink when I met a man who said his name was Bob. There was a band playing and it was hard to make conversation. Bob had obviously put a few under the belt, his conversation was slurred and he had sidled up, probably looking for a sympathetic ear. I didn't mind — I was enjoying the music but I suddenly took notice of his patter when he said, "I'll tell her you want a fuck." I said, "What?" But I soon realised he didn't mean anyone in particular when he started casting his eye around the room.

He caught the eye of a girl who was walking towards us obviously to join her girlfriends at the table next to us. Bob beckoned to her and at first I was apprehensive because he was looking pretty wild and drunk and I didn't know how she might take what he had to say. But then I thought she could see what an uninhibit-

ed state he was in and would accept his ravings in that light. She glided over to us and Bob launched into a story I couldn't hear because of the music.

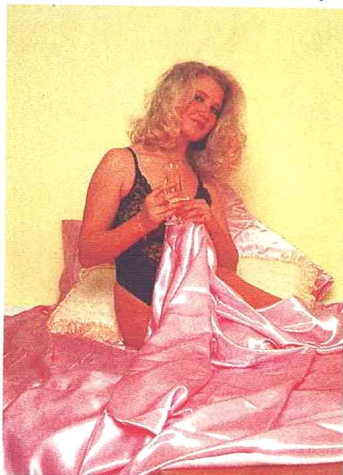
She was very pretty and slinky, of medium height and was wearing a pair of skin tight floral trousers which I like on women because they are so colorful and show off the figure so well. On top she had a white blouse with a brilliant pink jacket and was smoking a cigarette, holding it with nonchalance. In short, she looked very juicy indeed.

It was obvious when Bob came to the punchline in his story because she looked up at me and gave me a slightly flushed but understanding smile. I was relieved and gave her a little wave and big smile back. Just before she looked down again she caught my eye with an "interested" look and suddenly my heart took a jump. After Bob had said a few more words to her she looked up again with a more furtive and sheepish glance this time; then I knew I was on to something. I interrupted Bob and hinted that the drinks were low and that it was his turn to shout. He got up and ambled with difficulty towards the crowded bar and I knew it would be a while before he got back. I indicated to her to come over and she slid easily into the booth seat beside me. Because of the high backs to the booths and the darkness we were able to sit in the corner unnoticed. Without even exchanging our names we went into an embrace and with my right hand firmly gripping the back of her neck we engaged in one long, delicious French kiss. Before the kiss was over, my hand had travelled up and down the curves of her body, resting lingeringly on the smooth curve of her hip.

I was sweating and she was breathing hard and still we hadn't said anything. Then I blurted out, "Outside". She nodded assent. We hurried through the crowd — me guiding her with a hand on her behind, afraid that if I let go of her we might lose the spell which had us bound. When we got outside she turned and we kissed deeply again. This time I had my hand high up between her legs — and feeling the moisture there just freaked me out. By this stage she had a firm grip on my mound and she squeezed it for all it was worth.

With shudders running through our bodies we came up for air and I realised we had to do something to release this terrible tension. With desperation I looked around for somewhere private and spotted an area in the carpark where the willow trees overhung the cars. I pointed to it and we rushed over. Once in the darkness under a tree, and without stopping, she ripped off her pants and the sight of her white, succulent legs and the black patch a-riding on top of them made me wild. I grabbed for my cock, now so straight I had trouble getting my jeans around it. There was no question of foreplay or any of the finer arts of sexual prac-

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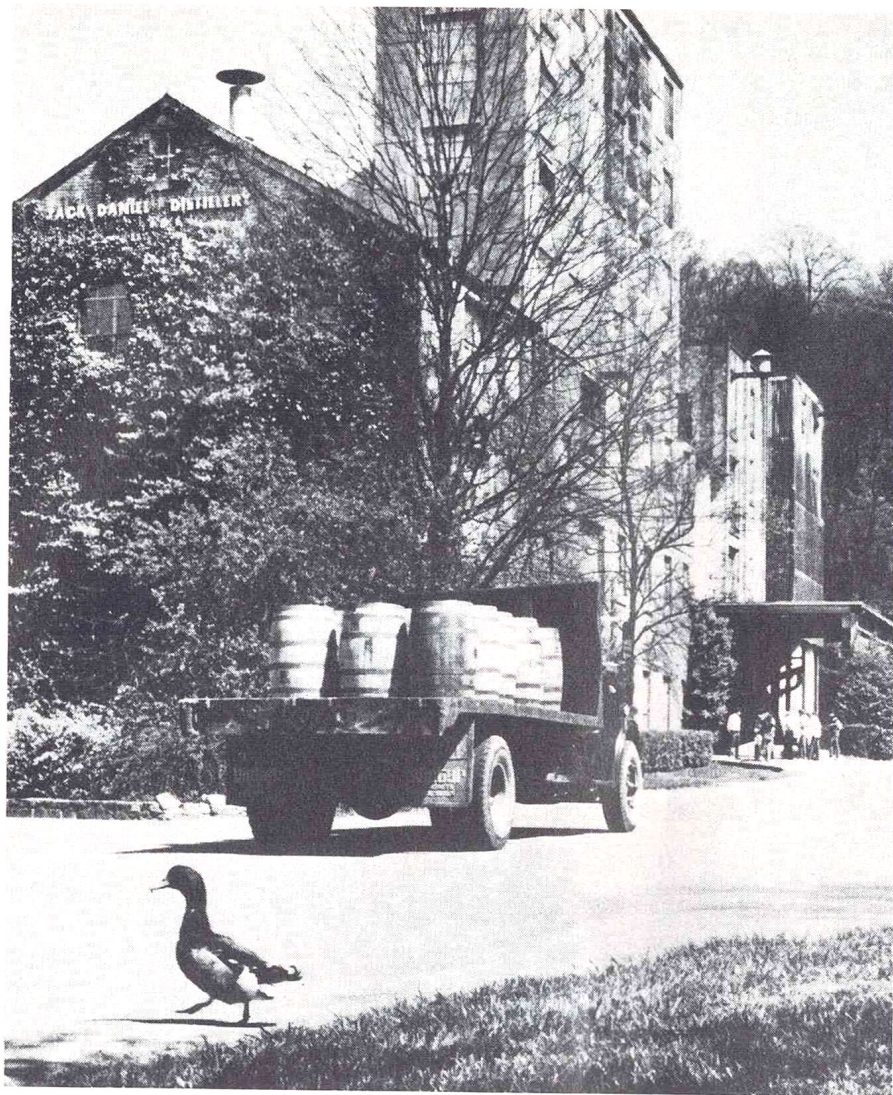
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tice. She had hold of my pulsing member as if she was paying homage to it and I had two handfuls of her sweet behind. With her guidance I drove my cock into her.

I hit her so hard that we both fell backwards on to the bonnet of a parked car. Raw animal instinct took over. All I could see was her lying flat on her back, her white neck and face arched and taut with ecstasy, low moans issuing from her parted lips. She had locked her legs around my waist and had made a frantic attempt to rip open her blouse and had succeeded in tearing off enough buttons to reveal her heaving cleavage. One gorgeous mound of tit and a very erect nipple was exposed. Standing upright with my knees against the grille of the car I hammered and hammered away at her, feeling I had to go deeper and deeper into her each time. She gasped with every plunge. My pounding had her releasing ever higher-pitched cries. Suddenly we both exploded. I felt her juices like a burst dam flooding my groin and I felt my cock pumping like I'd never known it.

After my cock had stopped throbbing and her writhing had eased, I flopped on top of her and we held each other loosely. We had lain there for some time when we both became aware of footsteps in the gravel on the other side of the carpark. It was the girls from the pub. My girl, seeing this, slid from under me and hastily pulled on her trousers without looking for her panties and wrapped her jacket round her torn blouse. Then, with a look of desperation on her face, and stopping as if to say something to me but not being able too, she pointed her hand in the direction of her girlfriends and shot off after them. I stood transfixed. The last words I heard was when one of the girls asked her where she had been. Before I could hear a reply they were in the car and driving off.

I dressed, and in a daze picked up off the ground a pair of the sweetest little panties you'll ever see and got back into the pub just as the band was finishing. I looked over to where we had been sitting and there was no Bob and only empty glasses on the table. I have visited the pub many times since and never had I seen my mystery girl nor, for that matter, have I seen Bob. Nevertheless every time I drink there I remember that night of a lifetime when I was ravished by a gorgeous young woman whose name I never knew and with whom I had only one word of conversation. — *Name and address withheld*

Well endowed

I am a 23-year-old woman with very large breasts. I began developing early, and by the time I was 13 my breasts were the size of most girls' at 16. I must say, my tits were the cause of a lot of jealousy among some of my late-developing school

friends, many of whom were still very flat-chested.

Of course it was my big tits and my naive nature which brought about my first sexual experience. But as I look back on it now, I realise that I was so innocent that I didn't even understand what had happened to me.

My parents left for a holiday of one week when I was still in my late teens. They left us in the care of a girl, Leslie, who was then 20. This was the era of free love, and like any 20-year-old at the time, Leslie was a part of it.

Although I didn't realise it at the time, she had taken quite an interest in me after only a few days as babysitter for me and my brother and younger sister.

One night toward the end of the week, I was sitting in my room, getting ready for bed. I had taken off all my clothes except for my panties and was sitting in front of the dresser mirror, examining my tits. The way I was doing it wasn't sexual — it was more clinical — for I was still rather amazed with them and how they set me apart from my school friends. As I was examining myself, Leslie had let herself into the room and had caught me in the act. I was quite embarrassed, but she told me not to be and brought the conversation around to how well-developed I was for my age. She generally reassured me and told me that if I had any questions I should ask her, because she knew how confusing growing up could be.

She took off her own top. I saw her breasts and was amazed at the difference in them, compared with my own. I had never seen another girl's tits before, and I saw that, compared with hers, my nipples were incredibly large. Then Leslie began to caress her tits, saying that that was how to improve the blood circulation. But she added, "It doesn't seem to make mine grow any larger. I guess I waited until too late to start."

She encouraged me to try massaging my tits, which I did — in a heavy-handed clinical way. She stopped me after a minute and said I wasn't doing it properly. Then she stood beside me and took my tits in her hands. She lightly ran her hands over them, which sent shivers all through me. She continued this for a while and I was getting quite heated up. When she stopped, I was sorry and asked her if she would continue, for I was enjoying the feeling.

Then she knew she had me literally in the palm of her hand. She shot me some more shit about how my nipples needed special attention, being "the centre of your tits." When she leaned over and kissed one of them I felt myself pull back, but she explained that that was what babies used them for and that that was how they could be developed.

As she sucked my tits (and she did that for a good while), her hand slipped down my stomach and into my panties. She pulled off my panties and then slipped her

self between my legs, sliding them apart.

Leslie slipped a finger along my slit, all the time telling me how I had to shift my attention from my tits to my pussy once it got wet, as then that would be the most effective way of developing my body. She fingered along my slit, and when she came to my clit I went into heaven and there was no way I was going to have her stop. She then quickly masturbated me for the first time. And when I came, I felt incredible tingles all over, even in my tits, and I felt sure she was telling the truth.

Leslie masturbated me once more, with her fingers rubbing my swollen clit, and then used her mouth on me. The next night she came back and did it again.

Leslie and I continued to get together once every couple of weeks when our parents were out. This went on for a few months until she left home, and I did gradually learn to enjoy masturbating her before she left. She had already started teaching me how to suck her pussy by then, which she had never failed to do to me since our first meeting.

I have never had sex with a girl since Leslie. As a matter of fact, I hadn't even thought much of it since then. But since seeing your last issue, I've got the old lust back, as one of your girls reminds me of Leslie. I'd really like to devour such a pussy with a vengeance, making up for the opportunities I so foolishly missed with Leslie. — *Name and address withheld* O—



QUIZ

We've collected some of the most outrageous quotes we can find on the subject of sex and constructed a series of quizzes. Match each quote with the person who said it. Score one point for each correct answer.

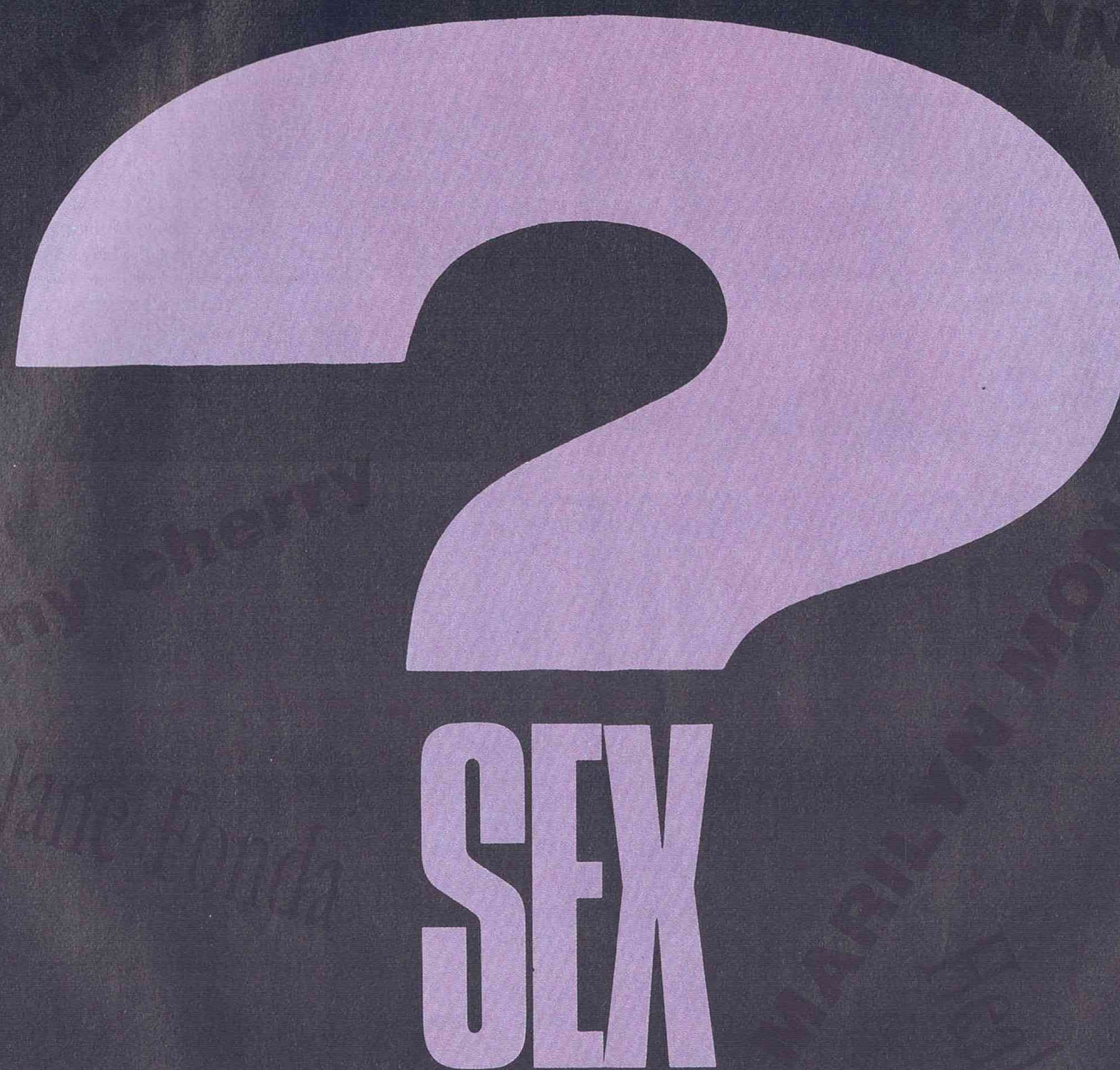
Who said what about sex?

DIRTY TALK

MULTIPLE-CHOICE QUIZ

1. "I'm never through with a girl until I've had her three ways."
 - A. Bob Hawke
 - B. Ernest Hemingway
 - C. Errol Flynn
 - D. John F. Kennedy
2. Who said he liked his women "cute, cuddly, tender, sweet, and stupid"?
 - A. James Dean
 - B. Prince Charles
 - C. Adolf Hitler
 - D. Alan Bond
3. "I want women to be liberated and still be able to have a nice arse and shake it."
 - A. Shirley MacLaine
 - B. Robyn Archer
 - C. Jane Fonda
 - D. Arnold Schwarzenegger
4. "Celibacy was invented by the devil."
 - A. Rev Fred Nile
 - B. Sir Robert Menzies
 - C. Ayatollah Khomeini
 - D. Martin Luther
5. Asked to describe a sexual turn-on, who said, "Tuesday Weld in a dirty slip drinking beer"?
 - A. Maynard G. Krebs
 - B. Colonel Tom Parker
 - C. Alice Cooper
 - D. Walt Disney
6. What did Aldous Huxley call "the most unnatural of sexual perversions"?
 - A. Homosexuality
 - B. Bestiality
 - C. Chastity
 - D. Doing it while standing up in a hammock.
7. Who said "Blondes have the hottest kisses"?
 - A. Rod Stewart
 - B. Warren Beatty
 - C. John Singleton
 - D. Ronald Reagan
8. "A woman who has never been hit by a man has never been loved."
 - A. Tina Turner
 - B. Jeannie Little
 - C. Zsa Zsa Gabor
 - D. Susan Renouf
9. "My body will go, but my hair will last."
 - A. Abigail
 - B. Dolly Parton
 - C. Tiny Tim
 - D. Michael Landon

BY SCOT MORRIS



QUIZ

10. "I never sleep with anyone. I never sleep when I have sex."

- A. Boy George
- B. Molly Meldrum
- C. Ian Botham
- D. David Lee Roth

11. "I'm that horny I could root a rat on a chain."

- A. Russ Hinze
- B. Colleen McCulloch
- C. Mark Jackson
- D. Sir Les Patterson

12. "The way to resolve a situation with a woman is to jump on her."

- A. Lee Marvin
- B. Skippy
- C. Mel Gibson
- D. Dean Lukin

13. "Woman, by nature, wants to be dominated."

- A. Flo Bjelke-Petersen
- B. Leanne Edelsten
- C. Madonna
- D. Jayne Mansfield

14. "Older guys like to receive head, but they don't like to give it."

- A. Victoria Principal
- B. Liberace
- C. Xaviera Hollander
- D. Anne Boleyn

15. "That man hath a tongue, I say, is no man, if with this tongue he cannot win a woman."

- A. Henry VIII
- B. Cyrano de Bergerac
- C. William Shakespeare
- D. John Holmes

MASTURBATION MATCH-UP

1. "The good thing about masturbation is that you don't have to dress up for it."
2. "The first time I masturbated, it flew across the room and hit the far wall."
3. "Don't knock masturbation — it's sex with someone you love."

4. "Stop it or you'll go blind."

- A. Woody Allen
- B. Truman Capote
- C. Jack Lemmon
- D. Max Gillies

WOMEN ON MEN

1. "Most of my friends are gay, and that seems natural to me. I mean, who wouldn't like cock?"
2. "I love men, I love sex, and I don't care who knows it."
3. "I dress for women and I undress for men."
4. "I find men terribly exciting, and any girl who says she doesn't is an old maid, a streetwalker, or a saint."
5. "My husband said he wanted to have an affair with a redhead. So I dyed my hair red."

- A. Angie Dickinson
- B. Jane Fonda
- C. Margot Kidder
- D. Valerie Perrine
- E. Lana Turner

MEN ON WOMEN

1. "There is no fury like a woman searching for a new lover."
2. "Women are much less stable than men, and much more promiscuous."
3. "Women should be obscene and not heard."
4. "A woman's place is in the stove."
5. "If women didn't exist, all the money in the world would have no meaning."
6. "Women are creatures meant to be loved, not to be understood."
7. "I understand women perhaps because I have a very effeminate streak."

- A. Alfred Hitchcock
- B. John Lennon
- C. Aristotle Onassis
- D. Mort Sahl
- E. Rod Stewart
- F. Oscar Wilde
- G. Cyril Connolly

EVERYBODY'S TALKIN'

1. "Tell him I've been too fucking busy — or vice versa."
2. "If you swing both ways you really swing. Double your pleasure."
3. "Bisexuality immediately doubles your chances for a date on Saturday night."

4. "Sex is two minutes and fifty seconds of squishing noises."

5. "I'd rather have a cup of tea than go to bed with someone — any day."

6. "That's the last cock I'll have to suck."

7. "I'm going to Iowa for an award . . . to Carnegie Hall . . . to France to be honored. I'd give it all up for one erection."

8. "There will be sex after death — we just won't be able to feel it."

9. On sex: "If what you're doing can be done in the open, you may as well pitch horseshoes."

10. "I've been sucked by the biggest names in Hollywood."

11. "There are some things you can get in the mood for all the time and sex is one of them."

12. "Honey, if I was a virgin my cherry would be pushed so far up it'd be shining out of my ass like a stop light."

13. "When choosing between two evils, I always take the one I've never tried."

14. "I wish I had as much in bed as I get in the newspapers."

15. "I really wish my bust was smaller."

16. "I don't think the male genitals, or the female genitals for that matter, ought to be rammed down people's throats."

17. "I wouldn't say no to an ice-cold beer, I wouldn't say no to a naughty."

18. "I just love a good fight. I'd rather fight than make love."

19. "Healthy, lusty sex is wonderful."

20. "I think pop music has done more for oral intercourse than anything else that has ever happened, and vice versa."

- A. Woody Allen
- B. Joan Baez
- C. George Burns
- D. Jimmy Connors
- E. Samantha Fox
- F. James Dean
- G. Marilyn Monroe
- H. Rex Mossop
- I. Boy George
- J. Johnny Rotten
- K. Groucho Marx
- L. Mr T.
- M. Dolly Parton
- N. Linda Ronstadt
- O. Barry MacKenzie
- P. Lily Tomlin
- Q. John Wayne
- R. Mae West
- S. Dorothy Parker
- T. Frank Zappa

MASTURBATION. 1B, 2C, 3A, 4D.

WOMEN ON MEN. 1D, 2C, 3A, 4E, 5B.

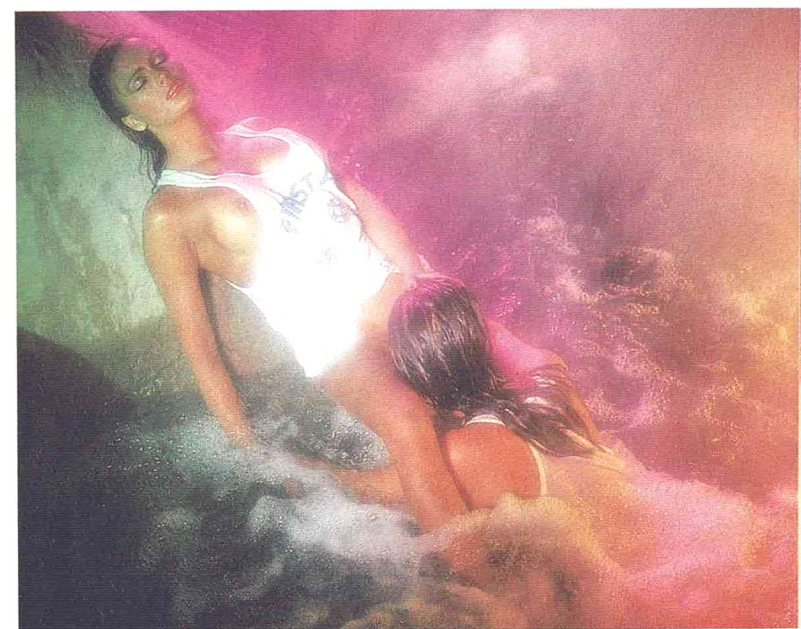
MEN ON WOMEN. 1G, 2A, 3B, 4D, 5C, 6F, 7E.

EVERYBODY'S TALKIN'. 1S, 2B, 3A, 4J, 5I, 6G, 7K, 8P, 9C, 10F, 11D, 12M, 13R, 14N, 15E, 16H, 17O, 18L, 19Q, 20T.

ANSWERS

MULTIPLE CHOICE. 1D, 2C, 3A, 4D, 5C, 6C, 7D, 8C, 9D, 10A, 11D, 12A, 13D, 14A, 15C.

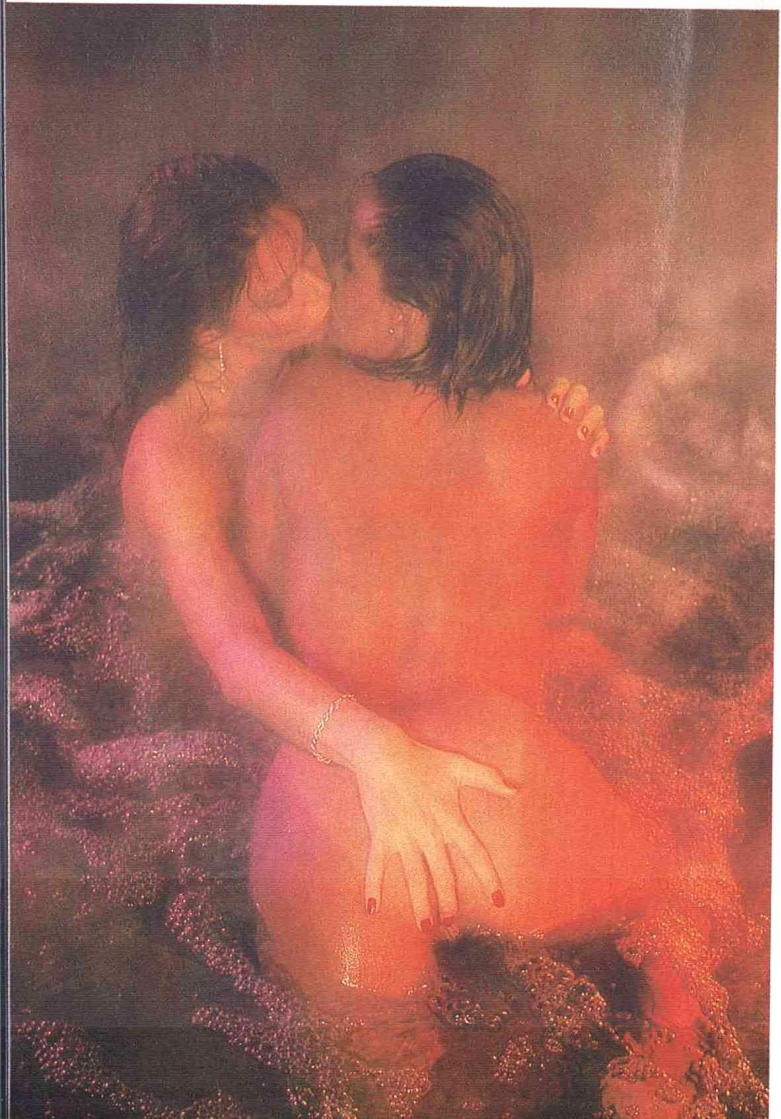
The maximum total score is 51. If you scored: 40 or above — Have you thought of starting your own games show?; 30 to 39 — You know enough to hold your own in any singles bar; 20 to 29 — Average; 6 to 19 — You haven't been listening; 5 or below — You show an aptitude for fouling things up. Have you considered working for ASIO?



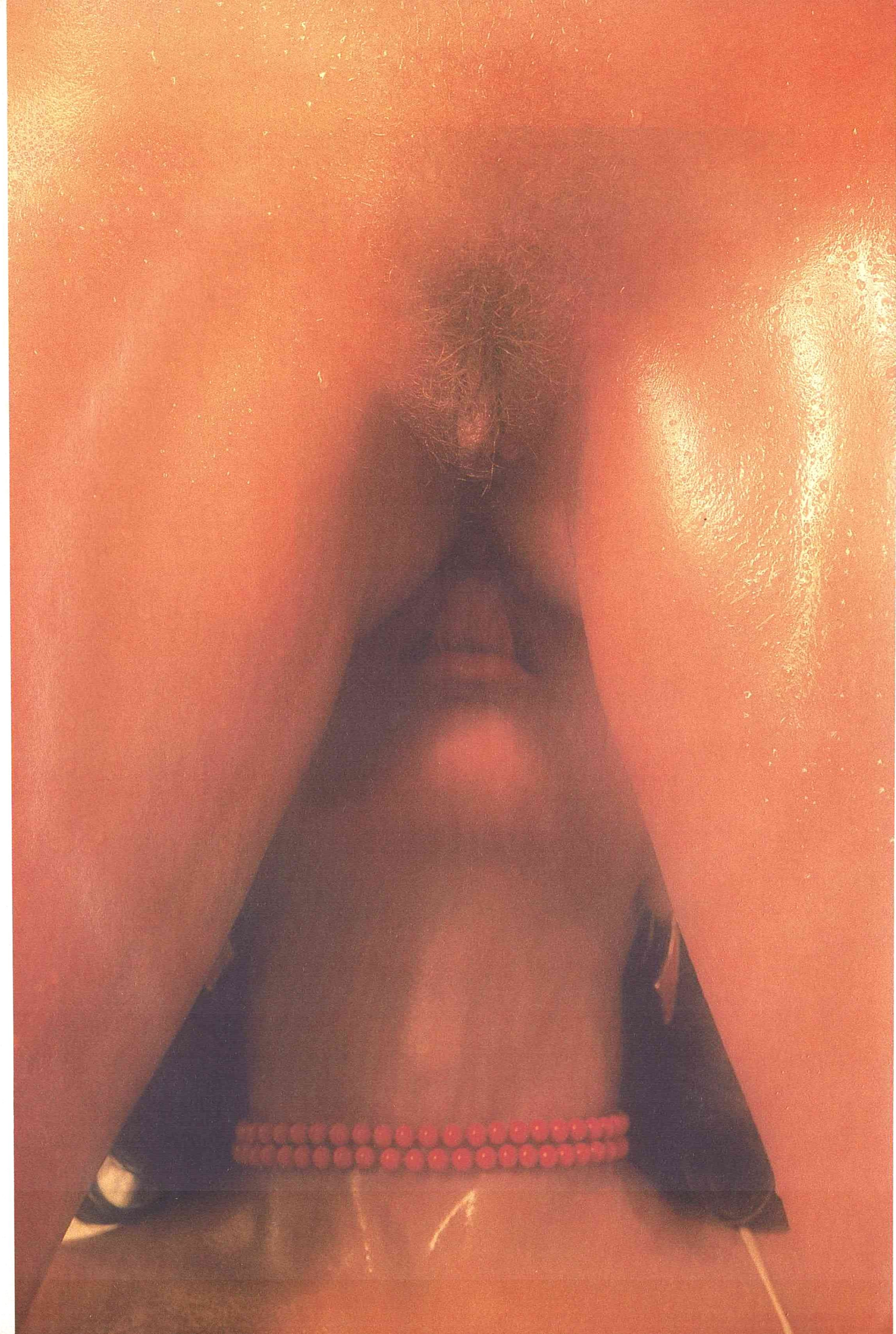
NEIGHBORS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

When the men are away . . . the girls must find ways to entertain themselves, and keep *in* mischief. Now this isn't too difficult at all. They've already broken the ice . . .



On auto-pilot, they find their way into the hot tub behind the house. They know a little heat is good for the soul. What starts as play leads to passion — but they can live with that.

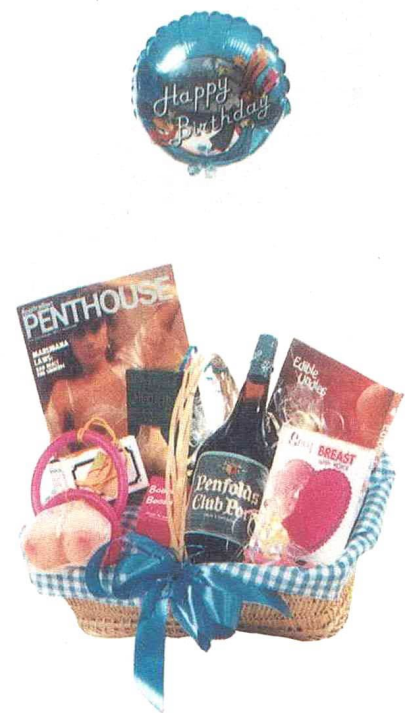




Of course, they're best friends. So are their men — but not quite as the girls understand friendship. A phonecall. The fellas are due back tomorrow. "So soon . . .?"

OTM

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LOOSE ENDS

TEN YEARS
AFTER

The invitation was decorated with gold and silver stick-on stars and the words: "IT'S GOING TO BE GREAT SO YOU BETTER BE THERE!!!" It reeked of a bygone era when all invitations made up with tizzy decoration and exclamation marks for what they lacked in grammar. Not that I bothered about such things, or even noticed them back in those days. Invitations meant parties — teenage parties.

Those were the days of flagon wine and roses in the cheeks. A party was something to be talked about a week in advance and a week in arrears. Schooldays were spent planning outfits and speculating on who would be there. "Who" meant boys, of course. I was a student at a girls' school, you see, and my normal strong interest in the spotty male of the species was not dulled by daily exposure to them. Indeed, my interest in teenage males even eclipsed my seething desire for sale items at Centrepont.

But this invitation was not for a party, but for a kind of memorial service for those years. I'd reached the ritual of the 10-year school reunion. I know well the saying that you can never go back, but I now know better that you should never even try. I was not foolish enough to expect the cosy company of excited, idealistic and sometimes silly girls I'd taken lessons with, partied with — even though the stars and exclamation marks hinted that little had changed. But I was totally unprepared for the staid, strained politeness and mediocrity of a group of women I didn't know at all.

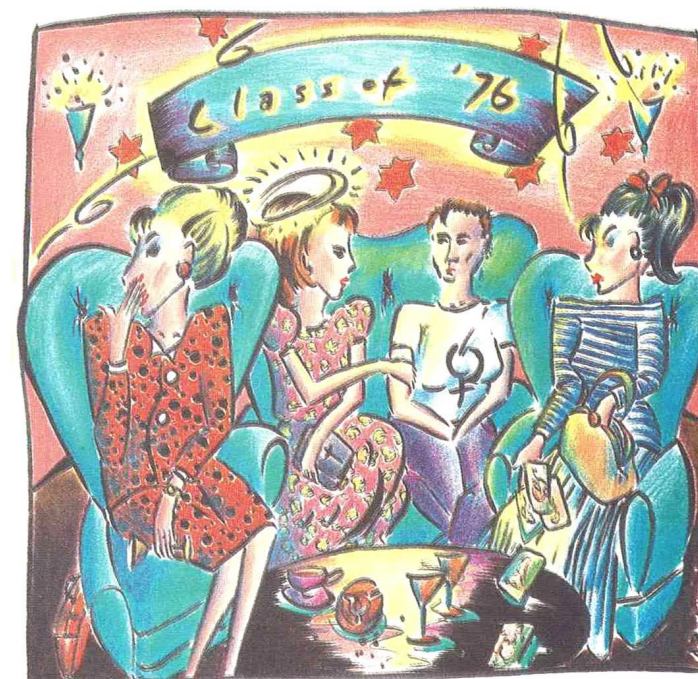
If I had nurtured a slim hope for an evening of lively discussion of interesting lives, opinions and statements of contentment or disenchantment, what I got was a group of quietly conservative women who chattered about their children, what others were wearing and watched the clock for the hour their husbands had promised

to pick them up. I wanted vivid. I got muted. I wanted, "Why are you doing what you do?" and I got, "Mmmm, that must be nice." The more I asked questions the more I realised that I didn't care, and they didn't care, and what the hell were we doing here anyway?

Among those physically unchanged women there seemed not the slightest spark of reckless romantic idealistic abandon and that suffused six years of high school. One woman tried to sell me an insurance policy. I looked at her as she listed the benefits of AMP, remembering the girl who told us in fifth form that she wouldn't go all the way but she would happily dispense handjob to her boyfriend at parties with the lubricating aid of some suburban mum's expensive face cream.

And someone tried to save me from the fiery pit of hell. A girl who in first form was sent from the class for never taking anything seriously and speaking in a Donald Duck voice, now spoke in tongues while possessed of the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ. I had no objection to her evangelical approach, though her answer to my question about faith did bother me. "We with the Lord within us need not ask nor answer questions," she said, scurrying away without my soul in her pocket. We who haven't got Him in us must make the irksome effort to think sometimes, I thought.

Even one of the most interesting members of the class of '76 was unnervingly quiet, though she did have her reasons. This was the girl who went from leading school choruses of "Michael Rowed The Boat Ashore" at Christian meetings to become a militant student activist for lesbian rights. She had suffered a nervous breakdown caused by a crisis of confused sexuality, or so someone told me in the powder room. She said it in a tone that suggested if Old Girls



are going to be different they should jolly well expect to pay the penalty.

And as midnight struck and we filed dutifully into the night, a woman handed me an album of baby photos. Sandwiched between reports on the toddler's progress she leaned forward conspiratorially and asked: "Corinne, do you really write those letters at the front of *Penthouse*?" If someone had handed me a schooner of Blackberry Nip and lemonade at that moment I would have skulled it and thrown the glass defiantly at the wall. I felt duty-

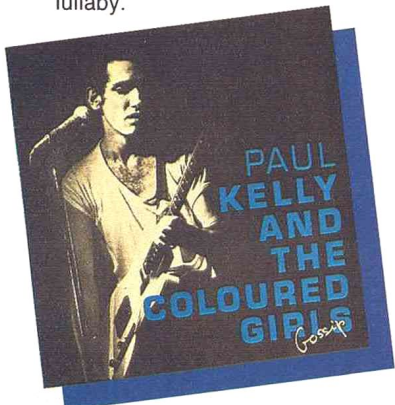
bound to promote the forces of notoriety over those of propriety. I wanted to tell the embroidered story, to rail against the abyss of mediocrity we were all sliding inexorably toward. So I lied. "Write them, Philippa?" I said with a lascivious wink. "I live them."

I have since regretted saying it, I might add. The forces of truthful tedium are slowly getting the better of me. But I do take a certain comfort in the knowledge that I have at least given someone, somewhere, something to talk about for the next ten years. — C.J. Mackay

SOUNDS

British combo **Shriekback**, who have done much to give backyard funk an enigmatic name, have tapped a mellow vein for some *Big Night Music* (Island) — "songs to sing in your sleep."

A writing core of three has been fleshed out to eight — as witnessed on their tour here last year (if you were lucky to be inside where the band was playing and not stuck on some interminable queue). This allows them to be "entirely free of digital heartbeats of any kind", giving their own version of tribal, rhythmic repetition a more communal feel. The gloom and heavy crunch of *Oil And Gold* has been replaced with flippant melodies and ricky-tick percussion. A big lift is having extra harmonies sweeten their idiosyncratic messages while congas patter, belltrees glisten and piano tinkles unnervingly close to soiree bossa novas ("Exquisite"). The hypnotic riffs quickly resurface, albeit with the manic aggression of a bedtime lullaby.



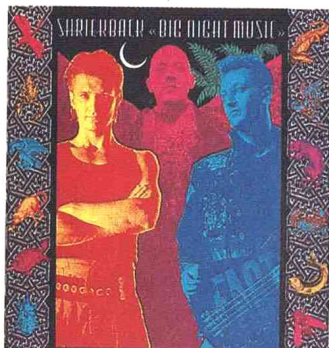
A new release by **Paul Kelly** is always cause for celebration, so a double album is a perfect excuse to do nothing else for the afternoon. *Gossip* (Mushroom) is Kelly with his currently rocked up version of the Colored Girls. Prolific Paul has also reworked three songs off his previous *Post* with the CG's new power. His self-proclaimed approach is of one who "fell in love with whispers and turned them into songs." His delivery remains suitably low key, enticing the listener into the images of his world.

Master of finding the bizarre in the potentially banal, David Byrne and fellow **Talking Heads** have set about telling some *True Stories* (EMI). The songs are all from Byrne's film of the same name as interpreted by the Heads — this is not the soundtrack, the actors in the film have their own way with them. An eclectic set, "Radio

Head" and "Hey Now" echo some of Ry Cooder's servings of Tex Mex and "Papa Legata" is straight out of Laurie Anderson's bag of tricks. Primal thump rock ("Love For Sale"), churning Sixties organ ("Puzzling Evidence") and the country strains of "Dream Operator" and "People Like Us" round out the mosaic. The songs suggest more than they deliver and lyrically are some of Byrne's simplest — maybe they have implied depth in the film's context. Having been on the "Road To Nowhere" they've now arrived.

One of the biggest accolades you can foist on Perth bands is that they play original songs. Perth is the covers capital which spawns many living jukeboxes whose most obvious counterparts over east are the ubiquitous Queensland "circuit bands." **Innocent Bystanders** seem to be at the top of the current crop of Perth musicians with their own axe to grind. The fact that it took nine months to find a suitable release for their debut album *Don't Go Looking Back* (Chase) shows the effort and patience needed to overcome the millstone of originality. Perth bands don't have a monopoly on this dreary fact of life though — countless performers nationwide have found playing their own music more often a ticket to obscurity and bad paying support spots. **Innocent Bystanders** survive possibly through lack of any arty notions; but they're a believable beery bar band. Their music has the thumping bravado of Cold Chisel and Tom Petty, with snatches of urban narrative.

With more boom and swagger come **John Justin And The Thunderwings** who do suitable *Justice* (Wheatley) to the legacy of Marc Bolan on their first fully stocked twelve-inch. There are few musical surprises herein except when the brakes are speedily applied for the closing "Watching Winters Pass" — all piano and strings. When Mr Justin sings "when you've got a good thing going everybody wants to be on your side" it may be sound home truth, but in reference to the Thunderwings it's a case of premature wishful thinking.



Tireless tourers **Mondo Rock** took suitable time off the road last year to record their best sounding album to date, *Boom Baby Boom* (Polydor). Eric McCusker has penned most of the tracks here; perhaps Ross Wilson was saving himself for his subsequent solo album. The band, and in particular Wilson's strong singing, make elegant sense of McCusker's literate pop.

From the corner of the globe that has given us such musical monuments as Harry Secombe and Welsh Rugby Songs come the angelic tones of teenage boy soprano **Aled Jones**. *Pie Jesu* (Virgin) is not the recipe for a communion pastie but rather a collection of largely devotional pieces from the likes of Handel, Bach, Mozart, Andrew Lloyd Webber and others. Master Jones was bigger than Bowie in Bangor when he was 14 and cornered in the studio to make magic out of these pieces. I just hope he hasn't been signed to a five-albums-over-five-years contract which could result in some ritual castration by record company accountants.

From the early thrash of Be Bop Deluxe, **Bill Nelson** has evolved along more placid paths. Here he is *On A Blue Wing* (Portrait) — drum machines, atmospherics and post-psychedelic impressionism.

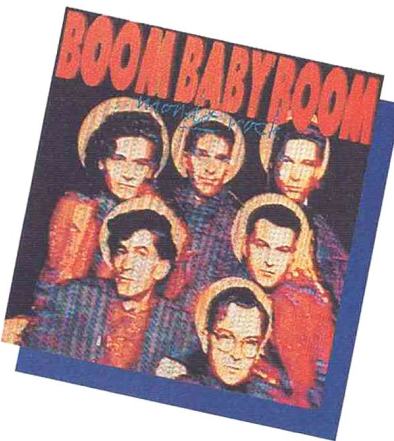
Broader, far reaching slabs of our cultural heritage are on *Antipodean Atrocities* (ABC), a double package from Bob Hudson and Glenn A. Baker, chock-a block with tracks that "made Australia grate" — novelty tunes that were history before they were recorded.

Glenn A. Baker has also surfaced from the CBS vaults with another historic compilation in *Femmes Fantastique, 20 Years Of Great Female Vocal Performances* (CBS). — *Jeremy Cook*

SHRIEK TO ME, BABY

Clockwise from far left: **Paul Kelly engages in some enticing Gossip; Shriekback tap a mellow vein on Big Night Music; Talking Heads deliver little in True Stories; Literate pop from tireless tourers Mondo Rock.**

TALKING HEADS



You may remember from history lessons that when the first missionaries ventured into the wilds of Britain all those centuries ago they were often set upon and murdered by vicious pagans with blue dye on their faces. What you may not know is that a song was written about one of these slayings, a song that has been changed a little as it has been handed down to us through the ages, but one that is still recognisable to us all the same. The ditty in question is, of course, "Dead Monk In The Middle Of The Wood." And while I've got you there, may I also point out that if you put an "s" in front of "laughter" the result is "slaughter."

All of which is apropos of nothing if not director Jean-Jacques Annaud's \$16.5 million monastic mystery *The Name Of The Rose*.

Prickly questions abound in this medieval detective drama set in a monastic order dedicated to the illumination and preservation of classic manuscripts. Questions like: Why are the monks dropping like flies and why have all of them got black stuff on their fingers and tongues? And: What is the secret of the library housed in the labyrinthine interior of the monastery's forbidding tower? And: Why are all the monks at this Godforsaken monastery so downright ugly?

All but the last enigma are unravelled by Sean Connery in his role as Brother William of Baskerville, a sort of Sherlock in a cassock, who turns up at the monastery just after the puzzling and violent death of a young monk. Hounding Baskerville's footsteps is his young protegee Adso of Melk (16-year-old actor Christian Slater), who plays Watson to the sandalled gumshoe.

The pair are the first to arrive at a 14th Century theological think tank on whether Christ owned the clothes he wore. As brothers from other orders turn up from far-flung corners of Christendom, more excruciating deaths occur to pile on the intrigue and prompt the Abbot (Michael Lonsdale) to summon the evil Inquisitor (F. Murray Abraham) to torture the truth out of the mystery. The Inquisitor is an old adversary of Brother William, and just as the dynamic duo are

making headway through the holy smokescreen, his arrival throws a spanner in the works, and more funny things happen on the way to the Inquisition . . .

Producer Bernd Eichinger (*The Neverending Story*) and director Annaud (*Quest For Fire*) have spared no pains or expense to ensure authenticity of sets and menacing medieval mood in *The Name Of The Rose*. The result is a feast for the eyes. Fellini-esque casting of the unsightliest actors in existence for the minor roles of the monks lends the movie the fascination/repulsion qualities of a freak show, and generous liberties with blood and gore may well serve to attract more viewers than it offends. But for all its magnificent intrigue and visual spectacle, the film's denouement fails to live up to the promise so meticulously laid down in the plot's build. There is more confusion than clarity in its climax, and the result is a letdown. And there is little more disappointing than a mystery with an unsatisfying solution — unless it's a comedy that isn't funny. Not that the monks in *The Name Of The Rose* would know about such things. They died laughing.

Eminently more satisfying is the screen adaption of Mark Medoff's hit stageplay *Children Of A Lesser God*. Director Randa Haines, producers Burt Sugarman and Patrick Palmer and a superb cast headed by William Hurt have enhanced the humor and sensitivity of the play about a teacher of the deaf who falls in love with a fascinating and rebellious student. Marlee Matlin, who debuts as the tempestuous Sarah, is a hearing impaired actress, and most of the supporting players are also hearing impaired or deaf. The film is at times sad, very often funny and at all times moving. A triumph.

Moving right along now I'll show you a picture of Madonna in the missionary position. So open your mouth and close your eyes and you'll get a *Shanghai Surprise*, in which our material girl teams up with hubby Sean Penn to chase a cache of opium around Shanghai and environs circa 1937. She's a missionary, he's a tie salesman and the opium isn't nearly as

FILM

THE CASE OF THE SMILING STIFFS



Top left and right: **F. Murray Abraham as the Inquisitor and Sean Connery as a 14th Century Sherlock Holmes in The Name Of The Rose.** Above: **William Hurt and Marlee Matlin in Children Of A Lesser God.** Right: **Madonna plays peroxidized missionary in Shanghai Surprise.**



dopey and yawn-inducing as the pair of them in this film. Bogey and Bacall they ain't, but *Shanghai Surprise* does have curiosity value going for it. They say curiosity killed the cat. And so it was with this pussycat. Mercifully it put me to sleep. — *C.J. Mackay*



FACE FITNESS

Skin Fitness After-Shaving Moisturiser is a no-nonsense skin care preparation designed to put back what shaving takes out of the skin and to reduce the stinging effects of applying after-shave lotions. Formulated by French dermatologists, the moisturiser contains collagen derivatives and is easily absorbed by the skin, leaving no shine or fragrance to battle with your after-shave. Skin Fitness comes in a 60ml tube which is enough for about 80 applications. It sells for around \$8.95 at department stores and selected pharmacies.



COUNTRY & WESTERN AUSTRALIA

The man who has turned obscenity into an art form, and who continues to sell up a storm with his new hybrid-ballad music style (Country & Western Australia) through a thriving mail order business that has sold more than 100,000 "obscene" cassettes, has gone multi-media.

Kevin "Bloody" Wilson now features in his very own *Fuck That!* 1987 wall display poster calendar. Each month is displayed with a particular theme — shown here: Fuck Blind Dates. Other months cover such subjects close to the Aussie heart as the cops and the footy. You too can join Australia's burgeoning legion of Kevin "Bloody" Wilson fans by sending \$15 to PO Box 40, North Beach WA 6020.

RIGGED HOLIDAY

On what sort of holiday do you pay something like \$7000 and work your butt off for five weeks? A very special holiday, is the answer . . . like sailing an old square rigger as the journey of the First Fleet is re-enacted. Eleven ships will be making the trip from England to Australia later this year — and you can pick a segment and get on board as a trainee crew member. It's not cheap . . . but then, neither's life. And this is the trip of a lifetime. You've got to be fit, responsible, and have a keen sense of adventure. But it's time to act right now. Phone (02) 27 5507 for details.

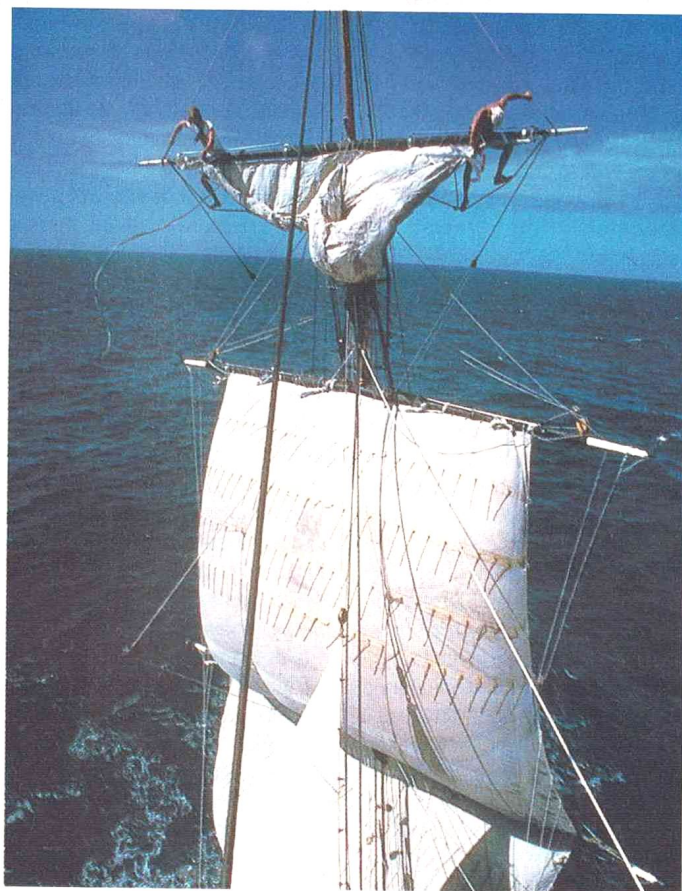


Photo by Geoff Howden

SOCK IT TO ME

Simon de Winter, a young Australian with a thing about feet, walked all over the fashion market last year with his Good Times range of socks in dazzling colors. Now he wants to lay the boot in with the S.W. de Winter Boot Sock, plain calf-high socks made for scrunching down over short boots. They're socks to be seen and heard — colors include loud purple, cobalt and peacock. Boot Socks sell for \$7.95. Check 'em out at department stores and specialty boutiques.



Photo by Geoff Howden

AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .

Congratulations to the following winners of competitions staged by *Australian Penthouse* during 1986.

Win With Penthouse And Paddy Pallin: Ms Nicole Gosch of Hornsby, NSW, won a complete range of top quality camping gear from Paddy Pallin, Australia's leading purveyor of adventure equipment.

Win A Trip For Two To Paradise: Mr Anthony Best of West Denistone in NSW won a week's holiday for two in the Maldives, valued at more than \$3000.

Win A Complete Home Bar: W.A. Rugman of Five Dock, NSW, won a complete home bar valued at \$4000 from the Bar Design Construction Company, Bacardi International Ltd and *Australian Penthouse*. The five runners-up, winning a set of Bacardi rum daiquiri glasses valued at \$25, were: Joanne Cumming, Shepparton, Vic; Mrs S. Fitzgerald, Kambah, ACT; Robert Dye, Bossley Park, NSW; Stacey Hutchings, Beckenham, WA; B. Turvey, Morningside, Qld.

Win A Lindemans Cellar: Mr G.I. Cotterill of Mt Isa, Qld won a Lindemans Cellar valued at \$2000 for

his imaginative entry tracing snippets of conversation over a bottle of Lindemans Garrison Port. His entry read as follows:

10.00pm — Totally unsinkable, this Titanic.

10.30pm — Sails superbly. Steady as a rock.

11.00pm — A slight shudder then — almost spilled a drop.

11.30pm — I don't think we need all this ice. Hardly! Not for port.

12.00am — There seems to be a bit of water over the table.

12.30am — Don't get any in the Garrison — that would be a disaster!!

First and second runners-up (a

YOURS SINCERELY

Would you use sex appeal to get ahead in your career? Would you be prepared to validate your answer amongst your friends, your wife — or even your mother? Of course you would, which is why you'll enjoy sabotaging marriages and even the longest-standing friendships by playing *Scruples*, a great new game from Milton Bradley. There are more than 250 dilemmas to be encountered and argued — guaranteed to reveal the Nazi lurking in all of us . . .

CELLULITE? SELL YOU ANYTHING . . .

You may have noticed a new push to convince men that skin care, if not a skin regimen, is the way to go in this very fashion conscious day and age. The logic is there: women spend millions of dollars a year on every conceivable pot of gunk you could imagine. Why shouldn't men succumb to the same suggestion that time and money spent on appearance brings out the star quality? What makes men so smart . . . ?

Okay, it's easy to be smug and cynical — and it's easy to have skin problems. Expert treatment just might help — and if your problem is lack of attention lavished on you, for which you're willing to pay, it's a double bonus. Pampurrs, a new complex in Neutral Bay in Sydney, offers just what its catty name suggests — but including a men's grooming centre. As well, it stocks the largest range of up-market skin care products in the country — wall to wall. They also specialise in the Jan Stuart range of products, pictured here. If this stuff interests you, this is the place to go.



Photo by Geoff Howden



KLOK WATCHING

It could be the only watch in the world to advertise that its wearer is prepared to take a licking and keep on tickling. It's the still single watch, a fun, French-designed number by KLOK. Designed by Alain Silberstein, KLOK watches are to be worn by both male and female and the wide variety of faces available (many more than shown here) range from the very sassy to the very sophisticated. They are water resistant to 30 metres, Analog Quartz with metal casing. A distinctive and durable band lends a hi-tech feel to the range as well as making KLOKs ideal for outdoor activity. Attractive packaging and a full 12-month warranty make KLOKs a dandy gift idea. They can be purchased through ACPRO Marketing Pty Ltd at a cost of \$69.95 plus \$5 for packaging and postage. For orders and info, phone (02) 212 6966.



SUNNY SIDE UP

Quick! Give us three things that sum up the Australian summer. Flies? Right. The Eskey? Right. And zinc cream? Congratulations, you win the kewpie doll, or as we Australians prefer to call it, the little sheila on a stick. Zinc cream, for the purist — someone who wears a little hat and marches along the beach with his bathers up his crack — is to be starkly white in color and is to be smeared liberally over the nose and lips to

better highlight the lobster red of the surrounding dermis. All the rest of us can use Sunnys, the technicolor zinc creams in eight colors, now including Aussie Bronze. Sunnys have also introduced a Protection Stick, a Lip Balm and two Sun Protection Lotions. All the Sunnys products are water resistant and broad spectrum, complying with the Australian and FDA standards. At department stores and leading pharmacies.



CD TO GO

Sony Australia is doing its bit to revolutionise the world Compact Disc market by introducing the DiscJockey CDX-J10 CD for the car. Bringing superb realism to car audio, the main unit of the DiscJockey can hold up to 10 discs that change automatically. It can be mounted in the boot, saving space in the passenger compartment and is operated by a remote control small enough to mount on the dash of your car.

You can opt for concert hall realism with full surround sound or use the dynamic range suppressor function for subdued sound on long journeys. The DiscJockey has push-button random access on any disc and a memory preset for up to 10 selections. It can also be used on boats, aeroplanes or wherever the music takes you, or vice versa. The CDX-J10 sells for around \$2000 through the Sony dealer network.

PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

A tropically-inspired study wins this month's photo competition for Viv Jocumsen of Maryborough in Queensland. Tracey Cook, also of Maryborough, modelled.

Penthouse and Polaroid are looking for creativity in attention to styling, lighting and camera technique when choosing winners. So don't just snap — think about it, and put some effort into your photos for pleasing results. Then send us your best work and you could be the owner of a valuable Polaroid prize.

Viv Jocumsen wins a Polaroid Sun 670 Autofocus QS Camera. If you want one too, send us your best photos of the female form or aspects of sensuality — taken on any film — and send them to us with the completed coupon below.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) of am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject: _____ Date: _____

Signature of witness: _____ Date: _____



March Pet Of The Month Emma Stone

COMING IN MARCH AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Licentious Premises — Despite the fact that it has outlawed casinos and poker machines, largely because of a fear of infiltration by organised crime, the Victorian state government has shown little reticence to legalise brothels. In March *Australian Penthouse*, crime investigator Bob Bottom reports on the extent of criminal involvement in the parlors which have made Melbourne the brothel capital of Australia.

Merger Mania — Corporate raiders kept cracking the headlines throughout 1986, as they ran around like barbarian chiefs at the borders of the Australian economy. What effect does this corporate warfare between the Holmes a Courts, the Elliots, the Bonds and the Brierleys have on the Australian economy? March *Penthouse* looks at the astonishing tactics used by the thugs in suits who have organised some recent corporate raids.

David Lee Roth — The man who made his name with heavy metal band Van Halen, and is now making millions with a successful solo career is more than just a pretty face. This interview with the Californian rock phenomenon reveals Roth as a wild and very funny guy.

How To Make Love To A Star — Carol Mallory, international model and Hollywood actress, has lured celebrities of the calibre of Robert De Niro, Peter Sellers and Sean Connery into her boudoir. In March *Penthouse* she divulges the secrets of her seductive techniques.

DELICIOUS SEX

Continued from page 101

51. Being verbal about your pleasure. Making sounds. Telling him it's not just sex ... it's him.

52. Coming to bed in boots and a lacy garter belt.

53. Asking him to lick your boot.

54. Taking your panties off in the cab and sticking them in his pocket.

55. Getting him to stand in front of a mirror while you kneel and go down on him.

56. Telling him over the phone what you are fantasising doing to him and what telling it is doing to you. And what you are wearing ... very little, sheer, and silky ... and where your fingers are as you talk.

57. Letting him know when he does something wonderful. Perhaps in writing. Sharing with him some new feeling, a sexual high or a first you've reached with him. If it's true.

58. Kissing. Kissing his backside. Stroking the cheeks, making circles, alternating tickling touches and assertive pressure. Licking the crack, sticking your tongue inside, probing with your tongue and your very wet finger. Just a little, to see if he's interested. Deeper if he seems willing. And more.

59. Hugging him a lot ... languorous skin-to-skin hugging in bed, hugging him close after sex. Hugging anywhere, anytime, when you just can't keep your hands off him. Don't.

60. If you're always amazed how handsome he is ... tell him.

61. Shoving him into a dark doorway. Feeling him up. Necking in the car. Making love to him in movie theatres, lifts, on the Manly Ferry, on the edge of the hot tub, during intermission at the movies, in the stairwell at the National Gallery.

62. As you dress for a party, tying a long silk ribbon around his penis, asking him to drape the end over his belt so you can tug on it all night if you feel like it and he won't forget who's the Mistress.

63. Telling him he's a beautiful woman and it's your penis and you're inside him.

64. Doing exactly what he likes to his balls. Licking. Sucking. Gentle tugging. Taking first one and then the other or both into your mouth. Cupping them tightly in your hand as you eat him. Holding them as he comes.

65. Letting him come really fast.

66. Letting him come in your mouth. Enjoying the taste.

67. Telling everything you think is wondrous about him. What you've heard. What you've discovered. If he's the best — at anything — say so.

68. Looking at him from time to time as you kiss him ... as you eat him.

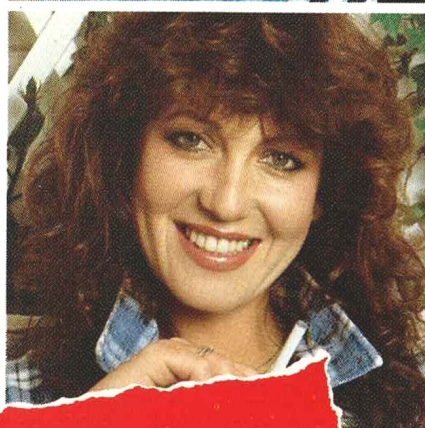
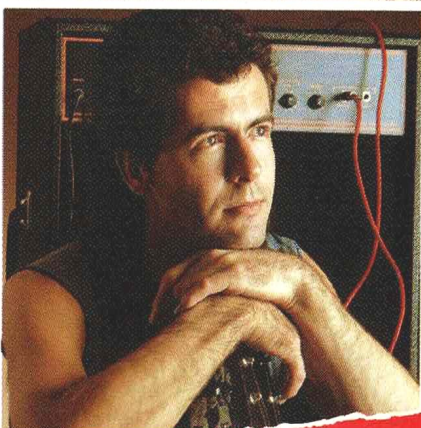
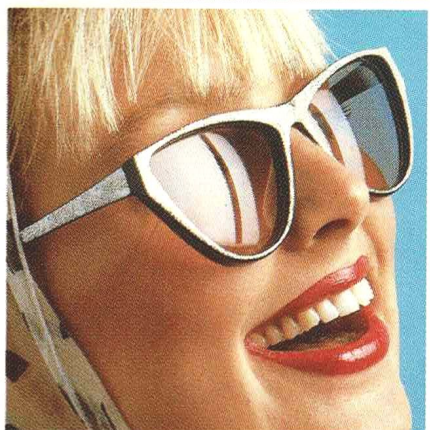
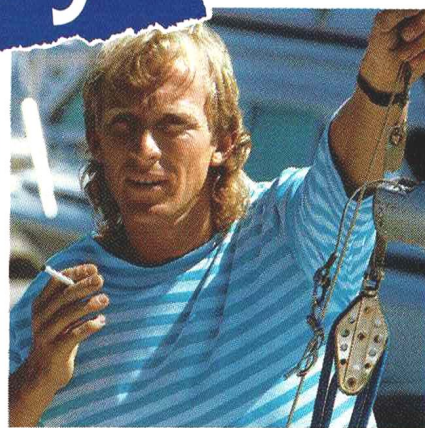
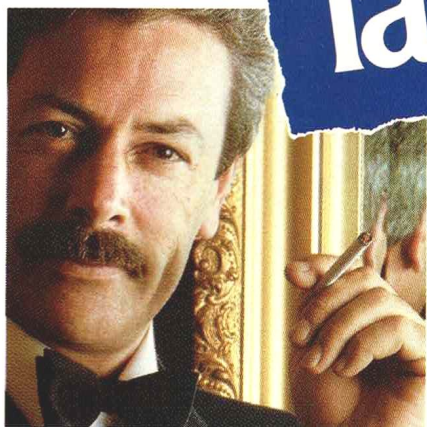
69. Surprising him again and again with your sexual response ... your erotic intensity ... O—

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not too weak
—just right
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